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THE
INGOLDSBY LEGENDS;
OR,
MIRTH AND MARVELS.

BY
THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.
(THE REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM).

With a Memoir of the Author.

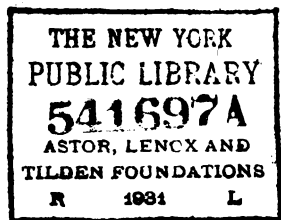
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CRUIKSHANK AND LEECH.

VOL. II.

WILLIS P. HAZARD, 190 CHESNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

1856.

NEW YORK
PUBLISHED
BY
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PRINTED BY HENRY R. ASHMEAD,
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TO RICHARD BENTLEY, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

You tell me that "a generous and enlightened Public" has given a favourable reception to those extracts from our family papers, which, at your suggestion, were laid before it some two years since; — and you hint, with all possible delicacy, that a second volume might not be altogether unacceptable at a period of the year when "auld world stories" are more especially in request. With all my heart, — the old oak chest is not yet empty; in addition to which I have recently laid my hand upon a long MS. correspondence of my great uncle, Sir Peregrine Ingoldsby, a cadet of the family, who somehow contrived to attract the notice of George the Second, and received from his "honour-giving hand" the *accolade* of knighthood. To this last-named source I am indebted for several of the accompanying histories, while my inestimable friend Simpson has bent all the powers of his mighty mind to the task. From Father John's stores I have drawn largely. Our "Honourable" friend Sucklethumbkin — by the way, he has been beating our covers lately, when he shot a woodcock, and one of the Governor's pointers — gives a graphic account of the Operatic "row" in which he was heretofore so conspicuous; while even Mrs. Barney Maguire (*née Mademoiselle Pauline*), whose horror of Mrs. Botherby's cap has no jot diminished, furnishes me with the opening Legend of the series from the *historiettes* of her own *belle France*.

(iii)

Montmorency 15 May 1931 (vol. 1-2)

Why will you not run down to Tappington this Christmas?—We have been rather busy of late in carrying into execution the enclosure of Swingfield Minnis under the auspices of my Lord Radnor, and Her Majesty's visit to the neighbourhood has kept us quite alive: the Prince in one of his rides pulled up at the end of the avenue, and, as A ** told Sucklethumbkin, was much taken with the picturesque appearance of our old gable-ends. Unluckily we were all at Canterbury that morning, or proud indeed should we have been to offer his Royal Highness the humble hospitalities of the Hall,—and then—fancy Mrs. Botherby's "My Gracious!" By the way, the old lady tells me you left your nightcap here on your last visit; it is laid up in lavender for you;—come and reclaim it. The Yule log will burn bright as ever in the cedar room. Bin No. 6 is still one liquid ruby—the old October yet smiles like mantling amber, in utter disdain of that vile concoction of camomile which you so pseudonymously dignify with the title of "Bitter Ale."—Make a start, then;—pitch printer's-ink to old Harry,—and come and spend a fortnight with

Yours, till the crack of doom,

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

TAPPINGTON EVERARD,

Dec. 16th, 1842.

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THE
INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE.

A LEGEND OF FRANCE.

François Xavier Auguste was a gay Mousquetaire,
The Pride of the Camp, the delight of the Fair;
He'd a mien so *distingué*, and so *débonnaire*,
And shrugg'd with a grace so *recherché* and rare,
And he twirl'd his moustache with so charming an air,
—His moustaches I should say, because he'd a pair, —
And, in short, show'd so much of the true *savoir faire*,
All the ladies in Paris were wont to declare,
That could any one draw
Them from Dian's strict law,
Into what Mrs. Ramsbottom calls a "Fox Paw,"
It would be François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix.

Now, I'm sorry to say,
At that time of day,
The Court of Versailles was a little too gay;
The Courtiers were all much addicted to Play,
To Bordeaux, Chambertin, Frontignac, St. Peray,
Lafitte, Chateaux Margaux,
And Sillery (a cargo
On which John Bull sensibly (?) lays an embargo),

While Louis Quatorze
 Kept about him, in scores,
 What the Noblesse, in courtesy, term'd his "Jane Shores,"
 —They were call'd by a much coarser name out of doors.—
 This, we all must admit, in
 A King's not befitting!
 For such courses, when followed by persons of quality,
 Are apt to detract on the score of morality.

François Xavier Auguste acted much like the rest of them,
 Dress'd, drank, and fought, and *chass'd* with the best of them,
 Took his *cœur de perdrix*
 Till he scarcely could see,
 He would then sally out in the streets for a "spree;"
 His rapier he'd draw,
 Pink a *Bourgeois*,
 (A word which the English translate "Johnny Raw,")
 For your thorough French Courtier, whenever the fit he's in,
 Thinks its prime fun to astonish a citizen;
 And, perhaps it's no wonder that this kind of scrapes,
 In a nation which Voltaire, in one of his japes,
 Defines "an amalgam of Tigers and Apes,"
 Should be merely considered as "Little Escapes,"
 But I'm sorry to add,
 Things are almost as bad
 A great deal nearer home, and that similar pranks
 Amongst young men who move in the very first ranks,
 Are by no means confined to the land of the Franks.

Be this as it will,
 In the general, still,
 Though blame him we must,
 It is really but just
 To our lively young friend, François Xavier Auguste,
 To say, that howe'er
 Well known his faults were,

At his Bacchanal parties he always drank fair,
 And, when gambling his worst, always play'd on the square,
 So that, being much more of pigeon than rook, he
 Lost large sums at faro (a game like "Blind Hookey"),
 And continued to lose,
 And to give L O. U.'s,
 Till he lost e'en the credit he had with the Jews;
 And, a parallel if I may venture to draw
 Between François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix,
 And his namesake, a still more distinguished François,
 Who wrote to his "*sœur*" *
 From Pavia, "*Mon Cœur*,
 I have lost all I had in the world *for* l'honneur,"
 So St. Foix might have wrote
 No dissimilar note,
 "*Vive la bagatelle!—toujours gai—idem semper—*
 I've lost all I had in the world but—my temper!"
 From the very beginning,
 Indeed, of his sinning,
 His air was so cheerful, his manners so winning,
 That once he prevailed—or his friends coin the tale for him—
 On the bailiff who "nabbed" him, himself to "go bail" for him.

Well—we know in these cases
 Your "Crabs" and "Duce Aces"
 Are wont to promote frequent changes of places;
 Town doctors, indeed, are most apt to declare
 That there's nothing so good as the pure "country air,"

* Mrs. Ingoldsby, who is deeply read in Robertson, informs me that this is a mistake; that the lady to whom this memorable *billet* was delivered by the hands of Pennalosa, was the unfortunate monarch's mamma, and not his sister. I would gladly rectify the error, but, then,—what am I to do for a rhyme?—On the whole, I fear I must content myself, like Talleyrand, with admitting that "it is worse than a fault—it's a blunder!" for which enormity,—as honest old Pepys says when he records having kissed his cook-maid,—“I humbly beg pardon of Heaven, and Mrs. Ingoldsby!”

Whenever exhaustion of person, or purse, in
 An invalid cramps him, and sets him a-cursing;
 A habit, I'm very much grieved at divulging,
 François Xavier Auguste was too prone to indulge in.

But what could be done?

It's clear as the sun,
 That, though nothing's more easy than say "Cut and run!"
 Yet a Guardsman can't live without some sort of fun—

E'en I or you,

If we'd nothing to do,
 Should soon find ourselves looking remarkably blue.

And, since no one denies

What's so plain to all eyes,

It won't, I am sure, create any surprise
 That reflections like these half reduced to despair
 François Xavier Auguste, the gay Black Mousquetaire.

Patience par force!

He *considered*, of course,

But in vain—he could hit on no sort of resource—

Love? — Liquor? — Law? — Loo?

They would each of them do,

There's excitement enough in all four, but in none he
 Could hope to get on *sans l'argent*—i. e. money.

Love?—no;—ladies like little *cadeaux* from a suitor.

Liquor?—no,—that won't do, when reduced to "the
 Pewter."—

Then Law?—'tis the same;

It's a very fine game,

But the fees and delays of "the Courts" are a shame,
 As Lord Brougham says himself—who's a very great name,
 Though the *Times* made it clear he was perfectly lost in his
 Classic attempt at translating Demosthenes,

And don't know his "particles."—

Who wrote the articles,

Showing his Greek up so, is not known very well;
 Many thought Barnes, others Mitchell—some Merivale;

But it's scarce worth debate,
 Because from the date
 Of my tale one conclusion we safely may draw,
 Viz.: 'twas not François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix!

Loo?—no;—that he had tried;
 'Twas, in fact, his weak side,
 But required more than any a purse well supplied.
 "Love?—Liquor?—Law?—Loo? No! 'tis all the same
 story.

Stay! I have it—*Ma foi!* (that's 'Odd's Bobs!') there is
 GLORY!

Away with dull care!
Vive le Roi! Vive la Guerre!

Peste! I'd almost forgot I'm a Black Mousquetaire!

When a man is like me,
Sans six sous, sans souci,
 A bankrupt in purse,
 And in character worse,

With a shocking bad hat, and his credit at Zero,
 What on earth can he hope to become,—but a Hero?

What a famous thought this is!

I'll go as Ulysses

Of old did—like him I'll see manners, and know countries;*
 Cut Paris,—and gaming,—and throats in the Low Countries."

So said, and so done—he arranged his affairs,
 And was off like a shot to his Black Mousquetaires.

Now it happen'd just then
 That Field-Marshal Turenne
 Was a good deal in want of "some active young men,"
 To fill up the gaps
 Which, through sundry mishaps,

* *Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.*
 Who viewed men's manners, Londons, Yorks, and Derbys.

But a sombre sight is a Battle-field
 To the sad survivor's sorrowing eye,
 Where those, who scorn'd to fly or yield,
 In one promiscuous carnage lie;
 When the cannon's roar
 Is heard no more,
 And the thick dun smoke has roll'd away,
 And the victor comes for the last survey
 Of the well-fought field of yesterday!

No triumphs flush that haughty brow,—
 No proud exulting look is there,—
 His eagle glance is humbled now,
 As, earth-ward bent, in anxious care
 It seeks the form whose stalwart pride
 But yester-morn was by his side!

And there it lies!—on yonder bank
 Of corpses, which themselves had breath
 But yester-morn—now cold and dank,
 With other dews than those of death!
 Powerless as it had ne'er been born
 The hand that clasp'd his—yester-morn!

And there are widows wand'ring there,
 That roam the blood-besprinkled plain,
 And listen in their dumb despair
 For sounds they ne'er may hear again!
 One word, however faint and low,—
 Ay, e'en a groan,—were music now!

And this is Glory!—Fame!—

But, pshaw!

Miss Muse, you're growing sentimental;
 Besides, such things *we* never saw;
 In fact they're merely Continental.
 And then your Ladyship forgets
 Some widows came for epaulettes.

So go back to your canter; for one, I declare,
 Is now fumbling about our capsized Mousquetaire,
 A beetle-brow'd hag,
 With a knife and a bag,
 And an old tatter'd bonnet which, thrown back, discloses
 The ginger complexion, and one of those noses
 Peculiar to females named Levy and Moses,
 Such as nervous folks still, when they come in their way, shun,
 Old vixen-faced tramps of the Hebrew persuasion.

 You remember, I trust,
 François Xavier Auguste,
 Had uncommon fine limbs, and a very fine bust.
 Now there's something—I cannot tell what it may be—
 About good-looking gentlemen turn'd twenty-three,
 Above all when laid up with a wound in the knee,
 Which affects female hearts, in no common degree,
 With emotions in which many feelings combine,
 Very easy to fancy, though hard to define;
 Ugly or pretty,
 Stupid or witty,
 Young or old, they experience, in country or city,
 What's clearly not Love—yet it's warmer than Pity—
 And some such a feeling, no doubt, 'tis that stays
 The hand you may see that old Jezebel raise,
 Arm'd with the blade,
 So oft used in her trade,
 The horrible calling e'en now she is plying,
 Despoiling the dead, and despatching the dying!
 For these “nimble Conveyancers,” after such battles,
 Regarding as *treasure trouve* all goods and chattels,
 Think nought, in “perusing and settling” the titles,
 So safe as six inches of steel in the vitals.

Now don't make a joke of
 That feeling I spoke of;

For, as sure as you're born, that same feeling, — *whate'er*
 It may be, — saves the life of the young Mousquetaire! —
 The knife that was levell'd, crewhile at his throat,
 Is employ'd now in ripping the lace from his coat,
 And from what, I suppose, I must call his *culotte*;

And his pockets, no doubt,
 Being turn'd inside out,
 That his *mouchoir* and gloves may be put "up the spout,"
 (For of coin, you may well conceive, all she can do
 Fails to ferret out even a single *écu*;) —
 As a muscular Giant would handle an elf,
 The virago at last lifts the soldier himself,
 And, like a She-Sampson, at length lays him down
 In a hospital form'd in the neighbouring town!

I am not very sure,
 But I think 'twas Namur;
 And there she now leaves him, expecting a cure.

CANTO II.

I ABOMINATE physic—I care not who knows
 That there's nothing on earth I detest like "a dose"—
 That yellowish-green-looking fluid, whose hue
 I consider extremely unpleasant to view,
 With its sickly appearance, that trenches so near
 On what Homer defines the complexion of Fear;

Χλωρον δας, I mean,

A nasty pale green,
 Though for want of some word that may better avail,
 I presume, our translators have rendered it "pale;"

For consider the cheeks

Of those "well-booted Greeks,"

Their Egyptian descent was a question of weeks;
 Their complexion, of course, like a half-decay'd leek's;
 And you'll see in an instant the thing that I mean in it,
 A Greek face in a funk had a good deal of green in it.

I repeat, I abominate physic; but then,
 If folks *will* go campaigning about with such men
 As the Great Prince de Condé, and Marshal Turenne,
 They may fairly expect
 To be now and then check'd
 By a bullet, or sabre-cut. Then their best solace is
 Found, I admit, in green potions, and boluses;
 So, of course, I don't blame
 St. Foix, wounded and lame,
 If he swallowed a decent *quant. suff.* of the same;
 Though I'm told, in such cases, it's not the French plan
 To pour in their drastics as fast as they can,
 The practice of many an English *Savan*,
 But to let off a man
 With a little *ptisanne*,
 And gently to chafe the *patella* (knee-pan).

"Oh, woman!" Sir Walter observes, "when the brow
 's wrung with pain, what a minist'ring Angel art thou!"
 Thou'rt a "minist'ring Angel" in no less degree,
 I can boldly assert, when the pain's in the knee;
 And medical friction
 Is, past contradiction,
 Much better performed by a She than a He.
 A fact which, indeed, comes within my own knowledge,
 For I well recollect, when a youngster at College,
 And, therefore, can quote
 A surgeon of note,

Mr. Grosvenor of Oxford, who not only wrote
 On the subject a very fine treatise, but, still as his
 Patients came in, certain soft-handed Phyllises
 Were at once set to work on their legs, arms, and backs,
 And rubbed out their complaints in a couple of cracks.—

Now, they say,
 To this day,
 When sick people can't pay

On the Continent, many of this kind of nurs. "
 Attend, without any demand on their purses;
 And these females, some old, others still in their teens,
 Some call "Sisters of Charity," others "Beguiues."
 They don't take the vows; but, half-Nun and half-Lay,
 Attend you; and when you've got better, they say,
 "You're exceedingly welcome! There's nothing to pay.

Our task is now done.

You are able to run.

We never take money; we cure you for fun!"
 Then they drop you a court'sy, and wish you good day,
 And go off to cure somebody else the same way.
 —A great many of these, at the date of my tale,
 In Namur walk'd the hospitals, workhouse, and jail.

Among them was one,

A most sweet Demi-nun.

Her cheek pensive and pale; tresses bright as the sun,—
 Not carroty—no; though you'd fancy you saw burn
 Such locks as the Greeks lov'd, which moderns call auburn.
 These were partially seen through the veil which they wore all;
 Her teeth were of pearl, and her lips were of coral;
 Her eyelashes silken; her eyes, fine large blue ones,
 Were sapphires (I don't call these similes new ones;
 But, in metaphors, freely confess I've a leaning
 To such, new or old, as convey best one's meaning) —
 Then, for figure? In faith it was downright barbarity

To muffle a form

Might an anchorite warm

In the fusty stuff gown of a *Sœur de la Charité*;
 And no poet could fancy, no painter could draw
 One more perfect in all points, more free from a flaw,
 Than her's who now sits by the couch of St. Foix,

Chafing there,

With such care,

And so dove-like an air,

His leg, till her delicate fingers are charr'd
 With the Steer's opodeldoc, joint-oil, and goulard
 — Their Dutch appellations are really too hard
 To be brought into verse by a transmarine Bard. —

Now you'll see,
 And agree,
 I am certain, with me,
 When a young man's laid up with a wound in his knee:
 And a Lady sits there,
 On a rush-bottom'd chair,
 To hand him the mixtures his doctors prepare,
 And a bit of lump-sugar to make matters square;
 Above all, when the Lady's remarkably fair,
 And the wounded young man is a gay Mousquetaire,
 It's a ticklish affair, you may swear, for the pair,
 And may lead on to mischief before they're aware.

I really don't think, spite of what friends would call his
 "*Penchant for liaisons*," and graver men "*follies*,"
 (For my own part, I think planting thorns on their pillows,
 And leaving poor maidens to weep and wear willows,
 Is not to be classed among mere peccadillos),
 His "*faulx*," I should say—I don't think François Xavier
 Entertain'd any thoughts of improper behaviour
 Tow'rd his nurse, or that once to induce her to sin he meant
 While superintending his draughts and his liniment.

But, as he grew stout,
 And was getting about,
 Thoughts came into his head that had better been out;
 While Cupid's an urchin
 We know deserves birching,
 He's so prone to delude folks, and leave them the lurch in.
 'Twas doubtless his doing
 That absolute ruin
 Was the end of all poor dear Therese's shampooing.—

'Tis a subject I don't like to dwell on: but such
Things will happen—ay, e'en 'mongst the phlegmatic Dutch.

“When Woman,” as Goldsmith declares, “stoops to folly,
And finds out too late that false man can betray,”
She is apt to look dismal, and grow “melan-choly,”
And, in short, to be anything rather than gay.

He goes on to remark that “to punish her lover,
Wring his bosom, and draw the tear into his eye,
There is but one method” which he can discover
That's likely to answer—that one is “to die!”

He's wrong—the wan and withering cheek;
The thin lips, pale, and drawn apart;
The dim yet tearless eyes, that speak
The misery of the breaking heart;

The wasted form, th' enfeebled tone
That whispering mocks the pitying ear;
Th' imploring glances heaven-ward thrown,
As heedless, helpless, hopeless here;

These wring the false one's heart enough,
If “made of penetrable stuff.”

And poor Therese
Thus pines and decays,

Till, stung with remorse, St. Foix takes a post-chaise
With, for “wheelers,” two bays,
And, for leaders,” two greys,

And soon reaches France, by the help of relays,
Flying shabbily off from the sight of his victim,
And driving as fast as if Old Nick had kick'd him.

She, poor sinnner
Grows thinner and thinner,
Leaves off eating breakfast, and luncheon, and dinner,
Till you 'd really suppose she could have nothing in her.—

One evening—'twas just as the clock struck eleven —
 They saw she'd been sinking fast ever since seven,—
 She breath'd one deep sigh, threw one look up to Heaven,
 And all was o'er! —

Poor Therese was no more —

She was gone!—the last breath that she managed to draw
 Escaped in one half-utter'd word—'twas "St. Foix!"

* * * * *

Who can fly from himself? Bitter cares, when you feel 'em,
 Are not cured by travel—as Horace says, "*Cælum*
Non animum mutant qui currunt trans mare!"
 It's climate, not mind, that by roaming men vary —
 Remorse for temptation to which you have yielded, is
 A shadow you can't sell as Peter Schlemil did his;
 It haunts you for ever—in bed and at board.—

Ay, e'en in your dreams.

And you can't find, it seems,

Any proof that a guilty man ever yet snored!
 It is much if he slumbers at all, which but few,
 —François Xavier Auguste was an instance—can do.

Indeed, from the time

He committed the crime

Which cut off poor sister Therese in her prime,
 He was not the same man that he had been—his plan
 Was quite changed—in wild freaks he no more led the van;

He'd scarce sleep a wink in

A week; but sit thinking,

From company shrinking—

He quite gave up drinking.

At the mess-table, too, where now seldom he came,
 Fish, *fricasse*, *fricandeau*, *potage*, or game,
Dindon aux truffes, or *turbot à la crème*,
 No!—he still shook his head,—it was always the same,
 Still he never complain'd that the cook was to blame!
 'Twas his appetite fail'd him—no matter how rare

And *recherché* the dish, how delicious the fare,—
 What he used to like best he no longer could bear;
 But he'd there sit and stare
 With an air of despair:
 Took no care, but would wear
 Boots that wanted repair;
 Such a shirt too! you'd think he'd no linen to spare
 He omitted to shave;—he neglected his hair,
 And look'd more like a Guy than a gay Mousquetaire

One thing, above all, most excited remark:
 In the evening he seldom sat long after dark.
 Not that then, as of yore, he'd go out for "a lark
 With his friends; but when they,
 After taking *café*
 Would have broiled bones and kidneys brought in on a tray,
 —Which I own I consider a very good way,
 If a man's not dyspeptic, to wind up the day—
 No persuasion on earth could induce him to stay;
 But he'd take up his candlestick, just nod his head
 By way of "Good evening!" and walk off to bed.
 Yet even when there he seem'd no better off,
 For he'd wheeze, and he'd sneeze, and he'd hem! and he'd
 cough;
 And they'd hear him all night,
 Sometimes, sobbing outright,
 While his valet, who often endeavour'd to peep,
 Declared that "his master was never asleep!
 But would sigh, and would groan, slap his forehead, and weep;
 That about ten o'clock
 His door he would lock,
 And then never would open it, let who would knock!—
 He had heard him," he said,
 "Sometimes jump out of bed,
 And talk as if speaking to one who was dead!

He'd groan, and he'd moan,
 In so piteous a tone;
 Begging some one or other to let him alone,
 That it really would soften the heart of a stone
 To hear him exclaim so, and call upon Heaven
 Then — The bother began always *just at eleven!*"

François Xavier Auguste, as I've told you before
 I believe, was a popular man in his *corps*,

And his comrades, not one
 Of whom knew of the Nun,
 Now began to consult what was best to be done.
 Count Cordon Bleu

And the Sieur de la Roue
 Confess'd they did *not* know at all what to do:
 But the Chevalier Hippolyte Hector Achille
 Alphonse Stanislaus Emile de Grandville

Made a fervent appeal
 To the zeal they must feel
 For their friend, so distinguish'd an officer, 's weal,
 "The first thing," he said, "was to find out the matter
 That bored their poor friend so, and caused all this clatter—

Mort de ma vie!"

—Here he took some rappee—

"Be the cause what it may, he shall tell it to me!"—
 He was right, sure enough—in a couple of days
 He worms out the whole story of Sister Therese,
 Now entomb'd, poor dear soul! in some Dutch *Père la Chaise*.

—"But the worst thing of all," François Xavier declares,
 "Is, whenever I've taken my candle up stairs,
 There's Therese sitting there—upon one of those chairs!

Such a frown, too, she wears,
 And so frightfully glares,
 That I'm really prevented from saying my pray'rs,
 While an odour,—the very reverse of perfume,—
 More like rhubarb or senna,—pervades the whole room!"

Hector Achille
Stanislaus Emile,

When he heard him talk so felt an odd sort of feel;
Not that *he* cared for Ghosts—he was far too genteel;
Still a queerish sensation came on when he saw

Him, whom, for fun,
They'd, by way of a pun

On his person and principles, nick-named *Sans Foi*,
A man whom they had, you see,
Mark'd as a Sadducee,—

In his horns, all at once, so completely to draw,
And to talk of a Ghost with such manifest awe!—
It excited the Chevalier Grandville's surprise;
He shrugg'd up his shoulders, he turn'd up his eyes,
And he thought with himself that he could not do less
Than lay the whole matter before the whole Mess.

Repetition's detestable;—
So, as you're best able

Paint to yourself the effect at the Mess-table—

How the bold Brigadiers
Prick'd up their ears,

And received the account, some with fears, some with sneers;

How the *Sieur de la Roue*
Said to Count Cordon Bleu,

“*Ma foi—c'est bien drôle—Monseigneur, what say you?*”—

How Count Cordon Bleu
Declared he “thought so too;”—

How the Colonel affirm'd that “the case was quite new;”—

How the Captains and Majors
Began to lay wagers

How far the Ghost part of the story was true;—

How, at last, when ask'd “What was the best thing to do?”
Everybody was silent,—for nobody knew!—

And how, in the end, they said, “No one could deal
With the matter so well, from his prudence and zeal,

As the Gentleman who was the first to reveal
This strange story — viz. Hippolyte Hector Achille
Alphonse Stanislaus Emile de Grandville!"

I need scarcely relate

The plans, little and great,

Which came into the Chevalier Hippolyte's pate,
To rescue his friend from his terrible fates,
Those mischievous Imps, whom the world, I suppose
From extravagant notions respecting their hue,
Has strangely agreed to denominate "Blue,"
Inasmuch as his schemes were of no more avail
Than those he had, early in life, found to fail,
When he strove to lay salt on some little bird's tail.

In vain did he try

With strong waters to ply

His friend, on the ground that he never could spy
Such a thing as a Ghost, with a drop in his eye;
St. Foix never would drink now unless he was dry;
Besides, what the vulgar call "sucking the monkey"
Has much less effect on a man when he's funky.
In vain did he strive to detain him at table
Till his "dark hour" was over—he never was able,

Save once, when at Mess,

With that sort of address

Which the British call "Humbug," and Frenchmen "*Finesse*,"
(It's "Blarney" in Irish—I don't know the Scotch,)

He fell to admiring his friend's English watch.*

He examined the face,

And the back of the case,

And the young Lady's portrait there, done on enamel, he
"Saw by the likeness was one of the family;"

Cried "*Superbe! — Magnifique!*"

(With his tongue in his cheek) —

Then he opened the case, just to take a peep in it, and
Seized the occasion to pop back the minute-hand.

* "Tompion's, I presume!" — FARQUHAR.

With a *demi-congé*, and a shrug, and a grin, he
Returns the *bijou* and — *c'est une affaire finie* —
“I’ve done him,” thinks he, “now, I’ll wager a guinea!”

It happen’d that day
They were all very gay,
’Twas the *Grand Monarque’s* birthday—that is, ’twas St. Louis’s,
Which in Catholic countries, of course, they would view as his—
So when Hippolyte saw
Him about to withdraw,
He cried, “Come—that won’t do, my fine fellow, St. Foix,—
Give us five minutes longer and drink *Vive le Roi*.”

François Xavier Auguste,
Without any mistrust
Of the trick that was play’d, drew his watch from his fob,
Just glanced at the hour, then agreed to “hob-nob,”
Fill’d a bumper, and rose
With “*Messieurs*, I propose —”
He paused—his blanch’d lips fail’d to utter the toast!
’Twas *eleven*! — he thought it half-past ten at most —
Ev’ry limb, nerve, and muscle grew stiff as a post,—
His jaw dropp’d — his eyes
Swell’d to twice their own size —
And he stood as a pointer would stand — at a Ghost!
— Then shriek’d, as he fell on the floor like a stone.
“Ah! Sister Therese! now — do let me alone!”

* * * * *

It’s amazing by sheer perseverance what men do,—
As water wears stone by the “*Sæpe Cadendo*,”
If they stick to Lord Somebody’s motto, “*Agendo*!”
Was it not Robert Bruce? — I declare I’ve forgot,
But I think it was Robert — you’ll find it in Scott —
Who, when cursing Dame Fortune, was taught by a Spider,
“She’s sure to come round, if you will but abide her.”

Then another great Rob,
Called "White-headed Bob,"

Whom I once saw receive such a thump on the "nob"
From a fist which might almost an elephant brain,
That I really believed, at the first, he was slain,
For he lay like a log on his back on the plain,
Till a gentleman present accustom'd to *train*,
Drew out a small lancet, and open'd a vein
Just below his left eye, which relieving the pain,
He stood up, like a trump, with an air of disdain,

While his "backer" was fain,
— For he could not refrain —

(He was dress'd in pea-green, with a pin and gold chain,
And I think I heard somebody call him "Squire Hayne,")
To whisper *ten words* one should always retain,
— "TAKE A SUCK AT THE LEMON, AND AT HIM AGAIN!!!"
A hint ne'er surpass'd, though thus spoken at random,
Since Teucer's apostrophe — *Nil desperandum!* —
— Grandville acted on it, and order'd his Tandem.

He had heard St. Foix say,
That no very great way

From Namur was a snug little town called Grandpré,
Near which, a few miles from the banks of the Maese,
Dwelt a pretty twin-sister of poor dear Thérèse,
Of the same age, of course, the same father, the same mother,
And as like to Therese as one pea to another;

She liv'd with her Mamma,
Having lost her Papa,
Late of contraband *schneaps* an unlicensed distiller,
And her name was Des Moulins (in English, Miss Miller).

Now, though Hippolyte Hector
Could hardly expect her
To feel much regard for her sister's "protector,"
When she'd seen him so shamefully leave and neglect her;

Still, he very well knew
 In this world there are few
 But are ready much Christian forgiveness to shew,
 For other folk's wrongs—if well paid so to do—
 And he'd seen to what acts "*Res angustæ*" compel *beaux*
 And *belles*, whose affairs have once got out at elbows,
 With the magic effect of a handful of crowns
 Upon people whose pockets boast nothing but "browns;"

A few *francs* well applied
 He'd no doubt would decide
 Miss Agnes Des Moulins to jump up and ride
 As far as head-quarters, next day, by his side;
 For the distance was nothing, to speak by comparison,
 To the town where the Mousquetaires now lay in garrison;

Then he thought, by the aid
 Of a veil, and gown made
 Like those worn by the lady his friend had betray'd,
 They might dress up Miss Agnes so like to the Shade,
 Which he fancied he saw, of that poor injured maid,
 Come each night, with her pale face, his guilt to upbraid;
 That if once introduced to his room, thus array'd,
 And then unmask'd as soon as she'd long enough stay'd,
 'Twould be no very difficult task to persuade
 Him the whole was a scurvy trick, cleverly play'd,
 Out of spite and revenge, by a mischievous jade!

With respect to the scheme—though I do not call that a gem—
 Still I've known soldiers adopt a worse stratagem,
 And that, too, among the decided approvers
 Of General Sir David Dundas's "*Manceuvres*."

There's a proverb, however,
 I've always thought clever,
 Which my Grandmother never was tired of repeating
 • "The proof of the Pudding is found in the eating!"
 We shall see, in the sequel, how Hector Achille
 Had mix'd up the suet and plums for his meal.

The night had set in; — 'twas a dark and a gloomy one;—
Off went St. Feix to his chamber; a roomy one,

Five stories high,

The first floor from the sky,

And lofty enough to afford great facility

For playing a game, with the youthful nobility

Of "crack corps" a deal in

Request, when they're feeling,

In dull country quarters, *cousin* on them stealing;

A wet wafer's applied

To a sixpence's side,

Then it's spun with the thumb up to stick on the ceiling;

Intellectual amusement, which custom allows old troops,—

I've seen it here practised at home by our Household troops.

He'd a table, and bed,

And three chairs; and all's said.—

A bachelor's barrack, where'er you discern it, you're

Sure not to find overburthen'd with furniture.

François Xavier Auguste lock'd and bolted his door

With just the same caution he'd practised before;

Little he *knew*

That the Count Cordon Bleu,

With Hector Achille, and the Sieur de la Roue,

Had been up there before him, and drawn ev'ry screw!

And now comes the moment—the watches and clocks

All point to *eleven*!—the bolts and the locks

Give way—and the party turn out their bag-fox!—

With a step noiseless and light,

Though half in a fright,

"A cup in her left hand, a draught in her right,"

In her robe long and black, and her veil long and white

Ma'amselle Agnes des Moulins walks in as a sprite!—

She approaches the bed

With the same silent tread

Just as though she had been at least half a year dead!

Then seating herself on the "rush-bottom'd chair,"
Throws a cold stony glance on the Black Mousquetaire.

If you're one of the "play-going public," kind reader,
And not a Moravian or rigid Seceder,

You've seen Mr. Kean,

I mean in that scene

Of Macbeth,—by some thought the crack one of the piece,

Which has been so well painted by Mr. M'Clise,—

When he wants, after having stood up to say grace,*

To sit down to his haggis, and can't find a place;

You remember his stare

At the high-back'd arm-chair,

Where the Ghost sits that nobody else knows is there,

And how, after saying "What man dares I dare!"

He proceeds to declare

He should not so much care

If it came in the shape of a "tiger" or "bear,"

But he don't like it shaking its long gory hair!

While the obstinate Ghost, as determined to brave him,

With a horrible grin,

Sits, and cocks up his chin,

Just as though he was asking the tyrant to shave him.

And Lennox and Rosse

Seem quite at a loss

If they ought to go on with their sheep's head and sauce;

And Lady Macbeth looks uncommonly cross,

And says in a huff

It's all "Proper stuff!"—

All this you'll have seen, Reader, often enough;

So, perhaps 'twill assist you in forming some notion

Of what must have been François Xavier's emotion

If you fancy what troubled

Macbeth to be *doubled*,

* May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.—*Macbeth*,

And, instead of *one* Banquo to stare in his face
Without "speculation," suppose he'd a *brace*!

I wish I'd poor Fuseli's pencil, who ne'er I believe
was exceeded in painting the terrible,

Or that of Sir Joshua

Reynolds, who was so adroit in depicting it—*vide* his piece
Descriptive of Cardinal Beaufort's decease,

Where that prelate is lying

Decidedly dying,

With the King and his *suite*,

Standing just at his feet,

And his hands, as Dame Quickly says, fumbling the sheet.

While, close at his ear, with the air of a scorner,

"Busy, meddling," Old Nick's grinning up in the corner.

But painting's an art I confess I am raw in,

The fact is, I never took lessons in drawing,

Had I done so, instead

Of the lines you have read,

I'd have giv'n you a sketch should have fill'd you with dread;

François Xavier Auguste squatting up in his bed,

His hands widely spread,

His complexion like lead,

Ev'ry hair that he has standing up on his head,

As when, Agnes des Moulins first catching his view,

Now right, and now left, rapid glances he threw,

Then shriek'd with a wild and unearthly halloo,

"*Mon Dieu! v'la deux!!*"

BY THE POPE THERE ARE TWO!!!"

He fell back—one long aspiration he drew,

In flew De la Roue,

And Count Cordon Bleu,

Pommade, Pomme-de-terre, and the rest of their crew.

He stirr'd not,—he spoke not,—he none of them knew.

And Achille cried "Odsooks!
 I fear, by his looks,
 Our friend, François Xavier, has popp'd off the hooks!"

'Twas too true

Malheureux!!

It was done! — he had ended his earthly career,—
 He had gone off at once with a flea in his ear;
 — The Black Mousquetaire was as dead as Small-beer!!

L'Enboc.

A moral more in point I scarce could hope
 Than this, from Mr. Alexander Pope.
 If ever chance should bring some Cornet gay,
 And pious Maid, — as, possibly, it may, —
 From Knightsbridge Barracks, and the shades serene
 Of Clapham Rise, as far as Kensal Green;
 O'er some pale marble when they join their heads
 To kiss the falling tears each other sheds;
 Oh! may they pause! — and think, in silent awe,
 He, that he reads the words, "*Ci gît St. Foix!*"
 She, that the tombstone which her eye surveys
 Bears this sad line, — *Hic jacet Sœur Therese!*"
 Then shall they sigh, and weep, and murmuring say,
 "Oh! may we never play such tricks as they!" —
 And if at such a time some Bard there be,
 Some sober Bard, addicted much to tea
 And sentimental song — like Ingoldsby —
 If such there be — who sings and sips so well,
 Let him this sad, this tender story tell!
 Warn'd by the tale, the gentle pair shall boast,
 "I've 'scaped the Broken Heart!" — "and I the Ghost!!"

THE next in order of these "lays of many lands" refers to a period far earlier in point of date, and has for its scene the banks of what our Teutonic friends are wont to call their "own imperial River!" The incidents which it records afford sufficient proof (and these are days of demonstration), that a propensity to flirtation is not confined to age or country, and that its consequences were not less disastrous to the mail-clad *Ritter* of the dark ages than to the silken courtier of the seventeenth century. The whole narrative bears about it the stamp of truth, and from the papers among which it was discovered I am inclined to think it must have been picked up by Sir Peregrine in the course of one of his valetudinary visits to "The German Spa."

SIR RUPERT THE FEARLESS.

A LEGEND OF GERMANY.

SIR RUPERT THE FEARLESS, a gallant young knight,
Was equally ready to tipple or fight,

Crack a crown, or a bottle,

Cut sirloin, or throttle;

In brief, or as Hume says, "to sum up the tottle,"

Unstain'd by dishonour, unsullied by fear,

All his neighbours pronounced him a *preux chevalier*.

Despite these perfections, corporeal and mental,

He had one slight defect, viz. a rather lean rental;

Besides, as 'tis own'd there are spots in the sun,

So it must be confess'd that Sir Rupert had one;

Being rather unthinking,
 He'd scarce sleep a wink in
 A night, but addict himself sadly to drinking,
 And what moralists say,
 Is as naughty — to play,
 To *Rouge et Noir*, Hazard, Short Whist, *Ecarté*;
 Till these, and a few less defensible fancies
 Brought the Knight to the end of his slender finances.

When at length through his boozing,
 And tenants refusing
 Their rents, swearing "times were so bad they were losing,"
 His steward said, "O, sir,
 It's some time ago, sir,
 Since aught through my hands reach'd the baker or grocer,
 And the tradesmen in general are grown great complainers."
 Sir Rupert the brave thus addressed his retainers:

"My friends, since the stock
 Of my father's old hock
 Is out, with the Kürchwasser, Barsac, Moselle,
 And we're fairly reduced to the pump and the well,
 I presume to suggest,
 We shall all find it best
 For each to shake hands with his friends ere he goes,
 Mount his horse, if he has one, and — follow his nose
 As to me, I opine,
 Left *sans* money of wine,
 My best way is to throw myself into the Rhine,
 Where pitying travellers may sigh, as they cross over,
 'Though he lived a *roué*, yet he died a philosopher.'"

The Knight, having bow'd out his friends thus politely,
 Got into his skiff, the full moon shining brightly,
 By the light of whose beam,
 He soon spied on the stream
 A dame, whose complexion was fair as new cream;

Pretty pink silken hose
Cover'd ankles and toes,
In other respects she was scanty of clothes;
For, so says tradition, both written and oral,
Her *one* garment was loop'd up with bunches of coral.

Full sweetly she sang to a sparkling guitar,
With silver chords stretch'd over Derbyshire spar,
And she smiled on the Knight,
Who, amazed at the sight,
Soon found his astonishment merged in delight;
But the stream by degrees
Now rose up to her knees,
Till at length it invaded her very chemise,
While the heavenly strain, as the wave seem'd to swallow her,
And slowly she sank, sounded fainter and hollower;
—Jumping up in his boat
And discarding his coat,
“Here goes,” cried Sir Rupert, “by jingo I'll follow her!”
Then into the water he plunged with a souse
That was heard quite distinctly by those in the house.

Down, down, forty fathom and more from the brink,
Sir Rupert the Fearless continues to sink,
And, as downward he goes,
Still the cold water flows
Through his ears, and his eyes, and his mouth, and his nose,
Till the rum and the brandy he'd swallow'd since lunch
Wanted nothing but lemon to fill him with punch;
Some minutes elapsed since he enter'd the flood,
Ere his heels touch'd the bottom, and stuck in the mud.

But oh! what a sight
Met the eyes of the Knight,
When he stood in the depth of the stream bolt upright!—

A grand stalactite hall,
Like the cave of Fingal,
Rose above and about him ; — great fishes and small
Came thronging around him, regardless of danger,
And seem'd all agog for a peep at the stranger.

Their figures and forms to describe, language fails—
They'd such very odd heads, and such very odd tails ;
Of their genus or species a sample to gain,
You would ransack all Hungerford market in vain ;
E'en the famed Mr. Myers,
Would scarcely find buyers,
Though hundreds of passengers doubtless would stop
To stare, were such monsters exposed in his shop.

But little reck'd Rupert these queer-looking brutes,
Or the efts and the newts
That crawl'd up his boots,
For a sight, beyond any of which I've made mention,
In a moment completely absorb'd his attention.
A huge crystal bath, which, with water far clearer
Than George Robins' filters, or Thorpe's (which are dearer),
Have ever distill'd,
To the summit was fill'd,
Lay stretch'd out before him, — and every nerve thrill'd
As scores of young women
Were diving and swimming,
Till the vision a perfect quandary put him in ; —
All slightly acoutred in gauzes and lawns,
They came floating about him like so many prawns.

Sir Rupert, who (barring the few peccadilloes
Alluded to,) ere he leapt into the billows
Possess'd irreproachable morals, began
To feel rather queer, as a modest young man ;
When forth stepp'd a dame, whom he recognised soon
As the one he had seen by the light of the moon,

And lisped, while a soft smile attended each sentence,
 "Sir Rupert, I'm happy to make your acquaintance;

My name is Lurline,

And the ladies you've seen,

All do me the honour to call me their Queen;

I'm delighted to see you, sir, down in the Rhine here,
 And hope you can make it convenient to dine here."

The Knight blush'd, and bow'd,

Of subaqueous beauties, then answer'd aloud:

"Ma'am, you do me much honour,—I cannot express

The delight I shall feel—if you'll pardon my dress—

May I venture to say, when a gentleman jumps

In the river at midnight for want of 'the dumps,'

He rarely puts on his knee-breeches and pumps;

If I could but have guess'd—what I sensibly feel—

Your politeness—I'd not have come *en dishabille*,

But have put on my *silk* tights in lieu of my *steel*."

Quoth the lady, "Dear sir, no apologies, pray,

You will take our 'pot-luck' in the family way;

We can give you a dish

Of some decentish fish,

And our water's thought fairish; but here in the Rhine,

I can't say we pique ourselves much on our wine."

The Knight made a bow more profound than before,

When a Dory-faced page oped the dining-room door,

And said, bending his knee,

"*Madame, on a servi!*"

Rupert tender'd his arm, led Lurline to her place,

And a fat little Mer-man stood up and said grace.

What boots it to tell of the viands, or how she

Apologised much for their plain water-soupy,

Want of Harvey's, and Cross's,

And Burgess's sauces?

Or how Rupert, on his side, protested, by Jove, he
Preferr'd his fish plain, without soy or anchovy.

Suffice it the meal
Boasted trout, perch, and eel,
Besides some remarkably fine salmon peel.
The Knight, sooth to say, thought much less of the fishes
Than of what they were served on, the massive gold dishes;
While his eye, as it glanced now and then on the girls,
Was caught by their persons much less than their pearls,
And a thought came across him and caused him to muse,
"If I could but get hold
Of some of that gold,
I might manage to pay off my rascally Jews!"

When dinner was done, at a sign to the lasses,
The table was clear'd, and they put on fresh glasses;
Then the lady address
Her redoubtable guest
Much as Dido, of old, did the pious Eneas,
"Dear sir, what induced you to come down and see us?"—
Rupert gave her a glance most bewitchingly tender,
Loll'd back in his chair, put his toes on the fender.
And told her outright
How that he, a young Knight,
Had never been last at a feast or a fight;
But that keeping good cheer
Every day in the year,
And drinking neat wines all the same as small-beer,
Had exhausted his rent,
And, his money all spent,
How he borrow'd large sums at two hundred per cent.;
How they follow'd—and then,
The once citillest of men,
Messrs Howard and Gibbs, made him bitterly rue it he
'd ever raised money by way of annuity;

And, his mortgages being about to foreclose,
How he jump'd in the river to finish his woes!

Lurline was affected, and own'd, with a tear,
That a story so mournful had ne'er met her ear;

Rupert, hearing her sigh,

Look'd uncommonly sly,

And said, with some emphasis, "Ah! miss, had I

A few pounds of those metals

You waste here on kettles,

Then, Lord once again

Of my spacious domain,

A free Count of the Empire once more I might reign,

With Lurline at my side,

My adorable bride,

(For the parson should come, and the knot should be tied);

No couple so happy on earth should be seen

As Sir Rupert the brave and his charming Lurline;

Not that money's my object—No, hang it! I scorn it—

And as for my rank—but that *you'd* so adorn it—

I'd abandon it all

To remain your true thrall,

And, instead of 'the *Great*,' be call'd 'Rupert the *Small*;'

—To gain but your smiles, were I Sardanapalus,

I'd descend from my throne, and be boots at an alehouse."*

Lurline hung her head,

Turn'd pale, and then red,

Growing faint at this sudden proposal to wed,

As though his abruptness, in "popping the question"

So soon after dinner, disturb'd her digestion.

Then, averting her eye,

With a lover-like sigh,

"You are welcome," she murmur'd in tones most bewitching,

"To every utensil I have in my kitchen!"

* "Sardanapalus" and "Boots," the *Zenith* and *Nadir* of human society.

Upstart'd the Knight,
 Half mad with delight,
 Round her finely-form'd waist
 He immediately placed

One arm, which the lady most closely embraced,
 Of her lily-white fingers the other made capture,
 And he press'd his adored to his bosom with rapture.
 "And oh!" he exclaim'd, "let them go catch my skiff, I
 'll be home in a twinkling and back in a jiffy,
 Nor one moment procrastinate longer my journey
 Than to put up the banns and kick out the attorney."

One kiss to her lip, and one squeeze to her hand,
 And Sir Rupert already was half-way to land,
 For a sour-visaged Triton,
 With features would frighten
 Old Nick, caught him up in one hand, though no light one,
 Sprang up through the waves, popp'd him into his funny,
 Which some others already had half-fill'd with money;
 In fact, 'twas so heavily laden with ore
 And pearls, 'twas a mercy he got it to shore;
 But Sir Rupert was strong,
 And while pulling along,
 Still he heard, faintly sounding, the water-nymphs' song.

LAY OF THE NAIADS.

"Away! away! to the mountain's brow,
 Where the castle is darkly frowning;
 And the vassals, all in goodly row,
 Weep for their lord a-drowning!
 Away! away! to the steward's room,
 Where law with its wig and robe is;
 Throw us out John Doe and Richard Roe,
 And sweetly we'll tickle their tobies!"

The unearthly voices scarce had ceased their yelling,
 When Rupert reach'd his old baronial dwelling.

What rejoicing was there!
 How the vassals did stare!
 The old housekeeper put a clean shirt down to air,
 For she saw by her lamp
 That her master's was damp,
 And she fear'd he'd catch cold, and lumbago, and cramp;
 But, scorning what she did,
 The Knight never heeded
 Wet jacket or trousers, nor thought of repining,
 Since their pockets had got such a delicate lining.
 But oh! what dismay!
 Fill'd the tribe of *Ca Sa*.
 When they found he'd the cash, and intended to pay!
 Away went "*cognovits*," "bills," "bonds," and "escheats,"—
 Rupert clear'd off all scores, and took proper receipts.

Now no more he sends out
 For pots of brown stout,
 Or *schnaps*, but resolves to do henceforth without,
 Abjure from this hour all excess and ebriety,
 Enrol himself one of a Temp'rance Society,
 All riot eschew,
 Begin life anew,
 And new-cushion and hassock the family pew!
 Nay, to strengthen him more in his new mode of life,
 He boldly determines to take him a wife.

Now, many would think that the Knight, from a nice sense
 Of honour, should put Lurline's name in the license,
 And that, for a man of his breeding and quality,
 To break faith and troth,
 Confirm'd by an oath,
 Is not quite consistent with rigid morality;
 But whether the nymph was forgot, or he thought her
 From her essence scarce wife, but at best wife-and-water,

And declined as unsuited,
 A bride so diluted —
 Be this as it may,
 He, I'm sorry to say,
 (For, all things consider'd, I own 'twas a rum thing,)
 Made proposals in form to Miss *Una Von*—something,
 (Her name has escaped me,) sole heiress, and niece`
 To a highly respectable Justice of Peace.

“Thrice happy's the wooing
 That's not long a-doing!”
 So much time is saved in the billing and cooing —
 The ring is now bought, the white favours, and gloves,
 And all the *et cetera* which crown people's loves;
 A magnificent bride-cake comes home from the baker,
 And lastly appears, from the German Long Acre,
 That shaft which the sharpest in all Cupid's quiver is,
 A plum-colour'd coach, and rich Pompadour liveries.

'Twas a comely sight
 To behold the Knight,
 With his beautiful bride, dress'd all in white,
 And the bridesmaids fair with their long lace veils,
 As they all walk'd up to the altar rails,
 While nice little boys, the incense dispensers,
 March'd in front with white surplices, bands, and gilt censers.

With a gracious air, and a smiling look,
 Mess John had open'd his awful book,
 And had read so far as to ask if to wed he meant?
 And if “he knew any just cause or impediment?”
 When from base to turret the castle shook!!!
 Then came a sound of a mighty rain
 Dashing against each storied pane,
 The wind blew loud,
 And a coal-black cloud
 O'ersadow'd the church, and the party, and crowd;

How it could happen they could not divine,
The morning had been so remarkably fine!

Still the darkness increased, till it reach'd such a pass
That the sextoness hasten'd to turn on the gas;

But harder it pour'd,
And the thunder roar'd,

As if heaven and earth were coming together:
None ever had witness'd such terrible weather.

Now louder it crash'd,
And the lightning flash'd,
Exciting the fears
Of the sweet little dears,

In the veils, as it danced on the brass chandeliers:
The parson ran off, though a stout-hearted Saxon,
When he found that a flash had set fire to his caxon.

Though all the rest trembled, as might be expected,
Sir Rupert was perfectly cool and collected,

And endeavour'd to cheer
His bride, in her ear

Whisp'ring tenderly, "Pray don't be frighten'd, my dear;
Should it even set fire to the castle, and burn it, you're
Amplly insured, both for buildings and furniture."

But now, from without,
A trustworthy scout
Rush'd hurriedly in,
Wet through to the skin,

Informing his master "the river was rising,
And flooding the grounds in a way quite surprising."

He'd no time to say more,
For already the roar

Of the waters was heard as they reach'd the church-door
While, high on the first wave that roll'd in, was seen,
Riding proudly, the form of the angry Lurline;

And all might observe, by her glance fierce and stormy,
She was stung by the *spretæ injuria formæ*.

What she said to the Knight, what she said to the bride,
What she said to the ladies who stood by her side,
What she said to the nice little boys in white clothes,
Oh, nobody mentions,—for nobody knows;
For the roof tumbled in, and the walls tumbled out,
And the folks tumbled down, all confusion and rout,

 The rain kept on pouring,
 The flood kept on roaring,
The billows and water-nymphs roll'd more and more in;
 Ere the close of the day
 All was clean wash'd away—

One only survived who could hand down the news,
A little old woman that open'd the pews;
 She was borne off, but stuck,
 By the greatest good luck,
In an oak-tree, and there she hung, crying and screaming,
And saw all the rest swallow'd up the wild stream in;

 In vain, all the week,
 Did the fishermen seek
For the bodies, and poke in each cranny and creek;
 In vain was their search
 After aught in the church,

They caught nothing but weeds, and perhaps a few perch;
 The Humane Society
 Tried a variety

Of methods, and brought down, to drag for the wreck, tackles,
But they only fish'd up the clerk's tortoise-shell spectacles.

MORAL.

This tale has a moral. Ye youths, oh, beware
Of liquor, and how you run after the fair!
Shun playing at *shorts*—avoid quarrels and jars—
And don't take to smoking those nasty cigars!

— Let no run of bad-luck, or despair for some Jewess-eyed
Damsel, induce you to contemplate suicide!
Don't sit up much later than ten or eleven! —
Be up in the morning by half after seven!
Keep from flirting — nor risk, warn'd by Rupert's miscarriage,
An action for breach of a promise of marriage; —
 Don't fancy odd fishes!
 Don't prig silver dishes!
And to sum up the whole, in the shortest phrase I know,
BEWARE OF THE RHINE, AND TAKE CARE OF THE RHINO!

AND now for "Sunny Italy," — the "Land of the unforgotten brave," — the land of blue skies and black-eyed Signoras. — I cannot discover from any recorded memoranda that "Uncle Perry" was ever in Venice, even in Carnival time — that he ever saw Garrick in Shylock I do not believe, and am satisfied that he knew nothing of Shakspeare, a circumstance that would by no means disqualify him from publishing an edition of that Poet's works. I can only conclude that, in the course of his Continental wanderings, Sir Peregrine had either read, or heard of the following history, especially as he furnishes us with some particulars of the eventual destination of his *dramatis personæ* which the Bard of Avon has omitted. If this solution be not accepted, I can only say, with Mr. Puff, that probably "two men hit upon the same idea, and Shakspeare made use of it first."

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A LEGEND OF ITALY.

* * * Of the Merchant of Venice there are two 4to editions in 1800, one by Heyes and the other by Roberts. The Duke of Devonshire and Lord Francis Egerton have copies of the edition by Heyes, and they vary importantly.

* * * It must be acknowledged that *this* is a very easy and happy emendation, which does not admit of a moment's doubt or dispute.

* * * Readers in general are not at all aware of the *nonsense* they have in many cases been accustomed to receive as the genuine text of Shakspeare!

Reasons for a new edition of Shakspeare's Works, by J. Payne Collier.

I BELIEVE there are few
But have heard of a Jew,
Named Shylock, of Venice, as arrant a "Screw"
In money transactions, as ever you knew;
An exorbitant miser, who never yet lent
A ducat at less than three hundred per cent.,
Inasmuch that the veriest spendthrift in Venice,
Who'd take no more care of his pounds than his pennies,
When press'd for a loan, at the very first sight
Of his terms, would back out, and take refuge in *Flight*.
It is not my purpose to pause and inquire
If he might not, in managing thus to retire,
Jump out of the frying-pan into the fire;
Suffice it, that folks would have nothing to do,
Who could possibly help it, with Shylock the Jew.

But, however discreetly one cuts and contrives,
We've been most of us taught, in the course of our lives,
That "Needs must when the Elderly Gentleman drives!"

In proof of this rule,
A thoughtless young fool,
Bassanio, a Lord of the Tom-noddy school,
Who, by showing at Operas, Balls, Plays, and Court,
A "swelling" (Payne Collier would read "swilling") "port,"
And inviting his friends to dine, breakfast, and sup,
Had shrunk his "weak means," and was "stump'd" and "hard
up,"

Took occasion to send
To his very good friend
Antonio, a merchant whose wealth had no end,
And who 'd often before had the kindness to lend
Him large sums, on his note, which he 'd managed to spend.

"Antonio," said he,
"Now listen to me :

I've just hit on a scheme which, I think, you'll agree,
All matters consider'd, is no bad design,
And which, if it succeeds, will suit your book and mine.

"In the first place, you know all the money I've got,
Time and often, from you has been long gone to pot,
And in making those loans you have made a bad shot;
Now do as the boys do when, shooting at sparrows
And tom-tits, they chance to lose one of their arrows,
— Shoot another the same way — I'll watch well its tract,
And, turtle to tripe, I'll bring both of them back! —

So list to my plan,
And do what you can

To attend to and second it, that's a good man!

"There's a Lady, young, handsome beyond all compare, at
A place they call Belmont, whom, when I was there, at
The suppers and parties my friend Lord Mountferrat
Was giving last season, we all used to stare at.
Then, as to her wealth, her Solicitor told mine,
Besides vast estates, a pearl-fishery, and gold mine,

Her iron strong box
 Seems bursting its locks,
 It's stuff'd so with shares in 'Grand Junctions' and 'Docks,'
 Not to speak of the money she's got in the Stocks,
 French, Dutch, and Brazilian,
 Columbian, and Chilian,
 In English Exchequer-bills full half a million,
 Not 'kites,' manufactured to cheat and inveigle,
 But the right sort of 'fimsy,' all sign'd by Monteagle.
 Then I know not how much in Canal-shares and Railways,
 And more speculations I need not detail, ways
 Of vesting which, if not so safe as some think 'em,
 Contribute a deal to improving one's income;

In short, she's a Mint!

—Now I say, deuce is in't

If, with all my experience, I can't take a hint,
 And her 'eye's speechless messages,' plainer than print
 At the time that I told you of, know from a squint.

In short, my dear Tony,

My trusty old crony,

Do stump up three thousand once more as a loan—I
 Am sure of my game—though, of course, there are brutes,
 Of all sorts and sizes, preferring their suits
 To her, you may call the Italian Miss Coutts,
 Yet Portia—she's named from that daughter of Cato's—
 Is not to be snapp'd up like little potatoes,

And I have not a doubt

I shall rout every lout

Ere you'll whisper Jack Robinson—cut them all out—

Surmount every barrier,

Carry her, marry her!

—Then hey! my old Tony, when once fairly noosed,
 For her Three-and-a-half per Cents—New and Reduc'd!"

With a wink of his eye
 His friend made reply

In his jocular manner, sly, caustic, and dry,
 "Still the same boy, Bassanio — never say 'die'!
 —Well — I hardly know how I shall do't, but I'll try,—
 Don't suppose my affairs are at all in a hash,
 But the fact is, at present I'm quite out of cash;
 The bulk of my property, merged in rich cargoes, is
 Tossing about, as you know, in my Argosies,
 Tending, of course, my resources to cripple,— I
 've one bound to England,—another to Tripoli —
 Cyprus — Masulipatam — and Bombay;—

A sixth, by the way,
 I consigned t'other day,
 To Sir Gregor M'Gregor, Cacique of Poyais,
 A country where silver's as common as clay.
 Meantime, till they tack,
 And come, some of them, back;
 What with Custom-house duties, and bills falling due,
 My account with Jones, Loyd, and Co., looks rather blue;
 While, as for the 'ready,' I'm like a Church-mouse,—
 I really don't think there's five pounds in the house.

But no matter for that,
 Let me just get my hat,
 And my new silk umbrella that stands on the mat,
 And we'll go forth at once to the market — we two,—
 And try what my credit in Venice can do;
 I stand well on 'Change, and, when all's said and done, I
 Don't doubt I shall get it for love or for money."

They were going to go,
 When, lo! down below,
 In the street, they heard somebody crying, "Old Clo'!"
 — "By the Pope, there's the man for our purpose! — I knew
 We should not have to search long. Solanio, run you,
 — Salarino,—quick! —haste! ere he get out of view,
 And call in that scoundrel, old Shylock the Jew!"

With a pack,
Like a sack
Of old clothes at his back,
And three hats on his head, Shylock came in a crack,
Saying, "Rest you fair, Signor Antonio!—vat, pray,
Might your vorship be pleased for to vant in ma vay?"

—"Why, Shylock, although,
As you very well know,
I am what they call 'warm,'—pay my way as I go,
And, as to myself, neither borrow nor lend,
I can break through a rule, to oblige an old friend;
And that's the case now—Lord Bassanio would raise
Some three thousand ducats—well,—knowing your ways,
And that nought's to be got from you, say what one will,
Unless you 've a couple of names to the bill,

Why, for once, I'll put mine to it.
Yea, seal and sign to it—
Now, then, old Sinner, let's hear what you 'll say
As to 'doing' a bill at three months from to-day?
Three thousand gold ducats, mind—all in good bags
Of hard money—no sealing-wax, slippers, or rage?"

"—Vell, ma tear," says the Jew,
"I'll see vat I can do!
But Mishter Antonio, hark you, tish funny
You say to me, 'Shylock, ma tear, ve'd have money!'
Ven you very vell knows
How you shpit on ma clothes,
And use naughty vords—call me Dog—and avouch
Dat I put too much int'resht py half in ma pouch,
And while I, like de resht of ma tribe, shrug and crouch,
You find fault mit ma pargains, and say I'm a Smouch.
—Vell!—no matters, ma tear,—
Von vord in your ear!
I'd be friends mit you bote—and to make dat appear,

Vy, I'll find you de monies as soon as you vill,
Only von littel joke musht be put in de pill;—
 Ma tear, you musht say,
 If on such and such day
Such sum or such sums, you shall fail to repay,
I shall cut where I like, as de pargain is proke,
A fair pound of your flesh—chest by vay of a joke.”

 So novel a clause
 Caused Bassanio to pause;
But Antonio, like most of those sage “Johnny Raws”
 Who care not three straws
 About Lawyers or Laws,
And think cheaply of “Old Father Antic,” because
They have never experienced a gripe from his claws,
“Pooh pooh’d” the whole thing. — “Let the Smouch have his
way—

 Why, what care I, pray,
 For his penalty?—Nay,
It’s a forfeit he’d never expect me to pay;
 And, come what may
 I hardly need say
My ships will be back a full month ere the day.”
So, anxious to see his friend off on his journey,
And thinking the whole but a paltry concern, he
 Affix’d with all speed
 His name to a deed,
Duly stamp’d and drawn up by a sharp Jew attorney.
Thus again furnish’d forth, Lord Bassanio, instead
Of squandering the cash, after giving one spread,
With fiddling and masques, at the Saracen’s Head,
 In the morning “made play,”
 And without more delay,
Started off in the steam-boat for Belmont next day.
 But scarcely had he
 From the harbour got free,
And left the Legunes for the broad open sea,

Ere the 'Change and Rialto both rung with the news
That he'd carried off more than mere cash from the Jew's.

Though Shylock was old,
And, if rolling in gold,

Was as ugly a dog as you'd wish to behold,
For few in his tribe 'mongst their Levis and Moseses
Sported so Jewish an eye, beard, and nose as his,
Still, whate'er the opinions of Horace and some be,
Your *aquila* generate sometimes *Columba*,*
Like Jephthah, as Hamlet says, he'd "one fair daughter,
And every gallant, who caught sight of her, thought her
A jewel—a gem of the very first water;

A great many sought her,
Till one at last caught her,

And, upsetting all that the Rabbis had taught her,
To feelings so truly reciprocal brought her,

That the very same night
Bassanio thought right

To give all his old friends that farewell "invite,"
And while Shylock was gone there to feed out of spite,
On "wings made by a tailor" the damsel took flight.

By these "wings" I'd express
A grey duffle dress,

With brass badge and muffin cap, made, as by rule,
For an upper class boy in the National School.
Jessy ransack'd the house, popp'd her breeks on, and when so
Disguised, bolted off with her beau—one Lorenzo,
An "Unthrift," who lost not a moment in whisking

Her into the boat,
And was fairly afloat

Ere her Pa had got rid of the smell of the griskin.
Next day, while old Shylock was making a racket,
And threatening how well he'd dust every man's jacket
Who'd help'd her in getting abroad of the packet,

* Nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilas columbam.—Hor.

Bassanio at Belmont was capering and prancing,
 And bowing, and scraping, and singing, and dancing,
 Making eyes at Miss Portia, and doing his best
 To perform the polite, and to cut out the rest;
 And, if left to herself, he no doubt had succeeded,
 For none of them waltz'd so genteelly as he did;

But an obstacle lay,
 Of some weight, in his way,

The defunct Mr. P. who was now turn'd to clay,
 Had been an odd man, and, though all for the best he meant,
 Left but a queer sort of "Last will and testament,"—

Bequeathing her hand,
 With her houses and land,

&c., from motives one don't understand,
 As she rev'renced his memory, and valued his blessing,
 To him who should turn out the best hand at guessing!

Like a good girl, she did
 Just what she was bid;

In one of three caskets her picture she hid,
 And clapp'd a conundrum a-top of each lid.

A couple of Princes, a black and a white one,
 Tried first, but they both fail'd in choosing the right one.
 Another from Naples, who shoe'd his own horses;
 A French Lord, whose graces might vie with Count D'Orsay's;—
 A young English Baron;—a Scotch Peer his neighbour;—
 A dull drunken Saxon, all mustache and sabre;—
 All follow'd, and all had their pains for their labour.
 Bassanio came last—happy man be his dole!
 Put his conjuring cap on,—consider'd the whole,—

The gold put aside as
 Mere "hard food for Midas,"
 The silver bade trudge

As a "pale common drudge;"

Then choosing the little lead box in the middle,
 Came plump on the picture, and found out the riddle.

Now you're not such a goose as to think, I dare say,
 Gentle Reader, that all this was done in a day,
 Any more than the dome
 Of St. Peter's at Rome
 Was built in the same space of time; and, in fact,
 Whilst Bassanio was doing
 His billing and cooing,
 Three months had gone by ere he reach'd the fifth act;
 Meanwhile that unfortunate bill became due,
 Which his Lordship had almost forgot, to the Jew,
 And Antonio grew
 In a deuce of a stew,
 For he could not cash up, spite of all he could do;
 (The bitter old Israelite would not renew),
 What with contrary winds, storms, and wrecks, and embargoes,
 his
 Funds were all stopp'd, or gone down in his argosies,
 None of the set having come into port,
 And Shylock's attorney was moving the Court
 For the forfeit supposed to be set down in sport.

The serious news
 Of this step of the Jew's,
 And his fix'd resolution all terms to refuse,
 Gave the newly-made Bridegroom a fit of "the Blues,"
 Especially, too, as it came from the pen
 Of his poor friend himself on the wedding-day,—then,
 When the Parson had scarce shut his book up, and when
 The Clerk was yet uttering the final Amen,
 "Dear Friend," it continued, "all's up with me—I
 Have nothing on earth now to do but to die!
 And, as death clears all scores, you're no longer my debtor;
 I should take it as kind
 Could you come—never mind—
 If your love don't persuade you, why,—don't let this letter!"

I hardly need say this was scarcely read o'er
 Ere a post-chaise and four
 Was brought round to the door,
 And Bassanio, though, doubtless, he thought it a bore,
 Gave his lady one kiss, and then started at score.
 But scarce in his flight
 Had he got out of sight
 Ere Portia, addressing a groom, said, "My lad, you a
 Journey must take on the instant to Padua;
 Find out there Bellario, a Doctor of Laws,
 Who, like Follett, is never left out of a cause,
 And give him this note,
 Which I've hastily wrote,
 Take the papers he'll give you—then push for the ferry
 Below, where I'll meet you—you'll do't in a wherry,
 If you can't find a boat on the Brenta with sails to it—
 —Stay, bring his gown too, and wig with three tails to it."
 Giovanni (that's Jack)
 Brought out his hack,
 Made a bow to his mistress, then jump'd on its back,
 Put his hand to his hat, and was off in a crack.

The Signora soon follow'd, herself, taking, as her
 Own escort Nerissa, her maid, and Balthasar.

* * * * *

"The Court is prepared, the Lawyers are met,
 The Judges all ranged, a terrible show!"
 As Captain Macheath says,—and when one's in debt,
 The sight's as unpleasant a one as I know,
 Yet still not so bad after all, I suppose,
 As if, when one cannot discharge what one owes,
 They should bid people cut off one's toes or one's nose;
 Yet here, a worse fate,
 Stands Antonio, of late
 A Merchant, might vie e'en with Princes in state.

With his waistcoat unbutton'd, prepared for the knife,
Which, in taking a pound of flesh, must take his life;
—On the other side Shylock, his bag on the floor,
And three shocking bad hats on his head, as before,
Imperturbable stands,

As he waits their commands,

With his scales and his great *snickersnee* in his hands;
—Between them, equipt in a wig, gown, and bands,
With a very smooth face, a young dandified Lawyer,
Whose air, ne'ertheless, speaks him quite a top-sawyer,
Though his hopes are but feeble,

Does his *possible*

To make the hard Hebrew to mercy incline,
And in lieu of his three thousand ducats take nine,
Which Bassanio, for reasons we well may divine,
Shows in so many bags all drawn up in a line.
But vain are all efforts to soften him — still

He points to the bond

He so often has conn'd,

And says in plain terms he'll be shot if he will.
So the dandified Lawyer, with talking grown hoarse,
Says, "I *can* say no more—let the law take its course."

Just fancy the gleam of the eye of the Jew,
As he sharpen'd his knife on the sole of his shoe

From the toe to the heel,

And grasping the steel,

With a business-like air was beginning to feel
Whereabouts he should cut, as a butcher would veal,
When the dandified Judge puts a spoke in his wheel.

"Stay, Shylock," says he,

"Here's one thing—you see

This bond of yours gives you here no jot of blood!
—the words are 'A pound of flesh,'—that's clear as mud—
Slice away, then, old fellow—but mind!—if you spill
One drop of his claret that's not in your bill,
I'll hang you like Haman!—by Jingo I will!"



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When apprized of this flaw,
 You never yet saw
 Such an awfully mark'd elongation of jaw
 As in Shylock, who cried, "Plesh ma heart! ish dat law?"—
 — Off went his three hats,
 And he look'd as the cats
 Do, whenever a mouse has escaped from their claw.
 "— Ish 't the law?"—why the thing won't admit of a query—
 "No doubt of the fact,
 Only look at the act;

Acto quinto, cap: tertio, Dogi Falieri—
 Nay, if, rather than cut you'd relinquish the debt,
 The Law, Master Shy, has a hold on you yet.
 See Foscari's 'Statutes at large'—'If a stranger
 A Citizen's life shall, with malice, endanger,
 The whole of his property, little or great,
 Shall go, on conviction, one half to the State,
 And one to the person pursued by his hate;
 And, not to create
 Any farther debate,
 The Doge, if he pleases, may cut off his pate,
 So down on your marrowbones, Jew, and ask mercy,
 Defendant and Plaintiff are now *wisy wery*."

What need to declare
 How pleased they all were
 At so joyful an end to so sad an affair?
 Or Bassanio's delight at the turn things had taken,
 His friend having saved, to the letter, his bacon?—
 How Shylock got shaved, and turn'd Christian, though late,
 To save a life-int'rest in half his estate?—
 How the dandified Lawyer, who'd managed the thing
 Would not take any fee for his pains but a ring
 Which Mrs. Bassanio had giv'n to her spouse,
 With injunctions to keep it, on leaving the house?—

How when he, and the spark
 Who appear'd as his clerk,
 Had thrown off their wigs, and their gowns, and their jetty
 coats,
 There stood Nerissa and Portia in petticoats?—
 How they pouted, and flouted, and acted the cruel,
 Because Lord Bassanio had not kept his jewel?—
 How they scolded and broke out,
 Till, having their joke out,
 They kiss'd, and were friends, and all blessing and blessed,
 Drove home by the light
 Of a moonshiny night,
 Like the one in which Troilus, the brave Trojan knight,
 Sat astride on a wall, and sigh'd after his Cressid?—

All this, if 'twere meet,
 I'd go on to repeat,
 But a story spun out so's by no means a treat,
 So, I'll merely relate what, in spite of the pains
 I have taken to rummage among his remains,
 No edition of Shakspeare, I've met with, contains;
 But, if the account which I've heard be the true one,
 We shall have it, no doubt, before long, in a new one.

In an MS., then, sold
 For its full weight in gold,
 And knock'd down to my friend, Lord Tom-noddy, I'm told
 It's recorded that Jessy, coquettish and vain,
 Gave her husband, Lorenzo, a good deal of pain;
 Being mildly rebuked, she levanted again,
 Ran away with a Scotchman, and, crossing the main,
 Became known by the name of the "Flower of Dumblane."

That Antonio, whose piety caused, as we've seen,
 Him to spit upon every old Jew's gaberdine,

And whose goodness to paint
 All colours were faint,
 Acquired the well-merited prefix of "Saint,"
 And the Doge, his admirer, of honour the fount,
 Having given him a patent, and made him a Count,
 He went over to England, got nat'ralis'd there,
 And espous'd a rich heiress in Hanover Square.
 That Shylock came with him, no longer a Jew,
 But converted, I think may be possibly true,
 But that Walpole, as these self-same papers aver,
 By changing the *y* in his name into *e*,
 Should allow him a fictitious surname to dish up
 And in Seventeen-twenty-eight make him a Bishop,
 I cannot believe — but shall still think them two men
 Till some Sage proves the fact "with his usual *acumen*."

MORAL.

From this tale of the Bard
 It's uncommonly hard
 If an editor can't draw a moral.—'Tis clear,
 Then,—In ev'ry young wife-seeking Bachelor's ear
 A maxim, 'bove all other stories, this one drums,
 "PITCH GREEK TO OLD HARRY, AND STICK TO CONUNDRUMS!!"
 To new-married Ladies this lesson it teaches,
 "You're 'no that far wrong' in assuming the breeches!"
 Monied men upon 'Change, and rich Merchants it schools
 To look well to assets — nor play with-edge tools
 Last of all, this remarkable History shows men,
 What caution they need when they deal with old-clothes-men!
 So bid John and Mary
 To mind and be wary,
 And never let one of them come down the are'!

FROM St. Mark to St. Lawrence—from the Rialto to the Escorial—from one Peninsula to another!—it is but a hop, step, and jump—your toe at Genoa, your heel at Marseilles, and a good hearty spring pops you down at once in the very heart of Old Castille. That Sir Peregrine Ingoldsby, then a young man, was at Madrid soon after the peace of Ryswick there is extant a long correspondence of his to prove. Various passages in it countenance the supposition that his tour was partly undertaken for political purposes; and this opinion is much strengthened by certain allusions in several of his letters addressed, in after life, to his friend, Sir Horace Mann, then acting in the capacity of Envoy to the Court of Tuscany. Although the Knight spent several months in Spain, and visited many of her principal cities, there is no proof of his having actually “seen Seville,” beyond the internal evidence incidentally supplied by the following legend. The events to which it alludes were, of course, of a much earlier date, though the genealogical records of the “Kings of both the Indies” have been in vain consulted for the purpose of fixing their precise date, and even Mr. Simpkinson’s research has failed to determine which of the royal stock rejoicing in the name of Ferdinand is the hero of the legend. The conglomeration of Christian names usual in the families of the *haute noblesse* of Spain adds to the difficulty; not that this inconvenient accumulation of prefixes is peculiar to the country in question, witness my excellent friend Field-Marshal Count Herman Karl Heinrich Socrates von der Nodgerrie zu Pfefferkorn, whose appellations

puzzled the recording clerk of one of our Courts lately, —and that not a little.

That a splendid specimen of the *genus Homo*, *species Monk*, flourished in the earlier moiety of the 15th century, under the appellation of Torquemada, is notorious, —and this fact might seem to establish the era of the story; but then *his* name was John — not Dominic — though he was a *Dominican*, and hence the mistake, if any, may perhaps have originated — but then again the Spanish Queen to whom he was Confessor was called Isabella, and not Blanche — it is a puzzling affair altogether.

From his own silence on the subject it may well be doubted whether the worthy transcriber knew himself, the date of the transactions he has recorded; the authenticity of the details, however, cannot be well called in question.—Be this as it may, I shall make no further question, but at once introduce my “pensive public” to

THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

A LEGEND OF SPAIN.

With a moody air, from morn till noon,
King Ferdinand paces the royal saloon;
From morn till eve
He does nothing but grieve;
Sighings and sobbings his midriff heave,
And he wipes his eyes with his ermined sleeve,
And he presses his feverish hand to his brow,
And he frowns and he looks I can't tell you how;
And the Spanish Grandees,
In their degrees,
And whispering about in twos and in threes,
And there is not a man of them seems at his ease,
But they gaze on the monarch, as watching what he does,
With their very long whiskers, and longer Toledos.
Don Gaspar, Don Gusman, Don Juan, Don Diego,
Don Gomez, Don Pedro, Don Blas, Don Rodrigo,
Don Jerome, Don Giacomo join Don Alphonso
In making inquiries
Of grave Don Ramirez,
The Chamberlain, what it is makes him take on so;
A Monarch so great that the soundest opinions
Maintain the sun can't set throughout his dominions;
But grave Don Ramirez
In guessing no higher is
Than the other grave Dons who propound these inquiries;
When, pausing at length, as beginning to tire, his
Majesty beckons, with stately civility,

To Señor Don Lewis
 Condé d'Aranjuez,
 Who in birth, wealth, and consequence second to few is,
 And Señor Don Manuel, Count de Pacheco,
 A lineal descendant from King Pharaoh Neco,
 Both Knights of the Golden Fleece, highborn Hidalgos,
 With whom e'en the King himself quite as a "pal" goes

"Don Lewis," says he,
 "Just listen to me ;
 And you, Count Pacheco,—I think that we three
 On matters of state, for the most part agree,—
 Now you both of you know
 That some six years ago,
 Being then, for a King, no indifferent Beau,
 At the altar I took, like my forbears of old,
 The Peninsula's paragon,
 Fair Blanche of Aragon,
 For better, for worse, and to have and to hold —
 And you're fully aware,
 When the matter took air,
 How they shouted, and fired the great guns in the Square,
 Cried ' *Viva !* ' and rung all the bells in the steeple,
 And all that sort of thing
 The mob do when a King
 Brings a Queen-Consort home for the good of his people.

Well!—six years and a day
 Have flitted away
 Since that blessed event, yet I'm sorry to say—
 In fact it's the principal cause of my pain—
 I don't see any signs of an Infant of Spain! —
 Now I want to ask you,
 Cavaliers true,
 And Counsellors sage—what the deuce shall I do? —

The State—don't you see?—hey?—an heir to the throne—
 Every monarch—you know—should have one of his own—
 Disputed succession—hey?—terrible Go!—
 Hum!—hey?—Old fellows—you see!—don't you know?"

Now Reader, dear,
 If you've ever been near
 Enough to a Court to encounter a Peer
 When his principal tenant's gone off in arrear,
 And his brewer has sent in a long bill for beer,
 And his butcher and baker, with faces austere,
 Ask him to clear
 Off, for furnish'd good cheer,
 Bills, they say, "have been standing for more than a year,"
 And the tailor and shoemaker also appear
 With their "little account"
 Of "trifling amount,"
 For Wellingtons, waistcoats, pea-jackets, and—gear
 Which to name in society's thought rather queer,—
 While Drummond's chief clerk, with his pen in his ear,
 And a kind of a sneer, says "We've no effects here!"
 —Or if ever you've seen
 An Alderman, keen
 After turtle, peep into a silver tureen,
 In search of the fat call'd *par excellence* "green,"
 When there's none of the meat left—not even the lean!—
 —Or if ever you've witness'd the face of a sailor
 Return'd from a voyage, and escaped from a gale, or
Poetic "Boreas," that "blustering railer,"
 To find that his wife, when he hastens to "hail" her,
 Has just run away with his cash—and a tailor—
 If one of these cases you've ever survey'd,
 You'll, without my aid,
 To yourself have pourtray'd
 The beautiful mystification display'd,

And the puzzled expression of manner and air
 Exhibited now by the dignified pair,
 When thus unexpectedly ask'd to declare
 Their opinions as Counsellors, several and joint,
 On so delicate, grave, and important a point.

Señor Don Lewis
 Condé d'Aranjuez

At length forced a smile 'twixt the prim and the grim,
 And look'd at Pacheco — Pacheco at him —
 Then, making a rev'rence, and dropping his eyes,
 Cough'd, hemm'd, and deliver'd himself in this wise :

"My Liege! — unaccustom'd as I am to speaking
 In public — an art I'm remarkably weak in —
 I feel I should be — quite unworthy the name
 Of a man and a Spaniard — and highly to blame,
 Were there not in my breast
 What — can't be exprest, —

And can therefore, — your Majesty, — only be guess'd —
 — What I mean to say is — since your Majesty deigns
 To ask my advice on your welfare — and Spain's, —
 And on that of your Majesty's Bride — that is, Wife —
 It's the — as I may say — proudest day of my life!
 But as to the point — on a subject so nice
 It's a delicate matter to give one's advice,
 Especially, too,

When one don't clearly view
 The best mode of proceeding, — or know what to do;
 My decided opinion, however, is this,
 And I fearlessly say that you can't do amiss,
 If, with all that fine tact

Both to think and to act,
 In which all know your Majesty so much excels —
 You are graciously pleased to — ask somebody else!"

Here the noble Grandee
 Made that sort of congée,
 Which, as Hill used to say, "I once *happen'd to see*"
 The great Indian conjuror, Ramo Samee,
 Make, while swallowing what all thought a regular choker,
Viz. a small-sword as long and as stiff as a poker.

Then the Count de Pacheco,
 Whose turn 'twas to speak, o-
 -mitting all preface, exclaim'd with devotion,
 "Sire, I beg leave to second Don Lewis's motion!"

Now a Monarch of Spain
 Of course could not deign
 To expostulate, argue, or, much less, complain
 Of an answer thus giv'n, or to ask them again;
 So he merely observ'd, with an air of disdain,
 "Well, Gentlemen,—since you both shrink from the task
 Of advising your Sovereign—pray whom shall I ask?"

Each felt the rub,
 And in Spain not a Sub,
 Much less an Hidalgo, can stomach a snub,
 So the noses of these
 Castilian Grandees
 Rise at once in an angle of several degrees,
 Till the under-lip's almost becoming the upper,
 Each perceptibly grows, too, more stiff in the crupper,

Their right hands rest
 On the left side the breast,
 While the hilts of their swords, by their left hands deprest,
 Make the ends of their scabbards to cock up behind
 Till they're quite horizontal instead of inclined,
 And Don Lewis, with scarce an attempt to disguise
 The disgust he experiences, gravely replies,
 "Sire, ask the Archbishop—his Grace of Toledo!—
 He understands these things much better than we do!"

—*Pauca Verba!*—enough,
 Each turns off in a huff,

This twirling his mustache, that fingering his ruff,
Like a blue-bottle fly on a rather large scale,
With a rather large corking-pin stuck through his tail.

* * * * *

King Ferdinand paces the royal saloon,
With a moody brow, and he looks like a "Spoon,"
And all the Court Nobles, who form the ring,
Have a spoony appearance, of course, like the King,
All of them eyeing King Ferdinand
As he goes up and down, with his watch in his hand,
Which he claps to his ear as he walks to and fro,—
"What is it can make the Archbishop so slow?"
Hark!—at last there's a sound in the courtyard below,
Where the Beefeaters all are drawn up in a row,—
I would say the "Guards," for in Spain they're in chief eaters
Of *omelettes* and garlic, and can't be call'd Beefeaters;

In fact, of the few

Individuals I knew

Who ever had happened to travel in Spain,
There has scarce been a person who did not complain
Of their cookery and dishes as all bad in grain,
And no one I'm sure will deny it who's tried a
Vile compound they have that's called *Olla podrida*.

(This, by the bye,

's a mere rhyme to the eye,

For in Spanish the *i* is pronounced like an *e*,
And they've not quite our mode of pronouncing the *d*.
In Castille, for instance, it's given through the teeth,
And what we call *Madrid* they sound more like *Madreeth*,)
Of course you will see in a moment they've no men
That at all correspond with our Beefeating Yeomen;
So call them "Walloons," or whatever you please,
By their rattles and slaps they're not "standing at ease,"

But, beyond all disputing,

Engaged in saluting,

Some very great person among the Grandees;—
 Here a gentleman Usher walks in and declares,
 "His Grace the Archbishop's a-coming up stairs!"

The most Reverend Don Garcilasso Quevedo
 Was just at this time, as he
 Now held the Primacy,
 (Always attached to the See of Toledo,)
 A man of great worship *officii virtute*
 Versed in all that pertains to a Counsellor's duty,
 Well skill'd to combine
 Civil law with divine;
 As a statesman, inferior to none in that line;
 As an orator, too,
 He was equalled by few;

Uniting, in short, in tongue, head-piece, and pen,
 The very great powers of three very great men,
 Talleyrand,—who will never drive down Piccadilly more
 To the Traveller's Club-House! — Charles Phillips — and Phillimore,

Not only at home
 But even at Rome
 There was not a Prelate among them could cope
 With the Primate of Spain in the eyes of the Pope.
 (The Conclave was full, and they'd not a spare hat,
 or he

'd long since been Cardinal, Legate *à latere*,
 A dignity fairly his due, without flattery,
 So much he excited among all beholders
 Their marvel to see
 At his age—thirty-three

Such a very old head on such very young shoulders,)
 No wonder the King, then, in this his distress,
 Should send for so sage an adviser express,
 Who, you'll readily guess,
 Could not do less

Than start off at once without stopping to dress,
In his haste to get Majesty out of a mess.

His grace the Archbishop comes up the back way—
Set apart for such Nobles as have the *entrée*,
Viz. Grandees of the first class, both cleric and lay—
Walks up to the monarch, and makes him a bow,
As a dignified clergyman always knows how,
Then replaces the mitre at once on his brow;

For in Spain, recollect,
As a mark of respect
To the Crown, if a Grandee uncovers, it's quite
As a matter of option, and not one of right;
A thing not conceded by our Royal Masters,
Who always make noblemen take off their "castors,"

Except the heirs male
Of John Lord Kinsale,
A stalwart old Baron, who, acting as Henchman
To one of our early Kings, kill'd a big Frenchman;
A feat which his Majesty deigning to smile on,
Allow'd him thenceforward to stand with his "tile" on;
And all his successors have kept the same privilege
Down from those barbarous times to our civil age.

Returning his bow with a slight demi-bob,
And replacing the watch in his hand in his fob,
"My Lord," said the King, "here's a rather tough job,

Which it seems, of a sort is
To puzzle our *Cortes*,
And since it has quite flabbergasted that Diet, I
Look to your Grace with no little anxiety

Concerning a point
Which has quite out of joint
Put us all with respect to the good of society:—
Your Grace is aware
That we've not got an Heir;
Now, it seems, one and all, they don't stick to declare

That of all our advisers there is not in Spain one
 Can tell, like your Grace, the best way to obtain one;
 So put your considering cap on—we're curious
 To learn your receipt for a Prince of Asturias."

One without the nice tact
 Of his Grace would have backt
 Out at once, as the Noblemen did,—and, in fact,
 He was, at the first, rather pozed how to act—
 One moment—no more!
 Bowing then as before,
 He said, 'Sire, 'twere superfluous for me to acquaint
 The 'Most Catholic King' in the world, that a Saint
 Is the usual resource
 In these cases,—of course
 Of their influence your Majesty well knows the force;
 If I may be, therefore, allow'd to suggest
 The plan which occurs to my mind as the best,
 Your Majesty may go
 At once to St. Jago,
 Whom, as Spain's patron Saint, I pick out from the rest;
 If your Majesty looks
 Into Guthrie, or Brooks,
 In all the approved Geographical books
 You will find Compostella laid down in the maps
 Some two hundred and sev'nty miles off; and, perhaps,
 In a case so important, you may not decline
 A pedestrian excursion to visit his shrine;
 And, Sire, should you choose
 To put peas in your shoes,
 The Saint, as a Gentleman, can't well refuse
 So distinguish'd a Pilgrim,—especially when he
 Considers the boon will not cost him one penny!"

His speech ended, his Grace bow'd, and put on his mitre
 As tight as before, and perhaps a thought tighter.

"Pooh! pooh!" says the King,

"I shall do no such thing!

It's nonsense,—Old fellow—you see—no use talking—

The peas set apart, I abominate walking—

Such a deuced way off, too—hey?—walk there—what me?

Pooh!—it's no Go, Old fellow!—you know—do n't you see?"

"Well, Sire," with much sweetness the Prelate replied,

"If your Majesty don't like to walk—you can ride!

And then, if you please,

In lieu of the peas,

A small portion of horse-hair, cut fine, we'll insert,

As a substitute under your Majesty's shirt;

Then a rope round your collar instead of a laced band,—

A few nettles tuck'd into your Majesty's waistband,—

Asafoetida mix'd with your *bouquet* and civet,

I'll warrant you'll find yourself right as a trivet!"

"Pooh! pooh!

I tell you,"

Quoth the King. "it won't do!"—

A cold perspiration began to bedew

His Majesty's cheek, and he grew in a stew,

When Jozé de Humex, the King's privy-purse-keeper,

(Many folks thought it could scarce have a worse keeper)

Came to the rescue, and said with a smile,

"Sire, your Majesty *can't* go—'twould take a long while,

And you won't post it under TWO SHILLINGS A MILE!!

Twenty-seven pounds ten

To get there—and then

Twenty-seven pounds ten more to get back agen!!

Sire, the *tottle's* enormous—you ought to be King

Of Golconda as well as the Indies, to fling

Such a vast sum away upon any such thing!"

At this second rebuff

The Archbishop look'd gruff,

And his eye glanced on Humex as if he'd say "Stuff!"

But seeing the King seem'd himself in a huff,
 He changed his demeanour, and grew smooth enough;
 Then taking his chin 'twixt his finger and thumb,
 As a help to reflection, gave vent to a "Hum!"
 'Twas the pause of an instant—his eye assumed fast
 That expression which says, "Come, I've got it at last!"

"There's one plan," he resumed, "which with all due respect to
 Your Majesty, no one, I think, can object to —
 —Since your Majesty don't like the peas in the shoe — or to
 Travel — what say you to burning a Jew or two? —

Of all cookeries, most

The Saints love a roast!

And a Jew's, of all others, the best dish to toast;

And then for a Cook

We have not far to look —

Father Dominic's self, Sire, your own Grand Inquisitor,
 Luckily now at your Court is a visitor;
 Of his Rev'rence's functions there is not one weightier
 Than Heretic-burning — in fact, 'tis his *métier*.

Besides Alguazils

Who still follow his heels,

He has always Familiars enough at his beck at home,
 To pick you up Hebrews enough for a hecatomb!
 And depend on it, Sire, such a glorious specific
 Would make every Queen throughout Europe prolific!"

Says the King, "That'll do!

Pooh! pooh! — burn a Jew?

Burn half a score Jews — burn a dozen — burn two —

Your Grace, it's a match!

Burn all you can catch,

Men, women, and children — Pooh! pooh! — great and small —
 Old clothes — slippers — sealing-wax — Pooh! — burn them all.

For once we'll be gay,

A Grand *Auto-da-fé*

Is much better fun than a ball or a play!"

So the warrant was made out without more delay,
Drawn, seal'd, and delivered, and

(Signed)

YO EL RE!

CANTO II.

THERE is not a nation in Europe but labours
To toady itself, and to humbug its neighbours —
"Earth has no such folks — no folks such a city,
So great, or so grand, or so fine, or so pretty,"

Said Louis Quatorze,

"As this Paris of ours!"

—Mr. Daniel O'Connell exclaims, "By the Pow'rs,
Ould Ireland's on all hands admitted to be
The first flow'r of the earth, and first *Gim* of the sea!"—

—Mr. Bull will inform you that Neptune,—a lad he,
With more of affection than rev'rence, styles, "Daddy,"—

Did not scruple to "say

To Freedom, one day,"

That if ever he changed his aquatics for dry land,
His home should be Mr. B.'s "Tight little Island."—

He adds, too, that he,

The said Mr. B.,

Of all possible Frenchmen can fight any three;
That, with no greater odds, he knows well how to treat them,
To meet them, defeat them, and beat them, and eat them.—
—In Italy, too, 'tis the same to the letter;

There each Lazzarone

Will cry to his crony,

"See Naples, then die! * and the sooner the better!"

The Portuguese say, as a well-understood thing,

"Who has not seen Lisbon † has not seen a good thing!"—

* "Vedi Napoli e poi mori!"

† "Quem não tem visto Lisboa

Não tem visto cousa boa."

While an old Spanish proverb runs glibly as under

“QUIEN NO HA VISTO SEVILLA

• NO HA VISTO MARAVILLA !”

“He who ne’er has view’d Seville has ne’er view’d a Wonder !”

And from all I can learn, this is no such great blunder.

In fact, from the river,

The famed Guadalquivir,

Where many a knight’s had cold steel through his liver,*

The prospect is grand. The *Iglesia Mayor*

Has a splendid effect on the opposite shore,

With its lofty *Giralda*, while two or three score

Of magnificent structures around, perhaps more,

As our Irish friends have it, are there “to the fore;”

Then the old Alcazar,

More ancient by far,

As some say, while some call it one of the palaces

Built in twelve hundred and odd by Abdalasis,

With its horse-shoe shaped arches of Arabesque tracery,

Which the architect seems to have studied to place awry,

Saracenic and rich ;

And more buildings, “the which,”

As old Lilly, in whom I’ve been looking a bit o’ late,

Says, “You ’d be bored should I now recapitulate;” †

In brief, then, the view

Is so fine and so new,

It would make you exclaim, ’twould so forcibly strike ye,

If a Frenchman, “*Superbe !*”—if an Englishman, “Crikey !!”

Yes! thou art “WONDERFUL!”—but oh,

’Tis sad to think, ’mid scenes so bright

* “Rio verde, Ria verde, &c.”

“Glassy water, glassy water,

Down whose current clear and strong,

Chiefs, confused in mutual slaughter,

Moor and Christian, roll along.”—*Old Spanish Romance*.

† Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.

Propria quæ maribus.

As thine, fair Seville, sounds of woe,
 And shrieks of pain and wild affright,
 And soul-wrung groans of deep despair,
 And blood, and death should mingle there!

Yes! thou art "WONDERFUL!"—the flames
 That on thy towers reflected shine,
 While earth's proud Lords and high-born Dames,
 Descendants of a mighty line,
 With cold unalter'd looks are by
 To gaze, with an unpitying eye,
 On wretches in their agony.

All speak thee "WONDERFUL!"—the phrase
 Befits thee well—the fearful blaze
 Of yon piled faggots' lurid light,
 Where writhing victims mock the sight,—
 The scorch'd limb shrivelling in its chains,—
 The hot blood parch'd in *living* veins,—
 The crackling nerve—the fearful knell
 Wrung out by that remorseless bell,—
 Those shouts from human fiends that swell,—
 That withering scream,—that frantic yell,
 All, Seville,—all too truly tell
 Thou art a "MARVEL"—and a Hell!
 God!—that the worm whom thou hast made
 Should thus his brother worm invade!
 Count deeds like these good service done,
 And deem THINE eye looks smiling on!!

Yet there at his ease, with his whole Court around him,
 King Ferdinand sits "in his GLORY"—confound him!—
 Leaning back in his chair,
 With a satisfied air,
 And enjoying the bother, the smoke and the smother,
 With one knee cock'd carelessly over the other;

His pouncet-box goes
 To and fro at his nose,
 As somewhat misliking the smell of old clothes,
 And seeming to hint, by this action emphatic,
 That Jews, e'en when roasted, are not aromatic ;
 There, too, fair Ladies
 From Xeres, and Cadiz,
 Catalinas, and Julias, and fair Ifesillas,
 In splendid lace-veils and becoming mantillas ;
 Eviras, Antonias, and Claras, and Floras,
 And dark-eyed Jacinthas, and soft Isidoras,
 Are crowding the "boxes," and looking on coolly as
 Though 't was but one of their common *tertulias*,
 Partaking, as usual, of wafer and ices,
 Snow-water, and melons cut out into slices,
 And chocolate,—furnish'd at coffee-house prices ;
 While many a suitor,
 And gay coadjutor
 In the eating-and-drinking line, scorns to be neuter
 One, being perhaps just return'd with his tutor
 From travel in England, is tempting his "*future*"
 With a luxury neat as imported, "The Pewter,"
 And charming the dear Violantes and Ifeses
 With a three-corner'd Sandwich, and *soupçon* of "Guinness's ;"
 While another, from Paris but newly come back,
 Hints "the least taste in life" of the best cogniac.
 Such ogling and eyeing,
 In short, and such sighing,
 And such complimenting (one must not say *l—g*),
 Of smart Cavaliers with each other still vying,
 Mix'd up with the crying,
 And groans of the dying,
 All hissing, and spitting, and broiling and frying,
 Form a scene, which, although there can be no denying
 To a *bon Catholique* it may prove edifying,

I doubt if a Protestant smart Beau, or merry Belle
Might not shrink from it as somewhat too terrible.

It's a question with me if you ever survey'd a
More stern-looking mortal than old Torquemada,
Renown'd Father Dominic, famous for twisting domestic
and foreign necks all over Christendom ;

Morescoes or Jews,

Not a penny to choose,

If a dog of a heretic dare to refuse

A glass of old port, or a slice from a griskin,

The good Padre soon would so set him a frisking,

That I would not, for—more than I'll say—be in his skin.

'T was just the same thing with his own race and nation,
And Christian Dissenters of every persuasion,

Muggletonian, or Quaker,

Or Jumper, or Shaker,

No matter with whom in opinion partaker,

George Whitfield, John Bunyan, or Thomas Gat-acre,

They'd no better chance than a Bronze or a Fakir ;

If a woman, it skill'd not—if she did not deem as he

Bade her to deem touching Papal supremacy,

By the Pope, but he'd make her !

* From error awake her,

Or else — pop her into an oven and bake her !

No one, in short, ever came half so near, as he

Did, to the full extirpation of heresy ;

And if, in times of which now I am treating,

There had been such a thing as a " Manchester Meeting,"

" Pretty pork " he'd have made " Moderator " and " Minister,"

Had he but caught them on his side Cape Finisterre ;—

Pye Smith, and the rest of them once in his bonfire, hence

forth you'd have heard little more of the " CONFERENCE."

And—there on the opposite side of the ring,

He, too, sits " in his GLORY," confronting the King,

With his cast-iron countenance frowning austere,
 That matched with his *en bon point* but queerly,
 For, though grim his visage, his person was pursy,
 Belying the rumour
 Of fat folks' good-humour;
 Above waves his banner of "Justice and Mercy,"
 Below and around stand a terrible band ad-
 ding much to the scene,—*viz.* The "Holy *Hernandad*,"
 That's Brotherhood,"—each looking grave as a Grand-dad.

 Within the arena
 Before them is seen a
 Strange, odd-looking group, each one dress'd in a garment
 Not "dandified" clearly, as certainly "varment,"
 Being all over vipers and snakes, and stuck thick
 With multiplied *silhouette* profiles of NICK;

 And a cap of the same,
 All devils and flame,
 Extinguisher-shaped, much like Salisbury Spire,
 Except that the latter's of course somewhat higher;
 A long yellow pin-a-fore
 Hangs down each chin afore,
 On which, ere the wearer had donn'd it, a man drew
 The Scotch badge, a *Saltire*, or Cross of St. Andrew;
 Though I fairly confess I am quite at a loss
 To guess why they should choose that particular cross,

 Or to make clear to you
 What the Scotch had to do
 At all with the business in hand,—though it's true
 That the vestment aforesaid, perhaps, from its hue,
Viz. yellow, in juxta-position with *blue*,
 (A tinge of which latter tint could but accrue
 On the faces of wretches, of course, in a stew
 As to what their tormentors were going to do,)
 Might make people fancy, who no better knew,
 They were somehow connected with Jeffrey's Review;

Especially too
 As it's certain that few
 Things would make Father Dominic blither or happier
 Than to catch hold of *it*, or its *Chef*, Macvey Napier.—
 No matter for that—my description to crown,
 All the flames and the devils were turn'd upside down
 On this habit, facetiously term'd *San Benito*,
 Much like the dress suit
 Of some nondescript brute
 From the show-van of Wombwell, (not George,) or Polito.

And thrice happy they,*
 Dress'd out in this way
 To appear with *éclat* at the *Auto-da-Fé*,
 Thrice happy indeed whom the good luck might fall to
 Of devils tail upward, and "*Fuego revolto*,"
 For, only see there,
 In the midst of the Square,
 Where, perch'd up on poles six feet high in the air,
 Sit, chain'd to the stake, some two, three, or four pair
 Of wretches, whose eyes, nose, complexion, and hair
 Their Jewish descent but too plainly declare,
 Each clothed in a garment more frightful by far, a
 Smock-frock sort of gaberdine, call'd a *Samarra*,
 With three times the number of devils upon it,—
 A proportion observed on the sugar-loaf'd bonnet,
 With this farther distinction—of mischief a proof—
 "That every fiend Jack stands upright on his hoof!
 While the pictured flames, spread
 Over body and head,
 Are three times as crook'd, and three times as red!
 All, too, pointing upwards, as much as to say,—
 "Here's the real *bonne bouche* of the *Auto-da-fé*!"

Torquemada, meanwhile,
 With his cold, cruel smile,

* O fortunati nimium sua si bona norint!

Sits looking on calmly, and watching the pile,
 As his hooded "Familiars" (their names, as some tell, come
 From their being so much more "familiar" than "welcome,")

Have, by this time, begun
 To be "poking their fun,"

And their firebrands, as if they were so many posies
 Of lilies and roses,
 Up to the noses

Of Lazarus Levi, and Money Ben Moses;
 While similar treatment is forcing out hollow moans
 From Aby Ben Lasco, and Ikey Ben Solomons,
 Whose beards — this a black, that inclining to grizzle —
 Are smoking, and curling, and all in a fizzle;
 The King, at the same time, his Dons and his visitors,
 Sit, sporting smiles, like the Holy Inquisitors, —

Enough! — no more! —
 Thank heaven, 'tis o'er!

The tragedy's done! and we now draw a veil
 O'er a scene which makes outraged humanity quail;
 The last fire's exhausted, and spent like a rocket,
 The last wretched Hebrew's burnt down in his socket!
 The Barriers are open, and all, saints and sinners,
 King, Court, Lords, and Commons, gone home to their dinners,

With a pleasing emotion
 Produced by the notion

Of having exhibited so much devotion,
 All chuckling to think how the Saints are delighted
 At having seen so many "*Smouches*" ignited: —

All, save Privy-purse Humez,
 Who sconced in his room is,

And, Cocker in hand, in his leather-back'd chair,
 Is puzzling to find out how much the "affair"
 (By deep calculations, the which I can't follow,) cost, —
 The *tittle*, in short, of the *whole* of the Holocaust.

Perhaps you may think it a rather odd thing,
 That, while talking so much of the Court and the King,

In describing the scene
 Through which we've just been,
 I've not said one syllable as to the Queen ;
 Especially, too, as her Majesty's "Whereabouts,"
 All things considered, might well be thought thereabouts ;
 The fact was, however, although little known,
Sa Magestad had hit on a plan of her own,
 And suspecting, perhaps, that an *Auto* alone
 Might fail in securing this "Heir to the throne,"
 Had made up her mind,
 Although well inclined
 Towards *galas* and shows of no matter what kind,
 For once to retire
 And bribe the Saints higher
 Than merely by sitting and seeing a fire,—
 A sight, after all, she did not much admire ;
 So she locked herself up,
 Without platter or cup,
 In her Oriel, resolved not to take bite or sup,
 Not so much as her *matin-draught* (our "early parl"),
 Nor put on her jewels, nor e'en let the girl,
 Who help'd her to dress, take her hair out of curl,
 But to pass the whole morning in telling her beads,
 And in reading the lives of the Saints, and their deeds,
 And in vowing to visit, without shoes or sandals,
 Their shrines, with unlimited orders for candles,
 Holy water, and Masses of Mozart's, and Handel's.*

And many a *Pater*, and *Ave*, and *Credo*
 Did She, and her Father Confessor, Quevedo,
 (The clever Archbishop, you know, of Toledo.)

* "That is, She would have order'd them—but none are known, I fear,
 as his,

For Handel never wrote a Mass—and so She'd David Peres's—
 Bow! wow! wow!
 Fol, lol, &c., &c."

(*Posthumous Note by the Ghost of James Smith, Esq.*)

Who came, as before, at a very short warning,
 Get through, without doubt, in the course of that morning;
 Shut up, as they were,
 With nobody there
 To at all interfere with so pious a pair;
 And the Saints must have been stony-hearted indeed,
 If they had not allow'd all these pains to succeed.
 Nay, it's not clear to me but their very ability
 Might, Spain throughout,
 Have been brought into doubt,
 Had the Royal bed still remain'd cursed with sterility;
 St. Jago, however, who always is jealous
 In Spanish affairs, as their best authors tell us,
 And who, if he saw
 Anything like a flaw
 In Spain's welfare, would soon sing "Old Rose, burn the
 bellows!"
 Set matters to rights like a King of good fellows;
 By his interference,
 Three-fourths of a year hence,
 There was nothing but capering, dancing, and singing,
 Cachucas, Boleros, and bells set a ringing,
 In both the Castiles,
 Triple-bob-major peals,
 Rope-dancing, and tumbling, and somerset-flinging,
 Seguidillas, Fandangos,
 While ev'ry gun bang goes;
 And all the way through, from Gibraltar to Biscay,
 Figueras and Sherry make all the Dons frisky,
 (Save Moore's "Blakes and O'Donnells," who stick to the
 All the day long [whiskey;])
 The dance and the song
 Continue the general joy to prolong;
 And even long after the close of the day
 You can hear little else but "Hip! hip! hip! hurray!"
 The Escorial, however, is not quite so gay,

For, whether the Saint had not perfectly heard
 The petition the Queen and Archbishop preferr'd,—
 Or whether his head, from his not being used
 To an *Auto-da-fé*, was a little confused,—
 Or whether the King, in the smoke and the smother,
 Got bother'd, and so made some blunder or other,

I am sure I can't say;
 All I know is, that day
 There must have been *some* mistake! — that, I'm afraid, is
 Only too clear,
 Inasmuch as the dear
 Royal Twins,—though fine babies,—proved both little LADIES!!

MORAL.

Reader? — Not knowing what your "persuasion" may be,
 Mahometan, Jewish, or even Parsee,
 Take a little advice which may serve for all three!

First — "When you're at *Rome*, do as *Rome* does!" and note
 all her

Ways — drink what She drinks! and don't turn Tea-totaler!

In Spain, *raison de plus*,
 You must do as they do,
 Inasmuch as they're all there "at sixes and sevens,"
 Just, as you know,
 They were, some years ago,

In the days of Don Carlos and Brigadier Evans;
 Don't be nice then — but take what they've got in their shops,
 Whether griskins, or sausages, ham, or pork-chops!

Next — Avoid Fancy-trousers! — their colours and shapes
 Sometimes, as you see, may lead folks into scrapes!

For myself, I confess
 I've but small taste in dress,
 My opinion is, therefore, worth nothing — or less —

But some friends I've consulted,—much given to watch one's
 Apparel—do say
 It's by far the best way,
 And the safest, to do as Lord Brougham does—buy Scotch ones!

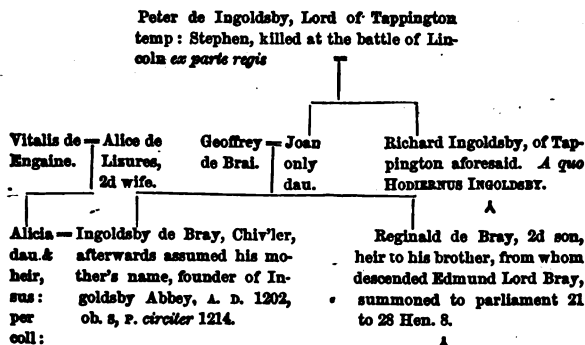
I might now volunteer some advice to a King,—
 Let Whigs say what they will, I shall do no such thing,
 But copy my betters, and never begin
 Until, like Sir Robert, "I'm duly CALLED IN!"

~~~~~

In the windows of the great Hall, as well as in those of the long Gallery, and the Library at Tappington, are, and have been many of them from a very early period, various "storied panes" of stained glass, which, as Blue Dick's\* exploits did not extend beyond the neighbouring city, have remained unfractured down to the present time. Among the numerous escutcheons there displayed, charged with armorial bearings of the family and its connexions, is one in which a *chevron between three eagles' cuisses, sable*, is blazoned quarterly with the *engrailed saltire* of the Ingoldsbys. Mr. Simpkinson from Bath,—whose merits as an antiquary are so well

\* Richard Culmer, parson of Chartham, commonly so called, distinguished himself, while Laud was in the Tower, by breaking the beautiful windows in Canterbury Cathedral, "standing on the top of the city ladder, near sixty steps high, with a whole pike in his hand, when others would not venture so high." This feat of Vandalism the cerulean worthy called "rattling down proud Becket's glassie bones."

known and appreciated as to make eulogy superfluous, not to say impertinent,—has been for some time bringing his heraldic lore to bear on these *monumenta vetusta*. He pronounces the coat in question to be that of a certain Sir Ingoldsby Bray who flourished *temp. Ric. I.* and founded the Abbey of Ingoldsby, in the county of Kent and diocese of Rochester, early in the reign of that monarch's successor. The history of the origin of that pious establishment has been rescued from the dirt and mildew in which its chartularies have been slumbering for centuries, and is here given. The link of connexion between the two families is shown by the accompanying extract from our genealogical tree.



In this document it will be perceived that the death of Lady Alice Ingoldsby is attributed to strangulation superinduced by suspension, whereas in the veritable legend annexed no allusion is made to the intervention.



of a halter. Unluckily Sir Ingoldsby left no issue, or we might now be "calling Cousins" with (*ci devant*) Mrs. Otway Cave, in whose favour the abeyance of the old Barony of Bray has recently been determined by the Crown. To this same Barony we ourselves were not without our pretensions, and, *teste Simpkinson*, had "as good a right to it as any body else." The "Collective wisdom of the country" has, however, decided the point, and placed us among that very numerous class of claimants who are "wrongfully kept out of their property and dignities — by the right owners."

I seize with pleasure this opportunity of contradicting a malicious report that Mr. Simpkinson has, in a late publication, confounded King Henry the Fifth with the *Duke* of Monmouth, and positively deny that he has ever represented Walter Lord Clifford, (father to Fair Rosamond,) as the leader of the O. P. row.

## THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE!

A LEGEND OF PALESTINE AND—WEST KENT.

I'll devise thee brave punishments for him! — SHAKESPEARE.

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
A stalwart knight, I ween, was he,  
    "Come east, come west,  
    Come lance in rest,  
Come falchion in hand, I'll tickle the best  
Of all the Soldan's Chivalrie!"

Oh! they came west, and they came east,  
Twenty-four Emirs and Sheiks at the least,  
    And they hammer'd away,  
    At Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
Fall back, fall edge, cut, thrust, and point,—  
But he topp'd off head, and he lopp'd off joint;  
    Twenty and three,  
    Of high degree,  
Lay stark and stiff on the crimson'd lea,  
All—all save one—and he ran up a tree!  
"Now count them, my Squire, now count them and see!"

    "Twenty and three!  
    Twenty and three!—  
All of them Nobles of high degree:  
There they be lying on Ascalon lea!"

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
    "What news? what news? come, tell to me!"

What news ? what news, thou little Foot-page !—  
 I've been whacking the foe, till it seems an age  
 Since I was in Ingoldsby Hall so free !  
 What news ? what news from Ingoldsby Hall ?  
 Come tell me now, thou Page so small !”

“ Oh, Hawk and Hound  
 Are safe and sound,  
 Beast in byre and Steed in stall ;  
 And the Watch-dog's bark,  
 As soon as it's dark,  
 Bays wakeful guard around Ingoldsby Hall !”

— “ I care not a pound  
 For Hawk or for Hound,  
 For Steed in stall, or for Watch-dog's bay :  
 Fain would I hear  
 Of my dainty dear ;  
 How fares Dame Alice, my Lady gay ?”—  
 Sir Ingoldsby Bray, he said in his rage,  
 “ What news ? what news ? thou naughty Foot-page !”—

That little Foot-page full low crouch'd he,  
 And he doff'd his cap, and he bended his knee,  
 “ Now lithe and listen, Sir Bray, to me :  
 Lady Alice sits lonely in bower and hall,  
 Her sighs they rise, and her tears they fall :  
 She sits alone,  
 And she makes her moan ;  
 Dance and song  
 She considers quite wrong ;  
 Feast and revel  
 Mere snares of the devil ;  
 She mendeth her hose, and she crieth ‘ Alack !  
 When will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back ! ’ ”

“ Thou liest ! thou liest, thou naughty Foot-page,

Full loud dost thou lie, false Page, to me !  
                   There, in thy breast,  
                   'Neath thy silken vest,  
 What scroll is that, false Page, I see ?”

Sir Ingoldsby Bray in his rage drew near,  
 That little Foot-page he blench'd with fear ;

“Now where may the Prior of Abingdon lie ?  
 King Richard's Confessor, I ween, is he,  
                   And tidings rare  
                   To him do I bear,  
 And news of price from his rich Ab-bee !”

“Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page !  
 No learned clerk, I trow, am I,  
                   But well, I wean,  
                   May there be seen

Dame Alice's hand with half an eye ;  
 Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page,  
 From Abingdon Abbey comes not thy news ;  
                   Although no clerk,  
                   Well may I mark  
 The particular turn of her P's and her Q's !”

Sir Ingoldsby Bray, in his fury and rage,  
 By the back of the neck takes that little Foot-page ;  
                   The scroll he seizes,  
                   The Page he squeezes,  
 And buffets,—and pinches his nose till he sneezes ;—  
 Then he cuts with his dagger the silken threads  
 Which they used in those days 'stead of little Queen's-heads.

When the contents of the scroll met his view,  
 Sir Ingoldsby Bray in a passion grew,  
                   Backward he drew  
                   His mailed shoe,

And he kicked that naughty Foot-page, that he flew  
Like a cloth-yard shaft from a bended yew,  
I may not say whither — I never knew.

“Now count the slain  
Upon Ascalon plain,—  
Go count them, my Squire, go count them again!”

“Twenty and three!  
There they be,  
Stiff and stark on that crimson'd lea!—  
Twenty and three?—  
—Stay — let me see!  
Stretched in his gore  
There lieth one more!

By the Pope's triple crown there are twenty and four!  
Twenty-four trunks, I ween, are there,  
But their heads and their limbs are no-body knows where!  
Ay, twenty-four corsees, I rede, there be,  
Though one got away, and ran up a tree!

“Look nigher, look nigher,  
My trusty Squire!”—

“One is the corse of a bare-footed Friar!!”

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,

“A boon, a boon, King Richard,” quoth he,

Now Heav'n thee save,

A boon I crave,

A boon, Sir King, on my bended knee;

A year and a day

Have I been away,

King Richard, from Ingoldsby Hall so free;

Dame Alice, she sits there in lonely guise,

And she makes her moan, and she sobs and she sighs,

And tears like rain-drops fall from her eyes,

And she darneth her hose, and she crieth ‘Alack!’

Oh! when will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?  
 A boon, a boon, my Liege," quoth he,  
 "Fair Ingoldsby Hall I fain would see!"

"Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,"  
 King Richard said right graciously,  
 "Of all in my host  
 That I love the most,  
 I love none better, Sir Bray, than thee!  
 Rise up, rise up, thou hast thy boon;  
 But—mind you make haste, and come back again soon!"

## FIFTH II.

Pope Gregory sits in St. Peter's chair,  
 Pontiff proud, I ween, is he,  
 And a belted Knight,  
 In armour dight,  
 Is begging a boon on his bended knee,  
 With signs of grief and sounds of woe,  
 Featly he kisseth his Holiness' toe.

"Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,  
 O Holy Father, pardon and grace!  
 In my fury and rage  
 A little Foot-page  
 I have left, I fear me, in evil case:  
 A scroll of shame  
 From a faithless dame  
 Did that naughty Foot-page to a paramour bear;  
 I gave him a 'lick'  
 With a stick,  
 And a kick,  
 That sent him—I can't tell your Holiness where!  
 Had he as many necks as hairs,  
 He had broken them all down those perilous stairs!"

"Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
Rise up, rise up, I say to thee;  
A soldier, I trow,  
Of the Cross art thou;  
Rise up, rise up from thy bended knee!  
Ill it beseems that a soldier true  
Of holy Church should vainly sue:—  
—Foot-pages, they are by no means rare,  
A thriftless crew, I ween, be they,  
Well mote we spare  
A Page—or a pair,  
For the matter of that—Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
But stout and true  
Soldiers, like you,  
Grow scarcer and scarcer every day!  
Be prayers for the dead  
Duly read,  
Let a mass be sung, and a *pater* be said;  
So may your qualms of conscience cease,  
And the little Foot-page shall rest in peace!"

Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave.  
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!  
Dame Alice, my wife,  
The bane of my life,  
I have left, I fear me, in evil case!  
A scroll of shame in my rage I tore,  
Which that caitiff Page to a paramour bore;  
'Twere bootless to tell how I storm'd and swore;  
Alack! alack! too surely I knew  
The turn of each P, and the tail of each Q,  
And away to Ingoldsby Hall I flew!  
Dame Alice I found,—  
She sank on the ground,—  
I twisted her neck till I twisted it round!  
With jibe and jeer, and mock, and scoff,  
I twisted it on—till I twisted it off!—

All the King's Doctors and all the King's Men  
Can't put fair Alice's head on agen!"

"Well-a-day! well-a-day!  
Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
Why really—I hardly know what to say;—  
Foul sin, I trow, a fair Ladye to slay,  
Because she's perhaps been a little too gay.—  
—Monk must chaunt and Nun must pray;  
For each mass they sing, and each pray'r they say,  
For a year, and a day,  
Sir Ingoldsby Bray  
A fair rose-noble must duly pay!  
So may his qualms of conscience cease,  
And the soul of Dame Alice may rest in peace!"

"Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,  
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!  
No power could save  
That paramour knave;  
I left him, I wot, in evil case!  
There, 'midst the slain  
Upon Ascalon plain,  
Unburied, I trow, doth his body remain,  
His legs lie here, and his arms lie there,  
And his head lies—I can't tell your Holiness where."

"Now out and alas! Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
Foul sin it were, thou doughty Knight,  
To hack and to hew  
A champion true  
Of holy Church in such pitiful plight!  
Foul sin her warriors so to slay,  
When they're scarcer and scarcer every day!—  
—A chauntry fair,  
And of monks a pair,



To pray for his soul for ever and aye,  
Thou must duly endow, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
And fourteen marks by the year must thou pay

For plenty of lights

To burn there o' nights—

None of your rascally 'dips'—but sound,  
Round, ten-penny moulds of four to the pound;—  
And a shirt of the roughest and coarsest hair  
For a year and a day, Sir Ingoldsby, wear!—  
So may your qualms of conscience cease,  
And the soul of the Soldier shall rest in peace!"

"Now nay, Holy Father, now nay, now nay!  
Less penance may serve!" quoth Sir Ingoldsby Bray.

"No champion free of the Cross was he;  
No belted Baron of high degree;

No Knight nor Squire

Did there expire;

He was, I trow, but a bare-footed Friar!—  
And the Abbot of Abingdon long may wait  
With his monks around him, and early and late  
May look from loop-hole, and turret, and gate,  
—He hath lost his Prior—his Prior his pate!"

"Now Thunder and turf!" Pope Gregory said,  
And his hair raised his triple crown right off his head—

"Now Thunder and Turf! and out and alas!

A horrible thing has come to pass!

What!—cut off the head of a reverend Prior,

And say he was 'only (!!!) a bare-footed Friar!'—

'What Baron or Squire,

Or Knight of the shire

Is half so good as a holy Friar?"

*O, turpissime!*

*Vir nequissime!*

*Sceleratissime! — quissime! — issime!*

Never, I trow, have the *Servi servorum*  
 Had before 'em  
 Such a breach of decorum,  
 Such a gross violation of *morum bonorum*,  
 And won't have again *secula seculorum*!—  
 Come hither to me,  
 My Cardinals three,  
 My Bishops in *partibus*,  
 Masters in *Artibus*,  
 Hither to me, A. B. and D. D.  
 Doctors and Proctors of every degree!  
 Go fetch me a book!—go fetch me a bell  
 As big as a dustman's!—and a candle as well—  
 I'll send him—*where* good manners won't let me tell!"

—"Pardon and grace!—now pardon and grace!"  
 —Sir Ingoldsby Bray fell flat on his face—  
 "*Mæ culpa*!—in sooth I'm in pitiful case—  
*Peccavi! peccavi!*—I've done very wrong!  
 But my heart it is stout, and my arm it is strong,  
 And I'll fight for holy Church all the day long;  
 And the Ingoldsby lands are broad and fair,  
 And they're here, and they're there, and I can't tell you where,  
 And Holy Church shall come in for her share!"

Pope Gregory paused, and he sat himself down,  
 And he somewhat relax'd his terrible frown,  
 And his Cardinals three they pick'd up his crown.

"Now, if it be so that you own you've been wrong,  
 And your heart is so stout, and your arm is so strong.  
 And you really will fight like a trump all day long;—  
 If the Ingoldsby lands do lie here and there,  
 And Holy Church shall come in for her share,—  
 Why, my Cardinals three,  
 You'll agree  
 With me,

That it gives a new turn to the whole affair,  
 And I think that the Penitent need not despair!  
 —If it be so, as you seem to say,  
 Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray!  
 An Abbey so fair Sir Bray shall found,  
 Whose innermost wall's encircling bound  
 Shall take in a couple of acres of ground;  
 And there in that Abbey all the year round,  
 A full choir of monks, and a full choir of nuns,  
 Shall live upon cabbage and hot-cross-buns;  
     And Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
     Without delay,  
     Shall hie him again  
     To Ascalon plain,  
 And gather the bones of the foully slain:  
 And shall place said bones, with all possible care,  
 In an elegant shrine in his abbey so fair;  
     And plenty of lights  
     Shall be there o' nights;  
 None of your rascally '*dips*,' but sound,  
 Best superfine wax-wicks, four to the pound;  
     And Monk and Nun  
     Shall pray, each one,  
 For the Soul of the Prior of Abingdon!  
 And Sir Ingoldsby Bray, so bold and so brave,  
 Never shall wash himself, comb, or shave,  
     Nor adorn his body,  
     Nor drink gin-toddy,  
     Nor indulge in a pipe,—  
     But shall dine upon tripe,  
 And blackberries gather'd before they are ripe,  
 And for ever abhor, renounce, and abjure  
 Rum, hollands, and brandy, wine, punch, and *liqueur*!"  
     (Sir Ingoldsby Bray  
     Here gave way

To a feeling which prompted a word profane,  
 But he swallow'd it down, by an effort, again,  
 And his Holiness luckily fancied his gulp a  
 Mere repetition of *O, Mea culpa!*)

"Thrice three times upon Candlemas-day,  
 Between Vespers and Compline, Sir Ingoldsby Bray  
 Shall run round the Abbey, as best he may,  
     Subjecting his back  
     To thump and to thwack,  
 Well and truly laid on by a bare-footed Friar,  
 With a stout cat o' ninetails of whip-cord and wire;  
     And nor he, nor his heir\*  
     Shall take, use, or bear  
     Any more, from this day,  
     The surname of Bray,  
 As being dishonour'd, but all issue male he has  
 Shall, with himself, go henceforth by an *alias!*  
 So his qualms of conscience at length may cease,  
 And Page, Dame, and Prior shall rest in peace!"

Sir Ingoldsby (now no longer Bray)  
 Is off like a shot away and away,  
     Over the brine  
     To far Palestine,  
 To rummage and hunt over Ascalon plain  
 For the unburied bones of his victim slain.

"Look out, my Squire,  
 Look higher and nigher,  
 Look out for the corpse of a bare-footed Friar!  
 And pick up the arms, and the legs, of the dead,  
 And pick up his body, and pick up his head!"

\* His brother, Reginald, it would seem by the pedigree, disregarded this prohibition.

## FYTTE III.

Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,  
 It hath manors a dozen, and royalties three,  
 With right of free warren (whatever that be);  
 Rich pastures in front, and green woods in the rear,  
 All in full leaf at the right time of year;  
 About Christmas, or so they fall into the sear,  
 And the prospect, of course, becomes rather more drear:  
 But it's really delightful in spring-time, — and near  
 The great gate Father Thames rolls sun-bright and clear.  
 Cobham woods to the right, — on the opposite shore  
 Laindon hills in the distance, ten miles off or more;  
 Then you've Milton and Gravesend behind, — and before  
 You can see almost all the way down to the Nore.\*

So charming a spot,

It's rarely one's lot

To see, and when seen it's as rarely forgot.

Yes, Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,  
 And its Monks and its Nuns are fifty and three,  
 And there they all stand each in their degree,  
 Drawn up in the front of their sacred abode,  
 Two by two, in their regular mode,  
 While a funeral comes down the Rochester road.

Palmers twelve, from a foreign strand,

Cockle in hat, and staff in hand,

Come marching in pairs, a holy band!

\* Alas! one might almost say that of this sacred, and once splendid, edifice, *periturum tetiam ruina*. An elderly gentleman, however, of ecclesiastical cut, who oscillates between the Garrick Club and the Falcon in Gravesend, and is said by the host to be a "foreignering Bishop," does not scruple to identify the ruins still to be seen by the side of the high Dover road, about a mile and a half below the town, with those of the haunted *Sacellum*. The general features of the landscape certainly correspond, and tradition, as certainly, countenances his conjecture.

Little boys twelve, dressed all in white,  
 Each with his brazen censer bright,  
 And singing away with all their might,  
 Follow the Palmers—a goodly sight;

Next high in air

Twelve Yeomen bear

On their sturdy necks, with a good deal of care,  
 A patent sarcophagus firmly rear'd,  
 Of Spanish mahogany (not veneer'd),

And behind walks a Knight with a very long beard.

Close by his side

Is a Friar, supplied

With a stout cat o' ninetails of tough cow-hide,

While all sorts of queer men

Bring up the rear—Men-

-at-arms, Nigger captives, and Bow-men, and Spear-men.

It boots not to tell

What you'll guess very well,

How some sang the *requiem*, some toll'd the bell;

Suffice it to say,

'Twas on Candlemas-day

The procession I speak about reach'd the *Sacellum*;

And in lieu of a Supper

The Knight on his crupper

Received the first taste of the Father's *flagellum*;

That, as chronicles tell,

He continued to dwell

All the rest of his days in the Abbey he'd founded,

By the pious of both sexes ever surrounded,

And, partaking the fare of the Monks and the Nuns,

Ate the cabbage alone, without touching the buns;

—That year after year, having run round the *Quad*

With his back, as enjoin'd him, exposed to the rod,

Having not only kiss'd it, but bless'd it, and thank'd it, he

Died, as ~~all~~ thought, in the odour of sanctity,

When,—strange to relate! and you'll hardly believe  
 What I'm going to tell you,—next Candlemas Eve  
 The Monks and the Nuns in the dead of the night  
 Tumble, all of them, out of their beds in affright,

Alarm'd by the bawls,  
 And the calls, and the squalls

Of some one who seem'd running all round the walls!

Looking out, soon

By the light of the moon

There appears most distinctly to ev'ry one's view,  
 And making, as seems to them, all this ado,  
 The form of a Knight with a beard like a Jew,  
 As black as if steep'd in that "Matchless!" of Hunt's,  
 And so bushy, it would not disgrace Mr. Muntz;  
 A bare-footed Friar stands behind him, and shakes  
 A *flagellum*, whose lashes appear to be snakes;  
 While more terrible still, the astounded beholders  
 Perceive the said Friar has NO HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS,

But is holding his pate

In his left hand, out straight,

As if by a closer inspection to find

Where to get the best cut at his victim behind,

With the aid of a small "bull's-eye lantern,"—as placed

By our own New Police,—in a belt round his waist.

All gaze with surprise,

Scarce believing their eyes,

When the Knight makes a start like a race-horse, and flies  
 From his headless tormentor, repeating his cries,—  
 In vain,—for the Friar to his skirts closely sticks,  
 "Running after him,"—so said the Abbot,—“like Bricks!”

Thrice three times did the Phantom Knight  
 Course round the Abbey as best he might,  
 Be-thwack'd and be-smacked by the headless Sprite,  
 While his shrieks so piercing made all hearts thrill,—  
 Then a whoop and a halloo,—and all was still! •

Ingoldsby Abbey has passed away,  
 And at this time of day  
 One can hardly survey  
 Any traces or track, save a few ruins, grey  
 With age, and fast mouldering into decay,  
 Of the structure once built by Sir Ingoldsby Bray;  
 But still there are many folks living who say  
 That on every Candlemas Eve, the Knight,  
 Accoutred and dight  
 In his armour bright,  
 With his thick black beard,—and the clerical Sprite,  
 With his head in his hand, and his lantern alight,  
 Run round the spot where the old Abbey stood,  
 And are seen in the neighbouring glebe-land and wood;  
 More especially still, if it's stormy and windy,  
 You may hear them for miles kicking up their wild shindy;  
 And that once in a gale  
 Of wind, sleet, and hail,  
 They frighten'd the horses, and upset the mail.  
 What 't is breaks the rest  
 Of these souls unblest  
 Would now be a thing rather hard to be guess'd,  
 Though some say the Squire, on his death-bed, confess'd  
 That on Ascalon plain,  
 When the bones of the slain  
 Were collected that day, and pack'd up in a chest  
 Caulk'd and made water-tight,  
 By command of the Knight,  
 Though the legs and the arms they'd got all pretty right,  
 And the body itself in a decentish plight,  
 Yet the Friar's *Perieranium* was nowhere in sight;  
 So, to save themselves trouble, they'd pick'd up instead,  
 And popp'd on the shoulders, a Saracen's Head!  
 Thus the Knight in the terms of his penance had fail'd,  
 And the Pope's absolution, of course, nought avail'd.



Now though this might be,  
 It don't seem to agree  
 With one thing which, I own, is a poser to me,—  
 I mean, as the miracles wrought at the shrine  
 Containing the bones brought from far Palestine  
 Were so great and notorious, 'tis hard to combine  
 This *fact* with the reason these people assign,  
 Or suppose that the head of the murder'd Divine  
 Could be aught but what Yankees would call "*genu-ine*."  
 'Tis a very nice question—but be't as it may,  
 The Ghost of Sir Ingoldsby (*ci-devant* Bray),  
 It is boldly affirm'd, by the folks great and small  
 About Milton, and Chalk, and around Cobham Hall,  
 Still on Candlemas-day haunts the old ruin'd wall.  
 And that many have seen him, and more heard him squall.  
 So, I think, when the facts of the case you recall,  
 My inference, reader, you'll fairly forestall,  
     Viz.: that, spite of the hope  
     Held out by the Pope,  
 Sir Ingoldsby Bray was d—d after all!

## MORAL.

Foot-pages, and Servants of ev'ry degree,  
 In livery or out of it, listen to me!  
 See what comes of lying!—don't join in a league  
 To humbug your master, or aid an intrigue!

Ladies!—married and single, from this understand  
 How foolish it is to send letters by hand!  
 Don't stand for the sake of a penny,—but when you  
     've a *billet* to send  
     To a lover or friend,  
 Put it into the post, and don't cheat the revenue!  
 Reverend gentlemen!—you who are given to roam,  
 Don't keep up a soft correspondence at home!

But while you're abroad lead respectable lives;  
 Love your neighbours, and welcome,—but don't love their  
       wives!

And, as bricklayers cry from the tiles and the leads  
 When they're shovelling the snow off, "TAKE CARE OF YOUR  
       HEADS!"

Knights!—whose hearts are so stout, and whose arms are so  
       strong,

Learn,—to twist a wife's neck is decidedly wrong!  
 If your servants offend you, or give themselves airs,  
 Rebuke them—but mildly—don't kick them down stairs!  
 To "Poor Richard's" homely old proverb attend,  
 "If you want matters well managed, *Go!*—if not, *Send!*"  
 A servant's too often a negligent elf;  
 —If it's business of consequence, Do *IT YOURSELF!*

The state of society seldom requires  
 People now to bring home with them unburied Friars,  
 But they sometimes *do* bring home an inmate for life;  
 Now—don't do that by proxy!—but choose your own wife!  
 For think how annoying 'twould be, when you're wed,  
       To find in your bed,  
       On the pillow, instead  
 Of the sweet face you look for—A SARACEN'S HEAD!

ALAS, for Ingoldsby Abbey! — Alas that one *should* have to say

*Perfrunt etiam Ruine!*  
Its very Ruins now are tiny!

There is a something in the very sight of an old Abbey — family associations apart — as Ossian says (or Mac Pherson for him), “pleasing yet mournful to the soul!” nor could I ever yet gaze on the roofless walls and ivy-clad towers of one of these venerable monuments of the piety of bygone days without something very like an unbidden tear rising to dim the prospect. Something of this, I think, I have already hinted in recording our pic-nic with the Seaforths at Bolsover. Since then I have paid a visit to the beautiful remains of what once was Netley, and never experienced the sensation to which I have alluded in a stronger degree — if its character was somewhat changed before we parted — it is not my fault. Still, be the drawbacks what they may, I shall ever mark with a white stone the day on which I for the first time beheld the time-worn cloisters of

## NETLEY ABBEY.

### A LEGEND OF HAMPSHIRE.

I saw thee, Netley, as the sun  
Across the western wave  
Was sinking slow,  
And a golden glow  
To thy roofless towers he gave;  
And the ivy sheen,  
With its mantle of green,  
That wrapt thy walls around,  
Shone lovelily bright  
In that glorious light,  
And I felt 'twas holy ground.

Then I thought of the ancient time —  
The days of thy Monks of old, —  
When to Matin, and Vesper, and Compline chime,  
The loud Hosanna roll'd,  
And, thy courts and "long-drawn aisles" among,  
Swell'd the full tide of sacred song.

And then a vision pass'd  
Across my mental eye;\*  
And silver shrines, and shaven crowns,  
And delicate Ladies, in bombazeen gowns,  
And long white veils, went by;  
Stiff, and staid, and solemn, and sad, —  
—But one, methought, wink'd at the Gardener-lad!

\* In my mind's eye, Horatio! — HAMLET.

Then came the Abbot, with mitre and ring,  
 And pastoral staff, and all that sort of thing,  
 And a Monk with a book, and a Monk with a bell,  
     And "dear little souls,"  
     In clean linen stoles,  
     Swinging their censers, and making a smell.—  
 And see where the Choir-master walks in the rear,  
     With front severe,  
     And brow austere,  
 Now and then pinching a little boy's ear  
 When he chaunts the responses too late, or too soon,  
 Or his *Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La's* not quite in tune.

    (Then you know,  
     They'd a "moveable *Do*,"  
 Not a fix'd one as now—and of course never knew  
 How to set up a musical Hullah-baloo,)  
 It was, in sooth, a comely sight,  
 And I welcom'd the vision with pure delight.

    But then "a change came o'er"  
     My spirit—a change of fear—  
 That gorgeous scene I beheld no more,  
 But deep beneath the basement floor  
     A dungeon dark and drear!  
 And there was an ugly hole in the wall—  
 For an oven too big,—for a cellar too small!  
     And mortar and bricks  
     All ready to fix,  
 And I said, "Here's a Nun has been playing some tricks!—  
 That horrible hole!—it seems to say,  
 'I'm a grave that gapes for a living prey!'"  
 And my heart grew sick, and my brow grew sad—  
 And I thought of that wink at the Gardener-lad.  
     Ah me! ah me!—'tis sad to think  
     That Maiden's eye, which was made to wink,

Should here be compell'd to grow blear, and blink,  
 Or be closed for aye  
 In this kind of way,  
 Shut out for ever from wholesome day,  
 Wall'd up in a hole with never a chink,  
 No light, — no air, — no victuals, — no drink! —  
 And that Maiden's lip,  
 Which was made to sip,  
 Should here grow wither'd and dry as a chip!  
 — That wandering glance and furtive kiss,  
 Exceedingly naughty, and wrong, I wis,  
 Should yet be consider'd so much amiss  
 As to call for a sentence severe as this! —  
 And I said to myself, as I heard with a sigh,  
 The poor lone victim's stifled cry,\*  
 "Well, I can't understand  
 How any man's hand  
*Could wall up that hole in a Christian land!*  
 Why, a Mussulman Turk  
 Would recoil from the work,  
 And though, when his Ladies run after the fellows, he  
 Stands not on trifles, if madden'd by jealousy,  
 Its objects, I'm sure, would declare, could they speak,  
 In their Georgian, Circassian, or Turkish, or Greek,  
 'When all's said and done, far better it was for us,  
 Tied back to back,  
 And sewn up in a sack,  
 To be pitch'd neck-and-heels from a boat in the Bosphorus!  
 — Oh! a Saint 'twould vex  
 To think that the sex  
 Should be treated no better than Combe's double X!

\* About the middle of the last century a human skeleton was discovered in a recess in the wall among the ruins of Netley. On examination the bones were pronounced to be those of a female. *Teste* James Harrison, a youthful but intelligent cab-driver of Southampton, who "well remembers to have heard his grandmother say that 'Somebody told her so.' "

Sure some one might run to the Abbot, and tell her  
A much better method of stocking her cellar."

If ever on polluted walls  
Heaven's red right arm in vengeance falls,—  
If e'er its justice wraps in flame  
The black abodes of sin and shame,  
That justice, in its own good time,  
Shall visit for so foul a crime,  
Ope desolation's floodgate wide,  
And blast thee, Netley, in thy pride!

Lo where it comes!—the tempest lours,—  
It bursts on thy devoted towers;  
Ruthless Tudor's bloated form  
Rides on the blast, and guides the storm;  
I hear the sacrilegious cry,  
"Down with the nests, and the rooks will fly!"

Down! down they come—a fearful fall—  
Arch, and pillar, and roof-tree, and all,  
Stained pane, and sculptured stone,  
There they lie on the greensward strown—  
Mouldering walls remain alone!

Shaven crown,  
Bombazeen gown,  
Mitre, and Crozier, and all are flown!

And yet, fair Netley, as I gaze  
Upon that grey and mouldering wall,  
The glories of thy palmey days  
Its very stones recall!—  
They "come like shadows, so depart"—  
I see thee as thou wert—and art—

Sublime in rain!—grand in woe!  
Lone refuge of the owl and bat;

No voice awakes thine echoes now!  
 No sound—Good Gracious!—what was that?  
 Was it the moan,  
 The parting groan  
 Embedded in mortar, and bricks, and stone?—  
 Full and clear  
 On my listening ear  
 It comes—again—near, and more near—  
 Why 'ooks! it's the popping of Ginger Beer!  
 —I rush to the door—  
 I tread the floor,  
 By Abbots and Abbesses trodden before,  
 In the good old chivalric days of yore,  
 And what see I there?—  
 In a rush-bottom'd chair  
 A hag, surrounded by crockery-ware,  
 Vending, in cups, to the credulous throng  
 A nasty decoction miscall'd Souchong,—  
 And a squeaking fiddle and "wry-necked fife"  
 Are screeching away, for the life!—for the life!—  
 Danced to by "All the World and his wife."  
 Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, are capering there,  
 Worse scene, I ween, than Bartlemy Fair!—  
 Two or three Chimney-sweeps, two or three Clowns,  
 Playing at "pitch and toss," sport their "Browns,"  
 Two or three damsels, frank and free,  
 Are ogling, and smiling, and sipping Bohea.  
 Parties below, and parties above,  
 Some making tea, and some making love.  
 Then the "toot—toot—toot"  
 Of that vile demi-flute,—  
 The detestable din  
 Of that cracked violin,  
 And the odours of "Stout," and tobacco, and gin!  
 "—Dear me!" I exclaim'd, "what a place to be in!"



And I said to the person who drove my "ahay,"

(A very intelligent man, by the way,)

"This, all things consider'd, is rather too gay!

It don't suit my humour,—so take me away!

Dancing! and drinking!—cigar and song!

If not profanation, it's 'coming it strong,'

And I really consider it all very wrong.—

—Pray, to whom does this property now belong?"

—He paused, and said,

Scratching his head,

"Why I really *do* think he's a little to blame,

But I can't say I knows the Gentleman's name!"

"Well—well!" quoth I,

As I heaved a sigh,

And a tear-drop fell from my twinkling eye,

"My vastly good man, as I scarcely doubt

That some day or other you'll find it out,

Should he come in your way,

Or ride in your 'ahay,'

(As perhaps he may,)

Be so good as to say

That a Visitor, whom you drove over one day,

Was exceedingly angry, and very much scandalized,

Finding these beautiful ruins so Vandalized,

And thus of their owner to speak began,

As he order'd you home in haste,

'NO DOUBT HE'S A VERY RESPECTABLE MAN,

But—I can't say much for his taste.'"<sup>\*</sup>

<sup>\*</sup> Adieu, Monsieur Gili Blas; je vous souhaite toutes sortes de prospérités, avec un peu plus de gout!—Gili Blas.

MY very excellent brother-in-law, Seaforth, late of the Bombay Fencibles, (lucky dog to have quitted the service before this shocking Affghan business!) seems to have been even more forcibly affected on the evening when he so narrowly escaped being locked in at Westminster Abbey, and when—but let him describe his own feelings, as he has done, indeed, in the subjoined

## FRAGMENT.

\* \* \*

A FEELING sad came o'er me as I trod the sacred ground  
Where Tudors and Plantagenets were lying all around:  
I stepp'd with noiseless foot, as though the sound of mortal tread  
Might burst the bands of the dreamless sleep that wraps the  
mighty dead!

The slanting ray of the evening sun shone through those  
cloisters pale,  
With fitful light on regal vest, and warrior's sculptured mail,  
As from the stain'd and storied pane it danced with quivering  
gleam,  
Each cold and prostrate form below seem'd quickening in the  
beam.

Now, sinking low, no more was heard the organ's solemn swell,  
And faint upon the listening ear the last Hosanna fell:  
It died—and not a breath did stir;—above each knightly stall,  
Unmoved, the banner'd blazonry hung waveless as a pall.

I stood alone!—a living thing 'midst those that were no more—  
I thought on ages past and gone—the glorious deeds of yore—  
On Edward's sable panoply, on Crescy's tented plain,  
The fatal Roses twined at length—on great Eliza's reign.

I thought on Naseby—Marston Moor—on Worcester's "crowning fight;"

When on mine ear a sound there fell—it chill'd me with affright  
And thus in low, unearthly tones, I heard a voice begin,

"—This here's the Cap of Giniral Monk!—Sir! please put summut in!"

*Cetera desiderantur.*

~~~~~

THAT Seaforth's nervous system was powerfully acted upon on this occasion I can well believe. The circumstance brings to my recollection a fearful adventure—or what might perhaps have proved one—of my own in early life while grinding Gerunds at Canterbury. A sharp touch of the gout, and the reputed sanatory qualities of a certain spring in St. Peter's Street, then in much repute, had induced my Uncle to take up a temporary abode within the Cathedral "Precinct." It was on one of those temporary visits which I was sometimes permitted to pay on half-holidays, that, in self-defence, I had to recount the following true narrative. I may add, that this tradition is not yet worn out: a small maimed figure of a female in a sitting position, and holding something like a frying-pan in her hand, may still be seen on the covered passage which crosses the Brick Walk, and adjoins the house belonging to the sixth prebendal stall. —There are those, whom I know, who would, even yet, hesitate at threading the dark entry on a Friday—"not" *of course* "that they believe one word about"

NELL COOK!

LEGEND OF THE "DARK ENTRY."

THE KING'S SCHOLAR'S STORY.

"From the 'Brick walk' branches off to the right a long narrow vaulted passage, paved with flagstones, vulgarly known by the name of the 'Dark Entry.' Its eastern extremity communicates with the cloisters, crypt, and by a private stair-case, with the interior of the Cathedral. On the west it opens into the 'Green-court,' forming a communication between it and the portion of the 'Precinct' called the 'Oaks.'"—*A Walk round Canterbury, &c.*

Scene—A back parlour in Mr. John Ingoldsby's house in the Precinct.—A blazing fire.—Mine Uncle is seated in a high-backed easy-chair, twirling his thumbs, and contemplating his list-shoe.—Little Tom, the "King's Scholar," on a stool opposite.—Mrs John Ingoldsby at the table, busily employed in manufacturing a cabbage-rose (cauliflower!) in many-coloured worsteds.—Mine Uncle's meditations are interrupted by the French-clock on the mantelpiece.—He prologiseth with vivacity.

HARK! listen Mrs. Ingoldsby,—the clock is striking nine!
Give Master Tom another cake, and half a glass of wine,
And ring the bell for Jenny Smith, and bid her bring his coat,
And a warm bandana handkerchief to tie about his throat.

"And bid them go the nearest way, for Mr. Birch has said
That nine o'clock's the hour he'll have his boarders all in bed;
And well we know when little boys their coming home delay,
They often seem to walk and sit uneasily next day!"

"—Now, nay, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, now send me not, I pray,
Back by that Entry dark, for that you know's the nearest way:
I dread that Entry dark, with Jane alone at such an hour,
It fears me quite—it's Friday night!—and then Nell Cook
hath pow'r!"

"And, who's Nell Cook, thou silly child?—and what's Nell Cook to thee?

That thou shouldst dread at night to tread with Jane that dark entrée?"

—"Nay, list and hear, mine Uncle dear! such fearsofne things they tell

Of Nelly Cook, that few may brook at night to meet with Nell!"

"It was in bluff King Harry's days,—and Monks and Friars were then,

You know, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, a sort of Clergymen.

They'd coarse stuff gowns, and shaven crowns,—no shirts,—and no cravats;

And a cord was placed about their waist—they had no shovel hats!

"It was in bluff King Harry's days, while yet he went to shrift, And long before he stamp'd and swore, and cut the Pope adrift;

There lived a portly Canon then, a sage and learned clerk;

He had, I trow, a goodly house, fast by that Entry dark!

"The Canon was a portly man—of Latin and of Greek,

And learned lore, he had good store,—yet health was on his cheek.

The Priory fare was scant and spare, the bread was made of rye,

The beer was weak, yet he was sleek—he had a merry eye.

"For though within the Priory the fare was scant and thin,

The Canon's house it stood without;—he kept good cheer within;

Unto the best he prest each guest with free and jovial look,

And Ellen Bean ruled his *cuisine*. — He called her 'Nelly Cook.'

"For soups, and stews, and choice *ragouts*, Nell Cook was famous still;

She'd make them even of old shoes, she had such wond'rous skill:

Her manchetts fine were quite divine, her cakes were nicely brown'd,

Her boil'd and roast, they were the boast of all the 'Precinct' round;

"And Nelly was a comely lass, but calm and staid her air,
And earthward bent her modest look—yet was she passing fair;
And though her gown was russet brown, their heads grave
people shook;
—They all agreed no Clerk had need of such a pretty cook.

"One day, 't was on a Whitsun-Eve—there came a coach and
four;—
It pass'd the 'Green-Court' gate, and stopp'd before the Canon's
door;
The travel-stain on wheel and rein bespoke a weary way,—
Each panting steed relax'd its speed—out stept a Lady gay.

"'Now, welcome! welcome! dearest Niece,'—the Canon then
did cry,
And to his breast the Lady prest—he had a merry eye,—
'Now, welcome! welcome! dearest Niece! in sooth, thou'rt
welcome here,
'Tis many a day since we have met—how fares my Brother
dear?'—

"'Now, thanks, my loving Uncle,' that Lady gay replied:
'Gramercy for thy benison!'—then 'Out, alas!' she sigh'd;
'My father dear he is not near; he seeks the Spanish Main;
He prays thee give me shelter here till he return again!'—

"'Now, welcome! welcome; dearest Niece; come lay thy
mantle by!'
The Canon kiss'd her ruby lip—he had a merry eye,—
But Nelly Cook askew did look,—it came into her mind
They were a little less than 'kin,' and rather more than 'kind.'

* * * * *

"Three weeks are gone and over—full three weeks and a day,
Yet still within the Canon's house doth dwell that Lady gay;
On capons fine they daily dine, rich cates and sauces rare,
And they quaff good store of Bordeaux wine,—so dainty is
their fare.

"And fine upon the virginals is that gay Lady's touch,
 And sweet her voice unto the lute, you'll scarce hear any such;
 But is it '*O sanctissima!*' she sings in dulcet tone?
 Or '*Angels ever bright and fair!*'—Ah, no!—it's '*Bobbing Joan!*'

* * * * *

"The Canon's house is lofty and spacious to the view;
 The Canon's cell is order'd well—yet Nelly looks askew;
 The Lady's bower is in the tower,—yet Nelly shakes her head—
 She hides the poker and the tongs in that gay Lady's bed!

* * * * *

"Six weeks were gone and over—full six weeks and a day,
 Yet in that bed the poker and the tongs unheeded lay!
 From which, I fear, it's pretty clear that Lady rest had none;
 Or, if she slept in any bed—it was not in her own.

"But where that Lady pass'd her nights, I may not well divine,
 Perhaps in pious oraisons at good St. Thomas' Shrine,
 And for her father far away breathed tender vows and true—
 It may be so—I cannot say—but Nelly look'd askew.

"And still at night, by fair moonlight, when all were lock'd in
 sleep,
 She'd listen at the Canon's door,—she'd through the keyhole
 peep—

I know not what she heard or saw, but fury fill'd her eye—
 —She bought some nasty Doctor's-stuff, and she put it in a pie!

* * * * *

"It was a glorious summer's-eve—with beams of rosy red
 The Sun went down—all Nature smiled—but Nelly shook her
 head!

Full softly to the balmy breeze rang out the Vesper bell—
 —Upon the Canon's startled ear it sounded like a knell!

"Now here's to thee, mine Uncle! a health I drink to thee!
 Now pledge me back in Sherris sack, or a cup of Malvoisie!"

The Canon sigh'd—but, rousing, cried, 'I answer to thy call,
And a Warden-pie's a dainty dish to mortify withal!'

"'Tis early dawn—the matin chime rings out for morning
pray'r—

And Prior and Friar is in his stall—the Canon is not there!

Nor in the small Refect'ry hall, nor cloister'd walk is he—

All wonder—and the Sacristan says, 'Lauk-a-daisy-me!'

"They've search'd the aisles and Baptistry—they've search'd
above—around—

The 'Sermon House'—the 'Audit Room'—the Canon is not
found.

They only find that pretty Cook concocting a *ragout*,

They ask her where her master is—but Nelly looks askew.

"They call for crow-bars—'Jemmies' is the modern name
they bear—

They burst through lock, and bolt, and bar—but what a sight
is there!—

The Canon's head lies on the bed—his Niece lies on the floor!

—They are as dead as any nail that is in any door!

"The livid spot is on his breast, the spot is on his back!

• His portly form, no longer warm with life, is swoln and black!—

The livid spot is on her cheek,—it's on her neck of snow,

And the prior sighs, and sadly cries, 'Well—here's a pretty
Go!'

* * * * *

"All at the silent hour of night a bell is heard to toll,

A knell is rung, a *requiem*'s sung as for a sinful soul,

And there's a grave within the Nave; it's dark, and deep, and
wide,

And they bury there a Lady fair, and a Canon by her side!

"An Uncle—so 'tis whisper'd now throughout the sacred
fane,—

And a Niece—whose father's far away upon the Spanish
Main—

The Sacristan, he says no word that indicates a doubt,
But he puts his thumb unto his nose, and he spreads his fingers
out!

"And where doth tarry Nelly Cook, that staid and comely lass?
Ay, where?—for ne'er from forth that door was Nelly known
to pass.

Her coif and gown of russet brown were lost unto the view,
And if you mention'd Nelly's name, the Monks all look'd askew!

* * * * *

"There is a heavy paving-stone fast by the Canon's door,
Of granite grey, and it may weigh some half a ton or more,
And it is laid deep in the shade within that Entry dark,
Where sun or moon-beam never play'd, or e'en one starry spark.

"That heavy granite stone was moved that night, 't was darkly
said,

And the mortar round its sides next morn seem'd fresh and
newly laid;

But what within the narrow vault beneath that stone doth lie,
Or if that there be vault, or no—I cannot tell—not I!

"But I've been told that moan and groan, and fearful wall and
shriek

Came from beneath that paving-stone for nearly half a week—
For three long days and three long nights came forth those
sounds of fear;

Then all was o'er—they never more fell on the listening ear.

* * * * *

A hundred years were gone and past since last Nell Cook was
seen,

When worn by use, that stone got loose, and they went and
told the Dean.—

—Says the Dean, says he, 'My Masons three! now haste and fix it tight;'

And the Masons three peep'd down to see, and they saw a fearful sight.

"Beneath that heavy paving-stone a shocking hole they found—
It was not more than twelve feet deep, and barely twelve feet round;

—A fleshless, sapless skeleton lay in that horrid well!

But who the deuce 'twas put it there these Masons could not tell.

"And near this fleshless skeleton a pitcher small did lie,
And a mouldy piece of 'kissing-crust,' as from a Warden-pie!
And Doctor Jones declared the bones were female bones and
'Zooks!

I should not be surprised,' said he, 'if these were Nelly Cook's!'

"It was in good Dean Bargrave's days, if I remember right,
Those fleshless bones beneath the stones these Masons brought
to light;

And you may well in the 'Dean's Chapelle' Dean Bargrave's
portrait view,

'Who died one night,' says old Tom Wright, 'in sixteen forty-two!'

"And so two hundred years have pass'd since that these
Masons three,

With curious looks, did set Nell Cook's unquiet spirit free;

That granite stone had kept her down till then—so some suppose,—

—Some spread their fingers out, and put their thumb unto
their nose.

"But one thing's clear—that all the year, on every Friday
night,

Throughout that Entry dark doth roam Nell Cook's unquiet
Sprite:

On Friday was that Warden-pie all by that Canon tried;
On Friday died he, and that tidy Lady by his side!

"And though two hundred years have flown, Nell Cook doth
still pursue

Her weary walk, and they who cross her path the deed may rue;
Her fatal breath is fell as death! the Simoom's blast is not
More dire—(a wind in Africa that blows uncommon hot).

But all unlike the Simoom's blast, her breath is deadly cold,
Delivering quivering, shivering shocks unto both young and old,
And whoso in that entry dark doth feel that fatal breath,
He ever dies within the year some dire, untimely death!

"No matter who—no matter what condition, age, or sex,
But some 'get shot,' and some 'get drown'd,' and some 'get'
broken necks;

Some 'get run over' by a coach;—and one beyond the seas
'Got' scraped to death with oyster-shells among the Caribbees!

"Those Masons three, who set her free, fell first!—it is averr'd
That two were hang'd on Tyburn tree for murd'ring of the third:
Charles Story,* too, his friend who slew, had ne'er, if truth they
tell,

Been gibbeted on Chartam Downs, had they not met with Nell!

"Then send me not, mine Uncle dear, oh! send me not, I pray,
Back through that Entry dark to-night, but round some other
way!

I will not be a truant boy, but good, and mind my book,
For Heaven forbid that ever I foregather with Nell Cook!"

* * * * *

* In or about the year 1780, a worthy of this name cut the throat of a journeyman paper-maker, was executed on Oaten Hill, and afterwards hung in chains near the scene of his crime. It was to this place, as being the extreme boundary of the City's jurisdiction, that the worthy Mayor with so much secret wished to escort Archbishop M*** on one of his progresses, when he begged to have the honour of "attending his Grace as far as the gallows."

The class was call'd at morning tide, and Master Tom was there;
 He look'd askew, and did eschew both stool, and bench, and chair,
 He did not talk, he did not walk, the tear was in his eye, —
 He had not e'en that sad resource, to sit him down and cry.

Hence little boys may learn, when they from school go out to
 dine,
 They should not deal in rigmarole, but still be back by nine;
 For if when they 've their great-coat on, they pause before they
 part
 To tell a long and prosy tale,—perchance their own may smart!

MORAL.

— A few remarks to learned Clerks in country and in town —
 Don't keep a pretty serving-maid though clad in russet brown! —
 Don't let your Niece sing "Bobbing Joan!" — don't with a
 merry eye,
 Hob-nob in Sack and Malvoisie,—and don't eat too much pie!!
 And oh! beware that Entry dark,—especially at night,—
 And don't go there with Jenny Smith all by the pale moonlight! —
 So bless the Queen and her Royal Weans,—and the Prince whose
 hand she took,—
 And bless us all, both great and small,—and keep us from Nell
 Cook!

KIND, good hearted, gouty Uncle John ! how well I remember all the kindness and affection which my mischievous propensities so ill repaid — his bright blue coat and resplendent gilt buttons — his “frosty pow” *si bien poudrè* — his little quill-like pigtail ! — Of all my praiseworthy actions — they were “like angel visits, few and far between” — the never-failing and munificent rewarder ; of my naughty deeds — they were multitudinous as the sands on the sea-shore — the ever-ready palliator ; my intercessor, and sometimes even my defender against punishment, “staying harsh justice in its mid career !” — Poor Uncle John ! he will ever rank among the dearest of my

NURSERY REMINISCENCES.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
When I was a little Boy,
One fine morning in September
Uncle brought me home a toy.

I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks in kindest mood ;
“Then,” said he, “you little Fat-head,
There’s a top because you’re good !”

Grandmamma — a shrewd observer —
I remember gazed upon
My new top, and said with fervour,
“Oh ! how kind of Uncle John !”

While mamma my form caressing, —
In her eye the tear-drop stood,
Read me this fine moral lesson,
“See what comes of being good !”

* * * * *

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play;

I remember Billy Hawkins
Came, and with his pewter squirt
Squibb'd my pantaloons and stockings
Till they were all over dirt!

To my mother for protection
I ran, quaking every limb:—
—She exclaim'd, with fond affection,
“Gracious Goodness! look at *him!*!”—

Pa cried, when he saw my garment,
—’Twas a newly-purchased dress—
“Oh! you nasty little *Warment*,
How came you in such a mess.?”—

Then he caught me by the collar,
—Cruel only to be kind—
And to my exceeding dolour,
Gave me—several slaps behind.

Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
As she saw my evil plight,
Said—’twas rather stony-hearted—
“Little rascal! *serve* him right!”

I remember, I remember,
From that sad and solemn day,
Never more in dark December
Did I venture out to play.

And the moral, which they taught, I
Well remember; thus they said—
“Little Boys, when they are naughty,
Must be whip’d and sent to bed!”

But, oh! lack-a-day!

How time slips away!—

Who'd have thought that while Cupid was playing these tricks
Ten years had elapsed, and—I'd turn'd twenty-six?—

“I care not a whit,

—He's not grown a bit,”

Says my Aunt, “it will still be a very good fit,”

So Janet and She,

Now about thirty-three,

(The maid had been jilted by Mr. Magee,)

Each taking one end of “the Shirt” on her knee,

Again began working with hearty good will,

“Felling the Seams,” and “whipping the Frill,”—

For, twenty years since, though the Ruffle had vanish'd,

A Frill like a fan had by no means been banish'd;

People wore them at playhouses, parties, and churches,

Like overgrown fins of overgrown perches.—

Now, they, by these two thus laying their caps

Together, my “Shirt” had been finish'd, perhaps,

But for one of those queer little three-corner'd straps,

Which the ladies call “Side-bits,” that sever the “Flaps;”

—Here unlucky Janet

Took her needle, and ran it

Right into her thumb, and cried loudly, “Ads cuss it!

I've spoil'd myself now by that 'ere nasty Gusset!”

For a month to come

Poor dear Janet's thumb

Was in that sort of state vulgar people call “Rum.”

At the end of that time,

A youth, still in his prime,

The Doctor's fat Errand-boy,—just such a dolt as is

Kept to mix draughts, and spread plaisters and poultices,

Who a bread-cataplasm each morning had carried her,

Sigh'd,—ogled,—proposed,—was accepted,—and married her!

Much did Aunt Fan
 Disapprove of the plan;
 She turn'd up her dear little snub at "the Man."
 She "could not believe it"—
 "Could scarcely conceive it
 Was possible—What! *such* a place!—and then leave it!
 And all for a 'Shrimp' not as high as my hat—
 A little contemptible 'Shaver' like that!!
 With a broad pancake face, and eyes buried in fat!"

—For her part, "She was sure
 She could never endure
 A lad with a lisp, and a leg like a skewer.—
 Such a name too;—('twas Potts!)—and so nasty a trade!
 No, no,—she would much rather die an old maid!—
 He a husband, indeed!—Well—mine, come what may come,
 Shan't look like a blister, or smell of Guaiacum!"

But there!
 She'd "declare,
 It was Janet's affair—
 —*Chacun à son goût*,
 As she baked she might brew—
 She could not prevent her—'twas no use in trying it—
 Oh, no—she had made her own bed, and might lie in it.
 They 'repent at leisure who marry at random.'
 No matter—*De gustibus non disputandum!*"
 Consoling herself with this choice bit of Latin,
 Aunt Fanny resignedly bought some white satin,

And, as the Soubrette
 Was a very great pet
 After all,—she resolved to forgive and forget,
 And sat down to make her a bridal rosette,
 With magnificent bits of some white-looking metal
 Stuck in, here and there, each forming a petal.—
 —On such an occasion one couldn't feel hurt,
 Of course, that she ceased to remember—my Shirt!

Ten years,—or nigh,
 Had again gone by,
 When, Fan, accidentally casting her eye
 On a dirty old work-basket, hung up on high
 In the store-closet where hags were put by to dry,
 Took it down to explore it—she didn't know why.—
 Within, a pea-soup colour'd fragment she spied,
 Of the hue of a November fog in Cheapside,
 Or a bad piece of gingerbread spoilt in the baking.
 —I still hear her cry,—
 “I wish I may die
 If here is n't Tom's Shirt, that's been so long a-making!—
 My gracious me!
 Well,—only to see!
 I declare it's as yellow as yellow can be!
 Why it looks just as though't had been soak'd in green tea!
 Dear me, *did you ever?*—
 But come—'twill be clever
 To bring matters round; so I'll do my endeavour
 ‘Better Late,’ says an excellent proverb, ‘than Never!’—
 It is stain'd, to be sure; but ‘grass-bleaching’ will bring it
 To rights ‘in a jiffy.’—We'll wash it, and wring it;
 Or, stay—‘Hudson's Liquor’
 Will do it still quicker,
 And——” Here the new maid chimed in, “Ma'am, Salt of
 Lemon
 Will make it, in no time, quite fit for the Gemman!”—
 So they “set in the gathers,”—the large round the collar,
 While those at the wrist-bands of course were much smaller,—
 The button-holes now were at length “overcast;”
 Then a button itself was sewn on—'twas the last!
 All's done!
 All's won!
 Never under the sun
 Was Shirt so late finish'd—so early begun! —

—The work would defy
 The most critical eye.
 It was "bleach'd,"—it was wash'd,—it was hung out to dry,—
 It was mark'd on the tail with a T, and an I!
 On the back of a chair it
 Was placed,—just to air it,
 In front of the fire.—"Tom to-morrow shall wear it!"
 —*O cæca mens hominum!*—Fanny, good soul,
 Left her charge for one moment—but one—a vile coal
 Bounced out from the grate, and set fire to the whole!

* * * * *

Had it been Doctor Arnott's new stove—not a grate:—
 Had the coal been a "Lord Mayor's coal,"—viz: a
 slate;—

What a different tale had I had to relate!
 And Aunt Fan—and my Shirt—been superior to Fate!—
 One moment—no more!—
 —Fan open'd the door!
 The draught made the blaze ten times worse than before;
 And Aunt Fanny sauk down—in despair—on the floor!

You may fancy perhaps Agrippina's amazement,
 When, looking one fine moonlight night from her casement,
 She saw, while thus gazing,
 All Rome a-blazing,

And, losing at once all restraint on her temper, or
 Feelings, exclaim'd, "Hang that Scamp of an Emperor,
 Although he's my son!—

—thinks it prime fun,

No doubt!—While the flames are demolishing Rome,
 There's my Nero a-fiddling, and singing 'Sweet Home!'
 —Stay,—I'm really not sure 't was that lady who said
 The words I've put down, as she stepp'd into bed,—
 On reflection, I rather believe *she* was dead;

But e'en when at College, I
 Fairly acknowledge, I

Never was very precise in Chronology ;
So, if there's an error, pray set down as mine a
Mistake of no very great moment—in fine, a
Mere slip—'t was some Pleb's wife, if not Agrippina

You may fancy that warrior, so stern and so stony,
Whom thirty years since we all used to call **BONEX**,
When, engaged in what he styled "fulfilling his destinies,"
He led his rapsallions across the Borysthene's,
And had made up his mind
Snug quarters to find
In Moscow, against the catarrhs and the coughs
Which are apt to prevail 'mongst the "Owskis" and "Offa."
At a time of the year

When your nose and your ear
Are by no means so safe there as people's are here,
Inasmuch as "Jack Frost," that most fearful of Bogles,
Makes folks leave their cartilage oft in their "fogles."

You may fancy, I say,
That same **BONEX**'s dismay,
When Count Rostopchin
At once made him drop chin,
And turn up his eyes, as his rappee he took,
With a sort of *mori-de-ma-vie* kind of look,
On perceiving that "Swing,"
And "all that sort of thing,"

Was at work,—that he'd just lost the game without knowing it—
That the Kremlin was blazing—the Russians a "a-going it,"—
Every plug in the place frozen hard as the ground,
And the deuce of a Turn-cock at all to be found!

You may fancy King Charles at some Court Fancy-Ball,
(The date we may fix
In Sixteen sixty-six,)

In the room built by Inigo Jones at Whitehall,
Whence his father, the Martyr,—(as such mourn'd by all
Who, in *his*, wept the Law's and the Monarchy's fall,)—

Stept out to exchange regal robes for a pall —
 You may fancy King Charles, I say, stopping the brawl,*
 As bursts on his sight the old church of St. Paul,
 By the light of its flames, now beginning to crawl
 From basement to buttress, and topping its wall —
 — You may fancy old Clarendon making a call,
 And stating in cold, slow, monotonous drawl,
 “Sire, from Pudding Lane’s End, close by Fishmongers’ Hall,
 To Pye Corner, in Smithfield, there is not a stall
 There, in market, or street,—not a house, great or small,
 In which Knight wields his faulchion, or Cobbler his awl,
 But’s on fire!!”—You may fancy the general squall,
 And bawl as they all call for whimple and shawl! —
 — You may fancy all this — but I boldly assert
 You *can’t* fancy Aunt Fan—as she look’d on MY SHIRT!!!

Was’t Apelles? or Zeuxis? — I think ’twas Apelles,
 That artist of old — I declare I can’t tell his
 Exact patronymic — I write and pronounce ill
 These Classical names — whom some Grecian Town-Council
 Employ’d,—I believe, by command of the Oracle,—
 To produce them a splendid piece, purely historical,
 For adorning the wall
 Of some fane, or Guildhall,
 And who for his subject determined to try a
 Large painting in oils of Miss Iphigenia
 At the moment her Sire,
 By especial desire
 Of “that Spalpeen, O’Dysseus” (see Barney Maguire),
 Has resolved to devote
 Her beautiful throat
 To old Chalcas’s knife, and her limbs to the fire;
 —An act which we moderns by no means admire,—

* Not a “row,” but a dance —

“The brave Lord Keeper led the *brawls*,

The seals and maces danced before him.” — GRAY

—And truly Sir Christopher danced to some tune.

An offering, 'tis true, to Jove, Mars, or Apollo cost
 No trifling sum in those days, if a holocaust,—
 Still, although for economy we should condemn none,
 In an *avaf arifow*, like the great Agamemnon,

To give up to slaughter

An elegant daughter,

After all the French, Music, and Dancing they'd taught her,
 And Singing.—at Heaven knows how much a quarter,—

In lieu of a Calf!—

It was too bad by half!

At a "nigger"* so pitiful who would not laugh,
 And turn up their noses at one who could find
 No decenter method of "Raising the Wind?"

No doubt but he might,

Without any great *Flight*,

Have obtain'd it by what we call "flying a kite,"
 Or on mortgage—or sure, if he couldn't so do it, he
 Must have succeeded "by way of annuity."

But there—it appears,

His crocodile tears,

His "Oh!s" and his "Ah!s" his "Oh Law!s" and "Oh dear!s"
 Were all thought sincere,—so in painting his Victim
 The Artist was splendid—but could not depict *Him*,

His features and phiz awry

Show'd so much misery,

And so like a dragon he

Look'd in his agony,

That the foil'd Painter buried—despairing to gain a
 Good likeness—his face in a printed Bandana.

—Such a veil is best thrown o'er one's face when one's hurt

By some grief which no power can repair or avert!—

—Such a veil I shall throw o'er Aunt Fan—and My Shirt!

* Hibernice "nigger," quasi "niggard." Vide B. Maguire *passim*.

MORAL.

And now for some practical hints from the story
Of Aunt Fan's mishap, which I've thus laid before ye;

For, if rather too gay,

I can venture to say,

A fine vein of morality is, in each lay
Of my primitive Muse, the distinguishing *trait*!—

First of all—Don't put off till to-morrow what may,
Without inconvenience, be managed to-day!
That golden occasion we call "Opportunity"
Rarely's neglected by man with impunity!
And the "Future," how brightly soe'er by Hope's dupe colour'd,

Ne'er may afford

You a lost chance restored,

Till both you, and YOUR SHIRT, are grown old and pea-soup-
colour'd!

I would also desire

You to guard your attire,

Young Ladies,—and never go too near the fire!—

— Depend on't there's many a dear little Soul

Has found that a Spark is as bad as a coal,—

And "in her best petticoat burnt a great hole!"

Last of all, gentle Reader, don't be too secure!—

Let seeming success never make you "cock-sure!"

But beware!—and take care,

When all things look fair,

How you hang your Shirt over the back of your chair!—

— "There's many a slip

'Twixt the cup and the lip!"

Be this excellent proverb, then, well understood,

And DON'T HALLOO BEFORE YOU'RE QUITE OUT OF THE WOOD!!!

It is to my excellent and erudite friend, Simpkinson, that I am indebted for his graphic description of the well-known chalk-pit, between Acol and Minster in the Isle of Thanet, known by the name of the "Smuggler's Leap." The substance of the true history attached to it he picked up while visiting that admirable institution, the "Sea-bathing Infirmary," of which he is a "Life Governor," and enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* last summer at the least aristocratic of all possible watering-places.

Before I proceed to detail it however, I cannot, in conscience, fail to bespeak for him the reader's sympathy in one of his own

MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE

A LEGEND OF JARVIS'S JETTY.

MR. SIMPKINSON (*loquitur*).

I WAS in Margate last July, I walk'd upon the pier,
 I saw a little vulgar Boy—I said "What make you here?—
 The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy;"
 Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar Boy?"
 He frown'd, that little vulgar Boy,—he deem'd I meant to scoff—
 And when the little heart is big, a little "sets it off;"
 He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose,—
 He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!

"Hark!" don't you hear, my little man?—it's striking Nine,"
 I said,

"An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed.

Run home and get your supper, else your Ma' will scold—Oh!
fie!—

It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!"

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throb'd with agony,—he cried like any thing!
I stoop'd, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur—"Ah!
I haven't got no supper! and I haven't got no Ma"!!—

"My father, he is on the seas,—my mother's dead and gone!
And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone;
I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my heart,
Nor 'brown' to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a tart.

"If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,
By day or night, then blow me tight!" (he was a vulgar Boy;)
"And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fix'd intent
To jump, as Mister Levi did from off the Monu-ment!"

"Cheer up! cheer up! my little man—cheer up!" I kindly
said,

"You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head:
If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely break your
legs,
Perhaps your neck—then Bogey'd have you, sure as eggs are
eggs!

"Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and
sup;

My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up—
There's roast potatoes at the fire,—enough for me and you—
Come home, you little vulgar Boy—I lodge at Number 2."

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside "The Foy,"
I bad him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar Boy,—
And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,
"Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X!"

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,
 She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys."
 She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubb'd the
 delf,
 Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch my beer myself!"

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb—*
 I changed a shilling—(which in town the people call a Bob)—
 It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child—
 And I said, "A pint of double X, and please to draw it mild!"

When I came back I gazed about—I gazed on stool and chair—
 I could not see my little friend—because he was not there!
 I peep'd beneath the table-cloth—beneath the sofa too—
 I said "You little vulgar Boy! why what's become of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons—I look'd, but could not see
 The little fiddle-pattern'd ones I use when I'm at tea;
 —I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—oh, dear!
 I know 'twas on the mantel-piece when I went out for beer.

I could not see my Macintosh—it was not to be seen!—
 Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimm'd and lined
 with green;

My carpet-bag—my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce and soy,—
 My roast potatoes!—all are gone!—and so's that vulgar Boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,
 "—Oh, Mrs. Jones! what do you think?—ain't this a pretty
 go?—

—That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here to-night,
 —He's stolen my things and run away!!"—Says she, "And
 sarve you right!!"

* * * * *

* QUI FACIT PER ALIUM, FACIT PER SE—Deem not, gentle stranger, that Mr. Cobb is a petty dealer and chapman, as Mr. Simpinson would here seem to imply. He is a *maker*, not a *retailer* of stings,—and mighty pretty tipples he *makes*.

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the Crier round,
 All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound
 To find that little vulgar Boy, who'd gone and used me so;
 But when the Crier cried, "O Yes!" the people cried, "O No!"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of the town,
 There was a common sailor-man a-walking up and down,
 I told my tale—he seem'd to think I'd not been treated well,
 And call'd me "Poor old Buffer!"—what that means I cannot
 tell.

That Sailor-man, he said he'd seen that morning on the shore,
 A son of—something—'twas a name I'd never heard before,
 A little "gallows-looking chap"—dear me; what could he mean?
 With a "carpet-swab" and "mucking-togs," and a hat turn'd
 up with green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said he'd seen him
 "sheer,"

—It's very odd that Sailor-men should talk so very queer—
 And then he hitch'd his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their use,
 —It's very odd that Sailor-men should wear those things so
 loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say
 He'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning, swim away
 In Captain Large's Royal George, about an hour before,
 And they were now, as he suppos'd, "*somewheres*" about the
 Nore.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap—he's been upon the Mill—
 And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, we calls him Veeping Bill!"
 He said "he'd done me werry brown," and nicely "*stow'd* the
swag,"

—That's French, I fancy, for a hat—or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track;
 He asked me if "I did not wish that I might get it back?"

I answer'd, "To be sure I do!—it's what I'm come about."
He smil'd and said, "Sir, does your mother know that you are
out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,
And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the boy who'd "done
me brown."

His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,
But he "rather thought that there were several vulgar boys
about."

He sent for Mr. Whithair then, and I described "the swag,"
My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag;
He promis'd that the New Police should all their pow'rs employ;
But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy!

MORAL.

Remember, then, what when a boy I've heard my Grandma' tell,
"BE WARN'D IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL DO
FULL WELL!"

Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no fix'd abode,
Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "wish they may be
blow'd!"

Don't take too much of double X!—and don't at night go out
To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your
stout!

And when you go to Margate next, just stop, and ring the bell,
Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well!

And now for his Legend, which, if the facts took place rather beyond "the memory of the oldest inhabitant," are yet well known to have occurred in the neighbourhood "once on a time;" and the scene of them will be readily pointed out by any one of the fifty intelligent fly-drivers who ply upon the pier, and who will convey you safely to the spot for a guerdon which they term "three bob."

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

A LEGEND OF THANET.

"Near this hamlet (Acol) is a long-disused chalk-pit of formidable depth, known by the name of "The Smuggler's leap." The tradition of the parish runs, that a riding-officer from Sandwich, called Anthony Gill, lost his life here in the early part of the present (last) century, while in pursuit of a smuggler. A fog coming on, both parties went over the precipice. The smuggler's horse only, it is said, was found crushed beneath its rider. The spot has, of course, been haunted ever since."—See "*Supplement to Lewis's History of Thanet by the Rev. Samuel Pegg, A. M. Vicar of Gomersham.*" W. Bristol, Canterbury, 1796, p. 127.

THE fire-flash shines from Reculver cliff,
And the answering light burns blue in the skiff,
And there they stand
That smuggling band,
Some in the water, and some on the sand,
Ready those contraband goods to land;
The night is dark, they are silent and still,
—At the head of the party is Smuggler Bill!

"Now lower away! come, lower away!
We must be far ere the dawn of the day:
If Exciseman Gill should get scent of the prey,
And should come, and should catch us here, what would he say?

Come, lower away, lads—once on the hill,
We'll laugh, ho! ho! at Exciseman Gill!"

The cargo's lower'd from the dark skiff's side,
And the tow-line drags the tubs through the tide,

No trick nor sham,

But your real Schiedam.

"Now mount, my merry men, mount and ride!"

Three on the crupper and one before,

And the led-horse laden with five tubs more;

But the rich point-lace,

In the oil-skin case

Of proof to guard its contents from ill,

The "prime of the swag," is with Smuggler Bill!

Merrily now in a goodly row,

Away, and away, those smugglers go,

And they laugh at Exciseman Gill, ho! ho!

When out from the turn

Of the road to Herne,

Comes Gill, wide awake to the whole concern!

Exciseman Gill, in all his pride,

With his Custom-house officers all at his side!

—They were call'd Custom-house officers then;

There were no such things as "Preventive men."

Sauve qui peut!

That lawless crew,

Away, and away, and away they flew!

Some dropping one tub, some dropping two;—

Some gallop this way, and some gallop that,

Through Fordwich Level—o'er Sandwich Flat,

Some fly that way, and some fly this,

Like a covey of birds when the sportsmen miss,

These in their hurry

Make for Sturry,

With Custom-house officers close in their rear,
Down Rushbourne Lane, and so by Westbere,
None of them stopping,
But shooting and popping,
And many a Custom-house bullet goes slap
Through many a three-gallon tub like a tap;
And the gin spirts out;
And squirts all about,
And many a heart grew sad that day
That so much good liquor was so thrown away.

Sauve qui peut!

That lawless crew,
Away, and away, and away they flew!
Some seek Whitstable—some Grove Ferry,
Spurring and whipping like madmen—very—
For the life! for the life! they ride! they ride!
And the Custom-house officers all divide,
And they gallop on after them far and wide!
All, all, save one—Exciseman Gill,—
He sticks to the skirts of Smuggler Bill!

Smuggler Bill is six feet high,
He has curling locks, and a roving eye,
He has a tongue, and he has a smile
Train'd the female heart to beguile,
And there is not a farmer's wife in the Isle,

From St. Nicholas quite
To the Foreland Light,

But that eye, and that tongue, and that smile will wheedle her
To have done with the Grocer, and make him her Tea-dealer;
There is not a farmer there but he still
Buys gin and tobacco from Smuggler Bill.

Smuggler Bill rides gallant and gay
On his dapple-grey mare, away, and away,
And he pats her neck, and he seems to say,
“Follow who will, ride after who may,

In sooth he had need
 Fodder his steed,
 In lieu of Lent-corn, with a Quicksilver feed;
 — Nor oats, nor beans, nor the best of old hay,
 Will make him a match for my own dapple-grey!
 Ho! ho! — ho! ho!" says Smuggler Bill —
 He draws out a flask, and he sips his fill,
 And he laughs "Ho! ho!" at Exciseman Gill.

Down Chistlett lane, so free and so fleet
 Rides Smuggler Bill, and away to Up-street;
 Sarre Bridge is won —
 Bill thinks it fun;
 "Ho! ho! the old tub-ganging son of a gun —
 His wind will be thick, and his breeks be thin,
 Ere a race like this he may hope to win!"

Away, away
 Goes the fleet dapple-grey,
 Fresh as the breeze, and free as the wind,
 And Exciseman Gill lags far behind.

"*I would give my soul,*" quoth Exciseman Gill,
 "For a nag that would catch that Smuggler Bill! —
 No matter for blood, no matter for bone,
 No matter for colour, bay, brown, or roan,
 So I had but one!"

A voice cried "Done!"
 "Ay, dun," said Exciseman Gill, and he spied
 A Custom-house officer close by his side,
 On a high-trotting horse with a dun-colour'd hide. —
 "*Devil take me,*" again quoth Exciseman Gill,
 "If I had but that horse, I'd have Smuggler Bill!"

From his using such shocking expressions, it's plain
 That Exciseman Gill was rather profane.

He was, it is true,
 As bad as a Jew,

A sad old scoundrel as ever you knew,
And he rode in his stirrups sixteen stone two.
— He'd just utter'd the words which I've mention'd to you,
When his horse coming slap on his knees with him, threw
Him head over heels, and away he flew,
And Exciseman Gill was bruised black and blue.

When he arose,
His hands and his clothes,
Were as filthy as could be,—he'd pitch'd on his nose,
And roll'd over and over again in the mud,
And his nose and his chin were all cover'd with blood;
Yet he scream'd with passion, "I'd rather *grill*
Than not come up with that Smuggler Bill!"
—"Mount! Mount!" quoth the Custom-house officer, "get
On the back of my Dun, you'll bother him yet.

Your words are plain, though they're somewhat rough,
'Done and Done' between gentlemen's always enough!—
I'll lend you a lift—you're up on him—so,—
He's a rum one to look at—a *devil to go!*"

Exciseman Gill

Dash'd up the hill,

And mark'd not, so eager was he in pursuit,
The queer Custom-house officer's queer-looking boot.

Smuggler Bill rides on amain,
He slacks not girth—and he draws not rein,
Yet the dapple-grey mare bounds on in vain,
For nearer now—and he hears it plain—
Sounds the tramp of a horse—"Tis the Gauger again!"

Smuggler Bill

Dashes round by the mill

That stands near the road upon Monkton Hill,—

"Now speed,—now speed,

My dapple-grey steed,

Thou ever, my dapple, wert good at need!

O'er Monkton mead, and through Minster Level
We'll baffle him yet, be he gauger or devil!

For Manston Cave, away! away!

Now speed thee, now speed thee, my good dapple-
grey!

It shall never be said that Smuggler Bill
Was run down like a hare by exciseman Gill!"

Manston Cave was Bill's abode;
A mile to the north of the Ramsgate road,

(Of late they say

It's been taken away,

That is, level'd, and fill'd up with chalk and clay,

By a gentleman there of the name of Day.)

Thither he urges his good dapple-grey;

And the dapple-grey steed,

Still good at need,

Though her chest it pants, and her flanks they bleed,

Dashes along at the top of her speed;

But nearer and nearer Exciseman Gill

Cries "Yield thee! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill!"

Smuggler Bill, he looks behind,

And he sees a Dun horse come swift as the wind,

And his nostrils smoke, and his eyes they blaze

Like a couple of lamps on a yellow post-chaise!

Every shoe he has got

Appears red-hot!

And sparks round his ears snap, crackle, and play,

And his tail cocks up in a very odd way,

Every hair in his mane seems a porcupine's quill,

And there on his back sits Exciseman Gill,

Crying "Yield thee! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill!"

Smuggler Bill from his holster drew

A large horse-pistol, of which he had two,

Made by Nock ;
He pull'd back the cock
As far as he could to the back of the lock ;
The trigger he touch'd, and the welkin rang
To the sound of the weapon, it made such a bang ;
Smuggler Bill ne'er miss'd his aim,
The shot told true on the Dun—but there came
From the hole where it enter'd,—not blood,—but flame !
—He changed his plan,
And fired at the man ;
But his second horse-pistol flash'd in the pan !
-And Exciseman Gill with a hearty good will,
Made a grab at the collar of Smuggler Bill.

The dapple-grey mare made a desperate bound
When that queer Dun horse on her flank she found,
Alack ! and alas ! on what dangerous ground !
It's enough to make one's flesh to creep
To stand on that fearful verge, and peep
Down the rugged sides so dreadfully steep,
Where the chalk-hole yawns full sixty-feet deep,
O'er which that steed took that desperate leap !
It was so dark then under the trees,
No horse in the world could tell chalk from cheese—
Down they went—o'er that terrible fall,—
Horses, Exciseman, Smuggler, and all ! !

Below were found
Next day on the ground
By an elderly Gentleman walking his round,
(I wouldn't have seen such a sight for a pound,)
All smash'd and dash'd, three mangled corpses,
Two of them human,—the third was a horse's,—
That good dapple-grey, and Exciseman Gill
Yet grasping the collar of Smuggler Bill !

But where was the Dun? that terrible Dun? —
 From that terrible night he was seen by none! —
 There are, some people think, though I am not one,
 That part of the story all nonsense and fun,
 But the country-folks there,
 One and all declare,
 When the "Crowner's 'Quest" came to sit on the pair,
 They hear a loud Horse-laugh up in the air! —
 — If in one of the trips
 Of the steam-boat Eclipse
 You should go down to Margate to look at the ships,
 Or to take what the bathing-room people call "Dips,"
 You may hear old folks talk
 Of that quarry of chalk;
 Or go over — it's rather too far for a walk,
 But a three shilling drive will give you a peep
 At that fearful chalk-pit — so awfully deep,
 Which is call'd to this moment "The Smuggler's Leap!"
 Nay more, I am told, on a moonshiny night,
 If you're "plucky," and not over-subject to fright
 And go and look over that chalk-pit white,
 You may see, if you will,
 The Ghost of old Gill
 Grappling the Ghost of Smuggler Bill,
 And the Ghost of the dapple-grey lying between 'em. —
 I'm told so — I can't say I know one who's seen 'em!

*
MORAL.

And now, gentle Reader, one word ere we part,
 Just take a friend's counsel, and lay it to heart.
Imprimis, don't smuggle! — if, bent to please Beauty,
 You *must* buy French lace, — purchase what has paid duty!
 Don't use naughty words, in the next place, — and ne'er in
 Your language adopt a bad habit of swearing!

Never say "Devil take me!"—
Or, "shake me!"—or "bake me"
Or such-like expressions.—Remember Old Nick
To take folks at their word is remarkably quick.

Another sound maxim I'd wish you to keep,
Is, "Mind what you are after, and—Look ere you Leap!"

Above all, to my last gravest caution attend—
NEVER BORROW A HORSE YOU DON'T KNOW OF A FRIEND!!!



For the story which succeeds I am indebted to Mrs. Botherby. She is a Shropshire Lady by birth, and I overheard her, a few weeks since, in the nursery chaunting the following, one of the Legends peculiar to her native County, for the amusement and information of Seaforth's little boy, who was indeed "all ears." As Ralph de Diceto, who alludes to the main facts, was Dean of St. Paul's in 1183, about the time that the Temple Church was consecrated, the history is evidently as ancient as it is authentic, though the author of the present paraphrase has introduced many unauthorised, as well as "anachronismatical interpolations."—For the interesting note on the ancient family of Ketch; I need scarcely say, I am obliged to *the* Simpkinson.

Bloude Jacke of Shrewsberrle,

A LEGEND OF "THE PROUD SALOPIANS."

THE SHROPSHIRE BLUEBEARD.

Hæc ferè temporibus, in agro Salopiensi, Quidam, cui nomen Johannes, ~~de~~ **de** Sanglaunt deinde nuncupatus, uxores quamplurimas ducit, enecat et (ita referunt) manducet; ossa solùm cani miræ magnitudinis relinquens. Tum demùm in flagrante delicto, vel "manu rubrà," ut dicunt Jurisconsulti, degressus, carnifice vix opprimitur. — RADULPHUS DE DICETO.

Oh! why doth thine eye gleam so bright,

Bloude Jacke?

Oh! why doth thine eye gleam so bright?—

The Mother's at home,

The Maid may not roam,

She never will meet thee to-night!

By the light

Of the moon — It's impossible — quite!

Yet thine eye is still brilliant and bright,

Bloude Jacke!

It gleams with a fiendish delight—

"'Tis done—

She is won!

Nothing under the sun

Can loose the charm'd ring, though it's slight!

Ho! ho!

It fits so remarkably tight!"—

The wire is as thin as a thread,

Bloude Jacke!

The wire is as thin as a thread!—

“Though slight be the chain,
 Again might and main
 Cannot rend it in twain—She is wed!
 She is mine, be she living or dead!
 She is wed!
 Haw! haw!!—

Nay, laugh not, I pray thee, so loud,
 Blodie Jackie!
 Oh! laugh not so loud and so clear!
 Though sweet is thy smile
 The heart to beguile,
 Yet thy laugh is quite shocking to hear,
 O dear!
 It makes the blood curdle with fear!

The Maiden is gone by the glen,
 Blodie Jackie!
 She is gone by the glen and the wood—
 It's a very odd thing
 She should wear such a ring,
 While her tresses are bound with a snood.
 By the rood!
 It's a thing that's not well understood!

The Maiden is stately and tall,
 Blodie Jackie!
 And stately she walks in her pride;
 But the Young Mary-Anne
 Runs as fast as she can,
 To o'ertake her, and walk by her side:
 Though she chide—
 She deems not her sister a bride!
 But the Maiden is gone by the glen,
 Blodie Jackie!

Mary-Anne she is gone by the lea ;
 She o'ertakes not her sister,
 It's clear she has miss'd her,
 And cannot think where she can be!

Dear me!

"Ho! ho! — We shall see! we shall see!"

Mary-Anne is gone over the lea,

Bloudie Jacke!

Mary-Anne she is come to the Tower;
 But it makes her heart quail,
 For it looks like a jail,
 A deal more than a fair Lady's bower.

So sour

Its ugly grey walls seem to lour,

For the Barbican's massy and high,

Bloudie Jacke!

And the oak-door is heavy and brown,
 And with iron it's plated
 And machecollated,

To pour boiling oil and lead down;

How you'd frown

Should a ladle-full fall on your crown!

The rock that it stands on is steep,

Bloudie Jacke!

To gain it one's forced for to creep;

The Portcullis is strong,

And the Drawbridge is long,

And the water runs all round the Keep;

At a peep

You can see that the Moat's very deep!

The drawbridge is long, but it's down,

Bloudie Jacke!

And the Portcullis hangs in the air;

And no Warder is near
 With his horn and his spear,
 To give notice when people come there.—
 I declare
 Mary-Anne has run into the Square!
 The oak-door is heavy and brown,
 Blondie Jacks!
 But the oak-door is standing ajar,
 And no one is there
 To say, "Pray take a chair,
 You seem tired, Miss, with running so far—
 So you are—
 With grown people you're scarce on a par!"
 But the young Mary-Anne is *not* tired,
 Blondie Jacks!
 She roams o'er your Tower by herself;
 She runs through, very soon,
 Each boudoir and saloon,
 And examines each closet and shelf,
 Your pelf,
 All your plate, and your china—and delf.
 She looks at your Arras so fine,
 Blondie Jacks!
 So rich, all description it mocks;
 And she now and then pauses
 To gaze at your vases,
 Your pictures, and or-molu clocks;
 Every box,
 Every cupboard, and drawer she unlocks.
 She looks at the paintings so rare,
 Blondie Jacks!
 That adorn every wall in your house;
 Your *impayable* pieces,
 Your Paul Veroneses,

**Your Rembrandts, your Guidos, and Dows,
Morland's Cows,
Claude's Landscapes, —and Landseer's Bow-wows.**

She looks at your Statues so fine,
Blonde Burke!

And mighty great notice she takes
Of your Niobe crying,
Your Mirmillo dying,
Your Hercules strangling the snakes,—

How he shakes
The nasty great things as he wakes!

**Your Laocoön, his serpents and boys,
Blondie Jacke!**

She views with some little dismay;
A copy of that I can
See in the Vatican,
Unless the Pope's sent it away.

In the Globe, he intended last May.*

There's your Belvidere Phœbus, with which,
Bloudse Jacke!

Mr. Milman says none other vies.
(His lines on Apollo
Beat all the rest hollow,
And gain'd him the Newdigate prize.)

How the eyes
Seem watching the shaft as it flies!

There's a room full of satins and silks,
Blondie Barker!

There's a room full of velvets and lace.

* "The Pope is said—this fact is hardly credible—to have sold the Laocœon and the Apollo Belvidere to the Emperor of Russia for nine millions of francs."—*Globe and Traveller*.

There are drawers full of rings,
 And a thousand fine things,
 And a splendid gold watch with a case
 O'er its face,
 Is in every room in the place.

There are forty fine rooms on a floor,
 Blondie Jackie!

And every room fit for a Ball,
 It's so gorgeous and rich,
 With so lofty a pitch,
 And so long, and so broad, and so tall;
 Yes, all,

Save the last one—and that's very small!
 It boasts not stool, table, or chair,
 Blondie Jackie!

But *one* Cabinet, costly and grand,
 Which has little gold figures
 Of little gold Niggers,
 With fishing-rods stuck in each hand. —
 It's japann'd,
 And it's placed on a splendid buhl stand.

Its hinges and clasps are of gold,
 Blondie Jackie!

And of gold are its key-hole and key,
 And the drawers within
 Have each a gold pin,
 And they're number'd with 1, 2, and 3,
 You may see

All the figures in gold filigree!

Number 1's full of emeralds green,
 Blondie Jackie!

Number 2's full of diamond and pearl;
 But what does she see
 In drawer Number 3

That makes all her senses to whirl,
 Poor Girl!
 And each lock of her hair to uncurl?—

Wedding fingers are sweet pretty things,
 Bloude Jacke!
 To salute them one eagerly strives,
 When one kneels to “propose”—
 It's another *quelque chose*
 When cut off at the knuckles with knives,
 From our wives,
 They are tied up in bunches of fives.

Yet there they lie, one, two, three, four!
 Bloude Jacke!
 There lie they, five, six, seven, eight!
 And by them, in rows,
 Lie eight little Great-Toes,
 To match in size, colour, and weight!
 From their state,
 It would seem they'd been sever'd of late.

Beside them are eight Wedding-rings,
 Bloude Jacke!
 And the gold is as thin as a thread—
 “Ho! ho!—She is mine—
 This will make up the Nine!”—
 Dear me! who those shocking words said?—
 —She fled
 To hide herself under the bed.

But, alas! there's no bed in the room,
 Bloude Jacke!
 And she peeps from the window on high;
 Only fancy her fright
 And the terrible sight

Down below, which at once meets her eye!
 "Oh My!!"
 She half utter'd, — but stifled her cry.

For she saw it was You and your Man,
 Bloudie Jackie!
 And she heard your unpleasant "Haw! haw!"
 While her sister, stone dead,
 By the hair of her head,
 O'er the bridge you were trying to draw,
 As she saw —
 A thing quite contra-ry to law!

Your man has got hold of her heels,
 Bloudie Jackie!
 Bloudie Jackie! you've got hold of her hair! —
 But nor Jackie nor his Man
 Can see young Mary-Anne,
 She has hid herself under the stair,
 And there
 Is a horrid great Dog, I declare!

His eyeballs are bloodshot and blear,
 Bloudie Jackie!
 He's a sad ugly cur for a pet;
 He seems of the breed
 Of that "Billy," indeed,
 Who used to kill rats for a bet;
 —I forget
 How many one morning he ate.

He has skulls, ribs, and vertebrae there,
 Bloudie Jackie!
 And thigh-bones; —and, though it's so dim
 Yet it's plain to be seen
 He has pick'd them quite clean, —

With your choice bits of taste and *vertù*;
Is upset in their search after you! Each bijou

**They are playing the deuce with your things,
Blondie Barker!**

There's your Cupid is broken in two,
And so too, between us, is
Each of your Venuses,
The "Antique" ones you bought of the Jew,
And the new
One, George Robbins swears came from St. Cloud.

The CALLIPYGE's injured behind, Bloudie Jacke!

The DR. MEDIC's injured before!
And the ANADYOMENE
's injured in so many
Places, I think there's a score,
If not more,
Of her fingers and toes on the floor.

**They are hunting you up stairs and down,
Blondie Barks!**

Every person to pass is forbid,
While they turn out the closets
And all their deposits—
“There’s the dust-hole—come lift up the lid!”—
So they did—

But they could not find where you were hid!
Ah! Ah!—they will have you at last.

Blondie Jacke.

The chimneys to search they begin;—

They have found you at last!—
There you are, sticking fast,
With your knees doubled up to your chin,
Though you're thin
—Dear me! what a mess you are in!—

What a terrible pickle you're in,

Blondie Jackie!

Why, your face is as black as your hat!

Your fine Holland shirt

Is all over dirt!

And so is your point-lace cravat!

What a Flat,

To seek such an asylum as that!

They can scarcely help laughing, I vow,

Blondie Jackie!

In the midst of their turmoil and strife;

You're not fit to be seen!

—You look like Mr. Kean

In the play where he murders his wife!—

On my life

You ought to be scraped with a knife!

They have pull'd you down flat on your back!

Blondie Jackie!

They have pull'd you down flat on your back!

And they smack, and they thwack,

Till your "funny bones" crack,

As if you were stretch'd on the rack,

At each thwack!—

Good luck! what a savage attack!

They call for the Parliament Man,

Blondie Jackie!

And the Hangman, the matter to clinch,

And they call for the Judge,

But others cry "Fudge!—

Don't budge Mr. Calcraft,* an inch!

* Jehan de Ketcher acted as Provost Marshal to the army of William the Conqueror, and received from that monarch a grant of the dignity of Hereditary Grand Functionary of England, together with a "croft or parcel of land," known by the name of the **Old Ballie**, co. Middx., to be held by

Mr. Lynch!*

Will do very well at a pinch!"

It is useless to scuffle and cuff,

Bloudie Jacke!

It is useless to struggle and bite!

And to kick and to scratch

You have met with your match,

And the Shrewsbury Boys hold you tight,

Despite

Your determined attempts "to show fight."

They are pulling you all sorts of ways,

Bloudie Jacke!

They are twisting your right leg Nor-west,

And your left leg due South,

And your knee's in your mouth,

And your head is poked down on your breast,

And it's prest,

I protest, almost into your chest!

They have pull'd off your arms and your legs,

Bloudie Jacke!

As the naughty boys serve the blue flies:

him, and the heirs general of his body, in Grand Serjeanty, by the yearly presentation of "ane hempen cravatte." After remaining for several generations in the same name, the office passed, by marriage of the heiress, into the ancient family of the Kirbys, and thence again to that of Callcraft (1st Elis. 1558).—Abherson Callcraft Esq. of Saffron Hill, co. Middx. the present representative of the Ketches, exercised his "function," on a very recent occasion, and claimed and was allowed the fee of 18½d under the ancient grant as *Wangman's Wages*.

ARMS.—1st and 4th, Quarterly, Argent and Sable; in the first quarter a Gibbet of the second, noosed proper, *Callcraft*. 2nd. Sable, three Nightcaps Argent, tufted Gules, 2 and 1, *Ketches*. 3rd. Or, a Nosegay *fleurant*, *Kirby*.

SUPPORTERS.—*Dexter*: A Sheriff in his pride, robed Gules, chained and celled Or.—*Sinister*: An Ordinary displayed proper, wigged and banded Argent, noosed Gules.

MOTTO.—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA!

* The American Justinian, Compiler of the "Yankee Pandects."

And they've torn from their sockets,
And put in their pockets
Your fingers and thumbs for a prize!
And your eyes
A Doctor has bottled — from Guy's.*

Your trunk, thus dismember'd and torn,
Bloudie Jacke!
They hew, and they hack, and they chop;
And, to finish the whole,
They stick up a pole
In the place that's still call'd the "~~W~~plus Coppe,"
And they pop
Your grim gory head on the top!

They have buried the fingers and toes,
Bloudie Jacke!
Of the victims so lately your prey.
From those fingers and eight toes
Sprang early potatoes,
"Mables' Fingers" they're call'd to this day;
— So they say,—
And you usually dig them in May.

What became of the dear little girl?
Bloudie Jacke!
What became of the young Mary-Anne?
Why, I'm sadly afraid
That she died an Old Maid,
For she fancied that every young man
Had a plan
To trepan her like "poor Sister Fan!"
So they say she is now leading apes,
Bloudie Jacke!

* A similar appropriation is said to have been made, by an eminent practitioner, of those of the late Monsieur Courvoisier.

And mends Bachelors' small-clothes below;
 The story is old,
 And has often been told,
 But I cannot believe it is so —

No! No!

Depend on 't the tale is "No Go!"

MORAL.

And now for the moral I'd fain,
 Doubtful Jacks!
 That young Ladies should draw from my pen,—
 It's — "Don't take these flights
 Upon moon-shiny nights,
 With gay, harum-scarum young men,
 Down a glen!—
 You really can't trust one in ten!"

Let them think of your terrible Tower,
 Doubtful Jacks!
 And don't let them liberties take,
 Whether Maidens or Spouses,
 In Bachelors' houses;
 Or, some time or another, they'll make
 A Mistake!
 And lose — more than a ~~Supper~~ ~~terrible~~ ~~Cake!!~~

HER niece, of whom I have before made honourable mention, is not a whit behind Mrs. Bothergy in furnishing entertainment for the young folks. If little Charles has the aunt to *sol fa* him to slumber, Miss Jenny is equally fortunate in the possession of a Sappho of her own. It is to the air of "Drops of Brandy" that Patty has adapted her version of a venerable ditty, which we have all listened to with respect and affection under its old title of

THE BABES IN THE WOOD;

OR,

THE NORFOLK TRAGEDY.

AN OLD SONG TO A NEW TUNE.

WHEN we were all little and good, —
 A long time ago I'm afraid, Miss —
 We were told of the Babes in the Wood
 By their false, cruel Uncle betray'd, Miss;
 Their Pa was a Squire, or a Knight,
 In Norfolk I think his estate lay —
 That is, if I recollect right,
 For I've not read the history lately.*

Rum ti, &c.

Their Pa and their Ma being seized
 With a tiresome complaint, which, in some seasons,
 People are apt to be seized
 With, who're not on their guard against plum-seasons,

* See Bloomfield's History of the County of Norfolk, in which all the particulars of this lamentable history are (or ought to be) fully detailed, together with the names of the parties, and an elaborate pedigree of the family.

Their medical man shook his head
As he could not get well to the root of it;
And the Babes stood on each side the bed,
While their Uncle, he stood at the foot of it.

"Oh, Brother!" their Ma whisper'd, faint
And low, for breath seeming to labour, "Who'd
Think that this horrid complaint,
That's been going about in the neighbourhood,
Thus should attack me, — nay, more,
My poor husband besides, — and so fall on him!
Bringing us so near to Death's door
That we can't avoid making a call on him!

"Now think, 'tis your Sister invokes
Your aid, and the last word she says is,
Be kind to those dear little folks
When our toes are turn'd up to the daisies! —
By the servants don't let them be snubb'd, —
— Let Jane have her fruit and her custard, —
And mind Johnny's chilblains are rubb'd
Well with Whitehead's best essence of mustard.

"You know they'll be pretty well off in
Respect to what's called 'worldly gear,
For John, when his Pa's in his coffin,
Comes in to three hundred a-year;
And Jane's to have five hundred pound
On her marriage paid down, ev'ry penny,
So you'll own a worse match might be found,
Any day in the week, than our Jenny!"

Here the Uncle pretended to cry,
And, like an old thorough-paced rogue, he
Put his handkerchief up to his eye,
And devoted himself to old Bogey

If he did not make matters all right,
And said, should he covet their riches,
He "wished the old Gentleman might
Fly away with him body and breeches!"

No sooner, however, were they
Put to bed with a spade by the sexton,
Than he carried the darlings away
Out of that parish into the next one,
Giving out he should take them to town
And select the best school in the nation,
That John might not grow up a clown,
But receive a genteel education,

"Greek and Latin old twaddle I call!"
Says he, "While his mind's ductile and plastic,
I'll place him at Dotheboys Hall
Where he'll learn all that's new and gymnastic.
While Jane, as, when girls have the dumps,
Fortune-hunters, by scores, to entrap 'em rise,
Shall go to those worthy old frumps,
The two Misses Tickler of Clapham Rise!"

Having thought on the How and the When
To get rid of his nephew and niece,
He sent for two ill-looking men,
And he gave them five guineas a-piece.—
Says he, "Each of you take up a child
On the crupper, and when you have trotted
Some miles through that wood lone and wild,
Take your knife out and cut its carotid!"

"Done" and "done" is pronounced on each side,
While the poor little dears are delighted
To think they a-cock-horse shall ride,
And are not in the least degree frightened;

They say their "Ta! Ta!" as they start,
And they prattle so nice on their journey,
That the rogues themselves wish to their heart
They could finish the job by attorney.

Nay, one was so taken aback
By seeing such spirit and life in them,
That he fairly exclaim'd "I say, Jack,
I'm blowed if I *can* put a knife in them!"—
"Pooh!" says his pal, "you great dunce!
You've pouch'd the good gentleman's money,
So out with your whinger at once,
And scrag Jane, while I spifficate Johnny!"

He refused, and harsh language ensued,
Which ended at length in a duel,
When he that was mildest in mood
Gave the truculent rascal his gruel;
The Babes quake with hunger and fear,
While the ruffian his dead comrade, Jack, buries;
Then he cries, "Loves, amuse yourselves here
With the hips, and the haws, and the blackberries!"

"I'll be back in a couple of shakes;
So don't, dears, be quivering and quaking:
I'm going to get you some cakes,
And a nice butter'd roll that's a-baking!"
He rode off with a tear in his eye,
Which ran down his rough cheek, and wet it,
As he said to himself with a sigh,
"Pretty souls!—don't they wish they may get it!"

From that moment the Babes ne'er caught sight
Of the wretch who thus wrought their undoing,
But pass'd all that day and that night
In wandering about and "boo-hoo"-ing.

The night proved cold, dreary, and dark,
So that, worn out with sighings and sobbings,
Next morn they were found stiff and stark,
And stone-dead, by two little Cock-Robins.

These two little birds it sore grieves
To see what so cruel a dodge I call,—
They cover the bodies with leaves,
And interment quite ornithological;
It might more expensive have been,
But I doubt, though I've not been to see 'em,
If among those in all Kensal Green
You could find a more neat Mausoleum.

Now, whatever your rogues may suppose,
Conscience always makes restless their pillows,
And Justice, though blind, has a nose
That sniffs out all conceal'd peccadilloes.
The wicked old Uncle, they say,
In spite of his riot and revel,
Was hippish and qualmish all day,
And dreamt all night long of the d—l.

He grew gouty, dyspeptic, and sour,
And his brow, once so smooth and so placid,
Fresh wrinkles acquired every hour,
And whatever he swallow'd turn'd acid.
The neighbours thought all was not right,
So carely one with him ventured to parley,
And Captain Swing came in the night,
And burnt all his beans and his barley.

There was hardly a day but some fox
Ran away with his geese and his ganders:
His wheat had the mildew, his flocks
Took the rot, and his horses the glanders;

His daughters drank rum in their tea,
His son, who had gone for a sailor,
Went down in a steamer at sea,
And his wife ran away with a tailor!

It was clear he lay under a curse,
None would hold with him any communion;
Every day matters grew worse and worse,
Till they ended at length in The Union;
While his man being caught in some fact,
(The particular crime I've forgotten,)
When he came to be hang'd for the act,
Split and told the whole story to Cotton.

Understanding the matter was blown,
His employer became apprehensive
Of what, when 't was more fully known,
Might ensue — he grew thoughtful and pensive;
He purchased some sugar-of-lead,
Took it home, popp'd it into his porridge,
Ate it up, and then took to his bed,
And so died in the workhouse at Norwich.

MORAL.

Ponder well now, dear Parents, each word
That I've wrote, and when Sirius rages
In the dog-days, don't be so absurd
As to blow yourselves out with Green-gages!
Of stone-fruits in general be shy,
And reflect it's a fact beyond question
That Grapes, when they're spelt with an *i*,
Promote anything else but digestion.—

—When you set about making your will,
Which is commonly done when a body's ill,
Mind, and word it with caution and skill,
And avoid, if you can, any codicil!
When once you've appointed an heir
To the fortune you've made, or obtain'd, ere
You leave a reversion, beware
Whom you place in contingent remainder!

Executors, Guardians, and all
Who have children to mind, don't ill treat them,
Nor think that, because they are small
And weak, you may beat them, and cheat them!
Remember that "ill-gotten goods
Never thrive;" their possession's but cursory;
So never turn out in the woods
Little folks you should keep in the nursery.

Be sure he who does such base things
Will ne'er stifle Conscience's clamour;
His "riches will make themselves wings,"
And his property come to the hammer!
Then He, —and not those he bereaves,
Will have most cause for sighings and sobbings,
When he finds *himself* smother'd with leaves
(Of fat catalogues) heap'd up by Robbins!

The incidents recorded in the succeeding Legend were communicated to a dear friend of our family by the late lamented Sir Walter Scott. The names and localities have been scrupulously retained, as she is ready to testify. The proceedings in this case are, I believe, recorded in some of our law reports, though I have never been able to lay my hand upon them.

THE DEAD DRUMMER.

A LEGEND OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

Oh, Salisbury Plain is bleak and bare,—
 At least so I've heard many people declare,
 For I fairly confess I never was there;—
 Not a shrub nor a tree,
 Nor a bush, can you see;
 No hedges, no ditches, no gates, no stiles,
 Much less a house, or a cottage for miles;—
 —It's a very sad thing to be caught in the rain
 When night's coming on upon Salisbury Plain.

Now, I'd have you to know
 That a great while ago,—
 The best part of a century, may be, or so,
 Across this same plain, so dull and so dreary,
 A couple of Travellers, way-worn and weary,
 Were making their way;
 Their profession, you'd say,
 At a single glance did not admit of a query;
 The pump-handled pig-tail, and whiskers worn then,
 With scarce an exception, by seafaring men,
 The jacket, — the loose trousers "bows'd up together"—all
 Guiltless of braces, as those of Charles Weatherall,—

The pigeon-toed step, and the rollicking motion,
 Bespoke them two genuine sons of the Ocean,
 And show'd in a moment their real characters,
 (The accent so placed on this word by our Jack Tars.)

The one in advance was sturdy and strong,
 With arms uncommonly bony and long,
 And his Guernsey shirt
 Was all pitch and dirt,
 Which sailors don't think inconvenient or wrong.
 He was very broad-breasted,
 And very deep-chested ;

His sinewy frame correspond with the rest did,
 Except as to height, for he could not be more
 At the most, you would say, than some five feet four,
 And if measured, perhaps had been found a thought lower.
 Dame Nature in fact, — whom some person or other,
 — A Poet, — has call'd a "capricious step-mother," —

 You saw when beside him,
 Had somehow denied him
 In longitude what she had granted in latitude,
 A trifling defect .

 You'd the sooner detect
 From his having contracted a stoop in his attitude.
 Square-built and broad-shoulder'd, good-humour'd and gay,
 With his collar and countenance open as day,
 The latter — 't was mark'd with small-pox, by the way, —
 Had a sort of expression good-will to bespeak ;
 He'd a smile in his eye, and a quid in his cheek !
 And, in short, notwithstanding his failure in height,
 He was just such a man as you'd say, at first sight,
 You would much rather dine, or shake hands, with than fight !
 The other, his friend and companion, was taller
 By five or six inches, at least, than the smaller ; —

 From his air and his mien
 It was plain to be seen,

That he was, or had been,
 A something between
 The real "Jack Tar" and the "Jolly Marine."
 For, though he would give an occasional hitch,
 Sailor-like to his "slops," there was something, the which,
 On the whole savour'd more of the pipe-clay than pitch.—
 Such were now the two men who appear'd on the hill,
 Harry Walters the tall one, the short "Spanking Bill."

To be caught in the rain,

I repeat it again,

Is extremely unpleasant on Salisbury Plain;
 And when with a good soaking shower there are blended
 Blue lightnings and thunder, the matter's not mended:

Such was the case.

In this wild dreary place,

On the day that I'm speaking of now, when the brace
 Of travellers alluded to quicken'd their pace,
 Till a good steady walk became more like a race
 To get quit of the tempest which held them in chase.

Louder, and louder

Than mortal gunpowder,

The heav'nly artill'ry kept crashing and roaring,
 The lightning kept flashing, the rain too kept pouring,

While they, helter-skelter,

In vain sought for shelter

From, what I have term'd, "a regular pelter;"

But the deuce of a screen

Could be anywhere seen,

Or an object except that on one of the rises,

An old way-post show'd

Where the Lavington road

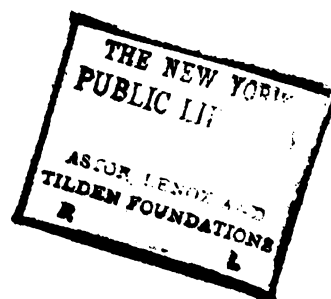
Branch'd off to the left from the one to Devizes;

And thither the footsteps of Waters seem'd tending,

Though a doubt might exist of the course he was bending,

To a landsman, at least, who, wherever he goes,

Is content for the most part, to follow his nose;—





While Harry kept "backing
 And filling"—and "tacking,"—
 Two nautical terms which, I'll wager a guinea, are
 Meant to imply
 What you, Reader, and I
 Would call going zig-zag, and not rectilinear.

But here, once for all, let me beg you'll excuse
 All mistakes I may make in the words sailors use

'Mongst themselves, on a cruise,
 Or ashore with the Jews,

Or in making their court to their Polls and their Sues,
 Or addressing those slop-selling females afloat—women
 Known in our navy as oddly named boat-women.
 The fact is, I can't say, I'm versed in the school
 So ably conducted by Marryat and Poole;
 (See the last-mention'd gentleman's "Admiral's Daughter;")

The grand *vade mecum*

For all who to sea come,
 And get, the first time in their lives, in blue water;
 Of course in the use of sea terms you'll not wonder.
 If I now and then should fall into some blunder,
 For which Captain Chamier, or Mr. T. P. Cooke
 Would call me a "Lubber," and "Son of a Sea-cook."

To return to our muttons—This mode of progression
 At length upon Spanking Bill made some impression.

—"Hillo, messmate, what cheer?"

How queer you *do* steer!"

Cried Bill, whose short legs kept him still in the rear.

"Why what's in the wind, Bo?—what is it you fear?"
 For he saw in a moment that something was frightening
 His shipmate much more than the thunder and lightning.

—"Fear!" stammer'd out Waters, "why, Him!—don't you see
 What faces that Drummer-boy's making at me!—

—How he dodges me so

Wherever I go?—

What is it he wants with me, Bill,—do you know?"

— "What Drummer-boy, Harry?" cries Bill in surprise,
 (With a brief explanation, that ended in "eyes,")
 "What Drummer-boy, Waters?— the coast is all clear,
 We haven't got never no Drummer-boy here!"

— "Why, there!—don't you see
 How he's following me?
 Now this way, now that way, and won't let me be!
 Keep him off, Bill—look here—
 Don't let him come near!
 Only see how the blood-drops his features besmear!
 What, the dead come to life again!— Bless me!— Oh dear!"

Bill remark'd in reply, "This is all very queer—
 What, a Drummer-boy—bloody, too—eh!—well, I never—
 I can't see no Drummer-boy here whatsumdever!"
 "Not see him!—why there;—look!—he's close by the
 post—
 Hark!—hark!—how he drums at me now!—he's a Ghost!"

"A what?" returned Bill,—at that moment a flash
 More than commonly awful preceded a crash
 Like what's called in Kentucky "an Almighty Smash."—
 And down Harry Waters went plump on his knees,
 While the sound, though prolong'd, died away by degrees;
 In its last sinking echoes, however, were some
 Which, Bill could not help thinking, resembled a drum!

"Hollo! Waters!—I says,"
 Quoth he in amaze,
 "Why, I never see'd *nuffin* in all my born days
 Half so queer
 As this here,
 And I'm not very clear
 But that one of us two has good reason for fear—
 You to jaw about drummers, with nobody near us!—
 I must say as how that I thinks it's mysterus."

"Oh, mercy!" roar'd Waters, "do keep him off, Bill,
And, Andrew, forgive!—I'll confess all!—I will!

I'll make a clean breast,

And as for the rest,

You may do with me just what the lawyers think best;
But haunt me not thus!—let these visitings cease,
And your vengeance accomplish'd, Boy, leave me in peace!"
—Harry paused for a moment,—then turning to Bill,
Who stood with his mouth open, steady and still,
Began "spinning" what nauticals term a "tough yarn,"
Viz: his tale of what Bill call'd "this precious *consarn*."

* * * * *

"It was in such an hour as this,
On such a wild and wintry day,
The forked lightning seem'd to hiss,
As now, athwart our lonely way,
When first these dubious paths I tried—
Yon livid form was by my side!—

"Not livid then—the ruddy glow
Of life, and youth, and health it bore!
And bloodless was that gory brow,
And cheerful was the smile it wore,
And mildly then those eyes did shine—
—Those eyes which now are blasting mine!!

"They beam'd with confidence and love
Upon my face,—and Andrew Brand
Had sooner fear'd yon frighten'd dove
Than harm from Gervase Matcham's hand
—I am no Harry Waters—men
Did call me Gervase Matcham then.

"And Matcham, though a humble name,
Was stainless as the feathery flake
From Heaven, whose virgin whiteness came

Upon the newly frozen lake;
Commander, comrade, all began
To laud the Soldier,—like the Man.

“Nay, muse not, William,—I have said
I was a soldier — staunch and true
As any he above whose head
Old England’s lion banner flew;
And, duty done,—her claims apart,—
’Twas said I had a kindly heart.

“And years roll’d on,—and with them came
Promotion — Corporal — Sergeant — all
In turn — I kept mine honest fame—
Our Colonel’s self,—whom men did call
The veriest Martinet—ev’n he,
Though cold to most, was kind to me!—

“One morn — oh! may that morning stand
Accursed in the rolls of fate
Till latest time!—there came command
To carry forth a charge of weight
To a detachment far away,—
—It was their regimental pay!—

“And who so fit for such a task
As trusty Matcham, true and tried,
Who spurn’d the inebriating flask,
With honour for his constant guide?—
On Matcham fell their choice—and He,—
‘Young Drum,’—should bear him company!

“And grateful was that sound to hear,
For he was full of life and joy,
The mess-room pet—to each one dear
Was that kind, gay, light-hearted boy.
—The veriest churl in all our band
Had aye a smile for Andrew Brand.—

“—Nay, glare not as I name thy name!
That threatening hand, that fearful brow
Relax — avert that glance of flame!
Thou seest I do thy bidding now!
Vex'd Spirit, rest! — 'twill soon be o'er, —
Thy blood shall cry to Heav'n no more!

“Enough — we journey'd on — the walk
Was long, — and dull and dark the day, —
And still young Andrew's cheerful talk
And merry laugh beguiled the way;
Noon came — a sheltering bank was there, —
We paused our frugal meal to share.

“Then 'twas, with cautious hand, I sought
To prove my charge secure, — and drew
The packet from my vest, and brought
The glittering mischief forth to view,
And Andrew cried, — No! — 'twas not He! —
It was THE TEMPTER spoke to me!

“But it was Andrew's laughing voice
That sounded in my tingling ear,
— ‘Now Gervase Matcham, at thy choice,’
It seem'd to say, ‘are gawds and gear,
And all that wealth can buy or bring,
Ease, — wassail, — worship, — every thing!

“‘No tedious drill, no long parade,
No bugle call at early dawn;
For guard-room bench, or barrack bed,
The downy couch, the sheets of lawn;
And I thy Page, — thy steps to tend,
Thy sworn companion, — servant, — friend!

— “He ceased — that is, I heard no more
Though other words pass'd idly by,
And Andrew chatter'd as before,

And laugh'd — I mark'd him not — not I,
 "Tis at thy choice!" that sound alone
 Rang in mine ear — voice else was none.

"I could not eat, — the untasted flask
 Mock'd my parch'd lip, — I pass'd it by.
 'What ails thee, man?' he seem'd to ask, —
 I *felt*, but could not *meet* his eye. —
 "Tis at thy choice!" — it sounded yet, —
 A sound I never may forget.

— "Haste! haste! the day draws on," I cried,
 'And Andrew, thou hast far to go!' —
 'Hast far to go!' the Fiend replied
 Within me, — 'twas *not* Andrew — no!
 'Twas Andrew's voice no more — 'twas *He*
 Whose then I was, and aye must be!

— "On, on we went; — the dreary plain
 Was all around us — we were *Here*!
 Then came the storm, — the lightning, — rain, —
 No earthly living thing was near,
 Save one wild Raven on the wing,
 — If that, indeed, were earthly thing!

"I heard its hoarse and screaming voice
 High hovering o'er my frenzied head,
 "Tis, *Gervase Matcham*, at thy choice!
 But he — *the Boy*!" methought it said.
 — Nay, Andrew, check that vengeful frown, —
 I loved thee when I struck thee down!

* * * * *

"'Twas done! the deed that damns me — done
 I know not how — I never knew; —
 And *Here* I stood — but not alone, —
 The prostrate Boy my madness slew,
 Was by my side — limb, feature, name,
 'Twas *He*!! — another — yet the same!

* * * * *

"Away! away! in frantic haste
 Throughout that live-long night I flew—
 Away! away!—across the waste,—
 I know not how—I never knew.—
 My mind was one wild blank—and I
 Had but one thought,—one hope—to fly!

"And still the lightning plough'd the ground,
 The thunder roar'd—and there would come
 Amidst its loudest bursts a sound
 Familiar once—it was—A DRUM!—
 Then came the morn,—and light,—and then
 Streets,—houses,—spires,—the hum of men.

"And Ocean roll'd before me—fain
 Would I have whelm'd me in its tide,
 At once beneath the billowy main
 My shame, my guilt, my crime to hide;
 But He was there!—He cross'd my track,—
 I dared not pass—He waved me back!

"And then rude hands detain'd me—sure
 Justice had grasp'd her victim—no!
 Though powerless, hopeless, bound, secure,
 A captive thrall, it was not so;
 They cry 'The Frenchman's on the wave!'
 The press was hot—and I a slave.

"They dragg'd me o'er the vessel's side;
 The world of waters roll'd below;
 The gallant ship in all her pride
 Of dreadful beauty sought her foe;
 —Thou saw'st me, William, in the strife—
 Alack! I bore a charmed life;

"In vain the bullets round me fly,
 In vain mine eager breast I bare;
 Death shuns the wretch who longs to die,

And every sword falls edgeless there!
 Still *He* is near; — and seems to cry,
 ‘Not *here*, nor *thus*, may Matcham die!’ —

“Thou saw’st me on that fearful day,
 When, fruitless all attempts to save,
 Our pinnace foundering in the bay,
 The boat’s-crew met a watery grave,—
 All, all — save ONE — the ravenous sea
 That swallow’d all — rejected ME!

“And now, when fifteen suns have each
 Fulfill’d in turn its circling year,
 Thrown back again on England’s beach,
 Our bark paid off — *He* drives me *Here*!
 I could not die in flood or fight —
He drives me *HERE*!!” —

“And sarve you right!

“What! bilk your Commander! — desert — and then rob!
 And go scuttling a poor little Drummer-boy’s nob;
 Why, my precious eyes! what a bloodthirsty swab! —
 There’s old Davy Jones,
 Who cracks Sailors’ bones
 For his jaw-work, would never, I’m sure, s’elp me Bob,
 Have come for to go for to do sich a job!
 Hark ye, Waters, — or Matcham, — whichever’s your purser-
 name,
 — T’other, your own, is, I’m sartain, the worser name, —
 Twelve years have we lived on like brother and brother! —
 Now — your course lays one way, and mine lays another!”

“No, William, it may not be so;
 Blood calls for blood! — ’tis Heaven’s decree!
 And thou with me this night must go,
 And give me to the gallows-tree!
 Ha! — see — *He* smiles — *He* points the way!
 On, William, on! — no more delay!”

Now Bill, — so the story as told to me, goes,
 And who, as his last speech sufficiently shows,
 Was a "regular trump," — did not like to "turn Nose;"
 But then came a thunder-clap louder than any
 Of those that preceded, though they were so many;
 And hark! — as its rumblings subside in a hum,
 What sound mingles too? — "By the hokey — A DRUM!!"

* * * * *

I remember I once heard my Grandfather say,
 That some sixty years since he was going that way,
 When they show'd him the spot
 Where the gibbet — was not —
 On which Matcham's corse had been hung up to rot;
 It had fall'n down — but how long before, he'd forgot;
 And they told him, I think, at the Bear in Devizes,
 The town where the Sessions are held, — or the 'Sizes,
 That Matcham confess'd,
 And made a clean breast
 To the May'r; but that after he'd had a night's rest,
 And the storm had subsided, he "pooh-pooh'd" his friend,
 Swearing all was a lie from beginning to end;
 Said "he'd only been drunk —
 That his spirits had sunk
 At the thunder — the storm put him into a funk, —
 That, in fact, he had nothing at all on his conscience,
 And found out, in short, he'd been talking great nonsense." —
 But now one Mr. Jones
 Comes forth and depones
 That, fifteen years since, he had heard certain groans
 On his way to Stone Henge (to examine the stones
 Described in a work of the late Sir John Soane's),
 That he'd follow'd the moans,
 And, led by their tones,
 Found a Raven a-picking a Drummer-boy's bones! —

— Then the Colonel wrote word
 From the King's Forty-third,
 That the story was certainly true which they'd heard,

For, that one of their drummers, and one Sergeant Matcham,
 Had "brush'd with the dibs," and they never could catch 'em.
 So Justice was sure, though a long time she'd lagg'd,
 And the Sergeant, in spite of his "Gammon," got "scragg'd;"

And people averr'd
 That an ugly black bird,
 The Raven, 'twas hinted, of whom we have heard,
 Though the story, I own, appears rather absurd,
 Was seen (Gervase Matcham not being interr'd),
 To roost all that night on the murderer's gibbet;
 An odd thing, if so, and it may be a fib — it,
 However's a thing Nature's laws don't prohibit.
 — Next morning they add, that "black gentleman" flies out,
 Having pick'd Matcham's nose off, and gobbled his eyes out!

MORAL.

*Avia au Voyageur.**Imprimis.*

If you contemplate walking o'er Salisbury Plain,
 Consult Mr. Murphy, or Moore, and refrain
 From selecting a day when it's likely to rain!

2°.

When trav'ling, don't "flash"
 Your notes or your cash
 Before other people — it's foolish and rash!

3°

At dinner be cautious, and note well your party; —
 There's little to dread where the appetite's hearty, —
 But mind and look well to your purse and your throttle,
 When you see a man shirking, and passing his bottle!

4°.

If you chance to be needy,
Your coat and hat seedy,
In war-time especially never go out
When you've reason to think there's a press-gang about!

5°.

Don't chatter, nor tell people all that you think,
Nor blab secrets,—especially when you're in drink,—
But, keep your own counsel in all that you do!
—Or a Counsel may, some day or other, keep you.

6°.

Discard superstition!—and don't take a post,
If you happen to see one at night, for a Ghost!
—Last of all, if by choice or convenience, you're led,
To cut a man's throat, or demolish his head,
Don't do't in a thunder-storm—wait for the summer!
And mind, above all things, the MAN'S NOT A DRUMMER!!



Among a bundle of letters I find one from Suckle-thumbkin, dated from London, and containing his version of perhaps the greatest theatrical Civil War since the celebrated "O. P. row." As the circumstances are now become matter of history, and poor Doldrum himself has been, alas! for some time the denizen of a far different "House," I have ventured to preserve it. Perhaps it may be unnecessary to add, that my Honourable friend has of late taken to Poetry and goes without his cravat.

A ROW IN AN OMNIBUS (BOX)

A LEGEND OF THE HAYMARKET.

Omnibus hoc vitium cantoribus. — *HOM.*

DOL-DRUM the Manager sits in his chair,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air,
And he says as he slaps his hand on his knee,
“I’ll have nothing to do with Fiddle-de-dee!”

— “But Fiddle-de-dee sings clear and loud,
And his trills and his quavers astonish the crowd;
Such a singer as he
You’ll nowhere see
They’ll all be screaming for Fiddle-de-dee!”

— “Though Fiddle-de-dee sings loud and clear,
And his tones are sweet, yet his terms are dear!
The ‘glove won’t fit!’
The deuce a bit.
I shall give an engagement to Fal-de-ral-tit!”

The Prompter bow’d, and he went to his stall,
And the green-baize rose at the Prompter’s call,
And Fal-de-ral-tit sang fol-de-rol-lol;

But, scarce had he done
When a “row” begun,
Such a noise was never heard under the sun.
“Fiddle-de-dee! —

— Where is he?
He’s the *Artiste* whom we all want to see! —
Dol-drum! — Dol-drum! —
Bid the Manager come!
It’s a scandalous thing to exact such a sum

For boxes and gallery, stalls and pit,
And then fob us off with a Fal-de-ral-tit!"

Duce a bit!

We'll never submit!

Vive Fiddle-de-dee! *à bas* Fal-de-ral-tit!"

Dol-drum the Manager rose from his chair,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air;

But he smooth'd his brow,

As he well knew how,

And he walk'd on, and made a most elegant bow,
And he paused, and he smiled, and advanced to the lights,
In his opera hat, and his opera-tights;
"Ladies and Gentlemen," then said he,
"Pray what may you please to want with me?"

"Fiddle-de-dee!—

Fiddle-de-dee!"

Folks of all sorts and of every degree,
Snob, and Snip, and haughty Grandee,
Duchesses, Countesses, fresh from their tea,
And Shopmen, who'd only come there for a spree,
Halloo'd, and hooted, and roar'd with glee

"Fiddle-de-dee!—

None but He!—

Subscribe to his terms, whatever they be!—
Agree, agree, or you'll very soon see
In a brace of shakes we'll get up an O. P.!"

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air,

Looks distrest,

And he bows his best,

And he puts his right hand on the side of his breast,

And he says,—says he,

"We *can't* agree;

His terms are a vast deal too high for me.—

There's the rent, and the rates, and the *scasses*, and taxes—
I can't afford Fiddle-de-dee what he *axes*.

If you'll only permit
Fal-de-ral-tit——"

The "Generous Public" cried "Dence a bit!

Dol-drum!—Dol-drum!—

We'll none of us come.

It's 'No Go!'—it's 'Gammon!'—it's 'all a Hum:'—

You're a miserly Jew!—

'Cock-a-doodle-doo!'

He *don't* ask too much, as you know—so you do—

It's a shame—it's a sin—it's really too bad—

You ought to be 'shamed of yourself—so you had!"

Dol-drum the Manager never before

In his life-time had heard such a wild uproar.

Dol-drum the Manager turn'd to flee;

But he says—says he,

"*Mort de ma vie!*"

I shall *nevare* engage vid dat Fiddle-de-dee!"

Then all the gentlefolks flew in a rage,

And they jump'd from the Omnibus on to the stage,

Lord, Squires, and Knights, they came down to the lights

In their opera-hats, and their opera-tights.

Ma'am'selle Cherrytoes

Shook to her very toes,

She couldn't hop on, so hopp'd off on her merry toes.

And the "evening concluded" with "Three times three!"

"Hip—hip!—hurrah! for Fiddle-de-dee!"

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,

With a troubled brow and dissatisfied air,

Saddest of men,

Sat down, and then

Took from his table a Perryan pen,

And he wrote to the "News,"

How Mac Fuze and Tregooze,

Lord Tomnoddy, Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,
And the whole of their tail, and the separate crews
Of the Tags and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos,
Had combined Monsieur Fal-de-rat-tit to abuse,

And make Dol-drum agree

With Fiddle-de-dee,

Who was not a bit better singer than he.

— Dol-drum declared "he never could see,
For the life of him, yet, why Fiddle-de-dee,

Who in B flat, or C,

Or whatever the key

Could never at any time get below G,
Should expect a fee the same in degree
As the great Burfybumbo who sings double D."
Then slyly he added a little N.B.

"If they'd have him in Paris he'd not come to me!

The Manager rings,

And the Prompter springs

To his side in a jiffy, and with him he brings
A set of those odd-looking envelope things,
Where Britannia (who seems to be crucified,) flings
To her right and her left, funny people with wings
Amongst Elephants, Quakers, and Catahaw Kings;

And a taper and wax,

And small Queen's heads in packs,

Which; when notes are too big, you're to stick on their backs.

Dol-drum the Manager seal'd with care

The letter and copies he'd written so fair,

And sat himself down with a satisfied air;

Without delay

He sent them away,

In time to appear in "our columns" next day!

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,

Walk'd on to the stage with an anxious air,

And peep'd through the curtain to see who were there.

There was Mac Fuze,
 And Lieutenant Tregooze,
 And there was Sir Carnaby Jenks of the blues,
 And the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos;
 And the green-baize rose at the Prompter's call,
 And they all began to hoot, bellow, and bawl,
 And cry "Cock-a-doodle," and scream, and squall
 "Dol-drum! — Dol-drum! —
 Bid the Manager come!"
 You'd have thought from the tones
 Of their hisses and groans,
 They were bent upon breaking his (Opera) bones.
 And Dol-drum comes, and he says — says he,
 "Pray what may you please to want with me?" —
 "Fiddle-de-dee! —
 Fiddle-de-dee! —
 We'll have nobody give us *sol fa* but He!
 For he's the *Artiste* whom we all want to see."
 — Manager Dol-drum says — says he —
 (And he looks like an owl in "a hollow beech-tree")
 "Well, since I see
 The thing must be,
 I'll sign an agreement with Fiddle-de-dee!"
 Then Mac Fuze, and Tregooze,
 And Jenks of the Blues,
 And the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos,
 Extremely delighted to hear such good news,
 Desist from their shrill "Cock-a-doodle-does."
 "Vive Fiddle-de-dee!
 Dol-drum and He!
 They are jolly good fellows as ever need be!
 And so's Burlybumbo, who sings double D!
 And whenever they sing, why, we'll all come and see!"
 So, after all
 This terrible squall,

Fiddle-de-dee
 's at the top of the tree,
 And Dol-drum and Fal-de-ral-tit ging small!
 Now Fiddle-de-dee sings loud and clear
 At I can't tell you how many thousands a-year,
 And Fal-de-ral-tit is considered "Small Beer;"
 And Ma'am'selle Cherrytoes
 Sports her merry toes,
 Dancing away to the fiddles and flutes,
 In what the folks call a "Lithuanian" in boots.
 So here's an end to my one, two, and three;
 And bless the Queen—and long live She!
 And grant that there never again may be
 Such a halliballo as we've happen'd to see
 About nothing on earth but "Fiddle-de-dee!"

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WE come now to the rummaging of Father John's stores. The extracts which I shall submit from them are of the same character as those formerly derived from the same source, and may be considered as theologico-historical, or Tracts for his times.

With respect to the first legend on this list, I have to remark, that, though the good Father is silent on the subject, there is every reason to believe that the "little curly-wigged" gentleman, who plays, though passively, so prominent a part in it, had Ingoldsby blood in his veins. This conjecture is supported by the fact of the arms of Scroope, impaling Ingoldsby, being found, as in the Bray case, in one of the windows, and by a very old marriage-settlement nearly, or quite, illegible, a fac-simile of the seal affixed to which is appended to this true history.

# THE LAY OF ST. CUTHBERT;

OR,

## THE DEVIL'S DINNER-PARTY.

### A LEGEND OF THE NORTH COUNTRY.

Nobilis quidam, cui nomen *Monsr. Lescrop, Chivaler*, cum invitasset convivas, et, hora convivii jam instante et apparatu facto, spe frustratus esset, excusantibus se convivis cur non comparent, prorupit iratus in hæc verba: "*Veniant igitur omnes demones, si nullus hominum mecum esse potest!*"

Quod cum fieret, et Dominus, et famuli, et ancillæ, a domo properantes, forte oblitæ, infantem in cunis jacentem secum non auferunt. Demones incipiunt comessari et vociferari, prospicereque per fenestras formis ursorum, luporum, felium, et monstrare pocula vino repleta. *AA*, inquit pater, *ad defans meus!* Vix cum hæc dixisset, unus ex Dæmonibus ulnis suis infantem ad fenestram gestat, &c. — *Chronicon de Bolton.*

It's in Bolton Hall, and the clock strikes One,  
And the roast meat's brown and the boil'd meat's done,  
And the barbecu'd sucking-pig's crisp'd to a turn,  
And the pancakes are fried, and beginning to burn;

The fat stubble-geese

Swims in gravy and juice,

With the mustard and apple-sauce ready for use;

Fish, flesh, and fowl, and all of the best,

Want nothing but eating — they're all ready drest.

But where is the Host, and where is the Guest?

Pantler and serving-man, henchman and page,

Stand sniffing the duck-stuffing (onion and sage),

And the scullions and cooks,

With fidgety looks,

Are grumbling and mutt'ring, and scowling as black  
 As-cooks always do when the dinner's put back:  
 For though the board's deckt, and the napery, fair  
 As the unsunn'd snow-flake, is spread out with care,  
 And the Dais is furnish'd with stool and with chair,  
 And plate of *orféverie* costly and rare,  
 Apostle-spoons, salt-cellar, all are there,  
     And Mess John in his place,  
     With his rubicund face,  
 And his hands ready folded, prepared to say Grace.  
 Yet where is the Host?—and his convives—where?

The Scroope sits lonely in Bolton Hall,  
 And he watches the dial that hangs by the wall,  
 He watches the large hand, he watches the small,  
     And he fidgets and looks  
     As cross as the cooks,  
 And he utters—a word which we'll soften to "Zooks!"  
 And he cries, "What on earth has become of them all?"—  
     What can delay  
     De Vaux and De Saye?  
 What makes Sir Gilbert de Umfraville stay?  
 What's gone with Poyntz, and Sir Reginald Braye?  
 Why are Ralph Ufford and Marny away?  
 And De Nokes and De Styles, and Lord Marmaduke Grey?

And De Roe?  
 And De Doe?—

Poynings, and Vavasour—where be they?  
 Fitz-Walter, Fitz-Osbert, Fitz-Hugh, and Fitz-John,  
 And the Mandevilles, *père et fils* (father and son)?  
 Their cards said 'Dinner precisely at One!'  
     There's nothing I hate, in  
     The world like waiting!  
 It's a monstrous great bore, when a Gentleman feels  
 A good appetite, thus to be kept from his meals!"



It's in Bolton Hall and the clock strikes Two!  
 And the scullions and cooks are themselves in "a stew,"  
 And the kitchen-maids stand, and don't know what to do,  
 For the rich plum-puddings are bursting their bags,  
 And the mutton and turnips are boiling to rags,  
     And the fish is all spoil'd,  
     And the butter's all oil'd,  
 And the soup's got cold in the silver tureen,  
 And there's nothing, in short, that is fit to be seen!  
 While Sir Guy Le Scroope continues to fume,  
 And to fret by himself in the tapestried room,  
     And still fidgets, and looks  
     More cross than the cooks,  
 And repeats that bad word, which we've soften'd to "Zooks!"  
  
 Two o'clock's come, and Two o'clock's gone,  
 And the large and the small hands move steadily on,  
     Still nobody's there,  
     No De Roos, or De Clare,  
 To taste of the Scroope's most delicate fare,  
 Or to quaff off a health unto Bolton's Heir,  
 That nice little boy who sits there in his chair,  
 Some four years old, and a few months to spare,  
 With his laughing blue eyes, and his long curly hair,  
 Now sucking his thumb, and now munching his pear.  
  
 Again, Sir Guy the silence broke,  
 "It's hard upon Three!—it's just on the stroke!  
 Come, serve up the dinner!—A joke is a joke!"—  
 Little he deems that Stephen de Hoagues,\*

\* For a full account of this facetious "*Chivalier*," see the late (Oh! that we should have to say "late") Theodore Hook's "*History of the illustrious Commoners of Great Britain*," as quoted in the *Memoirs of John Bragg Esq.*, page 344 of the 75th volume of the *Standard Novels*. In the third volume of Sir Harris Nicolas's elaborate account of the Scroope and Grosvenor controversy, commonly called the "*Scroope Roll*," a Stephen de Hoagues Ecuier, is described as giving his testimony on the Grosvenor side. — *Vide* page 247.

Who "his fun," as the Yankees say, everywhere "pokes,"  
 And is always a great deal too fond of his jokes,  
 Has written a circular note to De Nokes,  
 And De Stiles, and De Roe, and the rest of the folks,  
     One and all,  
     Great and small,  
 Who were ask'd to the Hall  
 To dine there and sup, and wind up with a ball,  
 And had told all the party a great bouncing lie, he  
 Cook'd up, that "the *fête* was postponed *sine die*,  
 The dear little curly-wig'd heir of Le Scroope,  
 Being taken alarmingly ill with the croup!"

When the clock struck Three,  
 And the Page on his knee  
 Said "An't please you, Sir Guy Le Scroope, *On a servi!*"  
 And the Knight found the banquet hall empty,  
     With nobody near  
     To partake of his cheer,  
 He stamp'd, and he storm'd — then his language! — Oh dear!  
 'Twas awful to see, and 'twas awful to hear!  
 And he cried to the button-deck'd Page at his knee,  
 Who had told him so civilly "*On a servi,*"  
 "Ten thousand fiends seize them, wherever they be!  
 — The Devil take *them!* and the Devil take *thee!*  
 And the DEVIL MAY EAT UP THE DINNER FOR ME!"

In a terrible fume  
 He bounced out of the room,  
 He bounced out of the house — and page, footman, and groom  
 Bounced after their master; for scarce had they heard  
 Of this left-handed Grace the last finishing word,  
 Ere the horn at the gate of the Barbican tower,  
 Was blown with a loud twenty-trumpeter power,  
     And in rush'd a troop  
     Of strange guests! — such a group  
 As had ne'er before darken'd the door of the Scroope.

This looks like De Saye—yet—it is not De Saye—  
 And this is—no, 'tis not—Sir Reginald Bray—  
 This has somewhat the favour of Marmaduke Grey—  
 But stay!—*Where on earth did he get those long nails?*  
 Why, they're *claws*!—then Good Gracious!—they've all of  
 them *tails*?

That can't be De Vaux—why his nose is a bill,  
 Or, I would say a beak!—and he can't keep it still!—  
 Is that Poynings?—Oh Gemini!—look at his feet!!  
 Why, they're absolute *hoofs*! is it gout or his corns  
 That have crumpled them up so?—by Jingo, he's *horns*!  
 Run! run!—There's Fitz-Walter, Fitz-Hugh, and Fitz-John,  
 And the Mandevilles, *père et fils* (father and son),  
 And Fitz-Osbert, and Ufford—*they've all got them on!*

Then their great saucer eyes—

It's the Father of lies

And his Imps—run! run! run!—they're all fiends in disguise,  
 Who've partly assumed, with more sombre complexions,  
 The forms of Sir Guy Le Scroope's friends and connexions,  
 And He—at the top there—that grim-looking elf—  
 Run! run!—that's the “muckle-horn'd Cloutie” himself!

And now what a din

Without and within!

For the court-yard is full of them.—How they begin  
 To mop, and to mowe, and make faces, and grin!

Cock their tails up together,

Like cows in hot weather,

And butt at each other, all eating and drinking,

The viands and wine disappearing like winking.

And then such a lot

As together had got!

Master Cabbage, the Steward, who'd made a machine

To calculate with, and count noses,—I ween

The cleverest thing of the kind ever seen,—

Declared, when he'd made,

By the said machine's aid,

Up, what's now call'd, the "tottle" of those he survey'd,  
 There were just—how he proved it I cannot divine,—  
*Nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety, and nine,*

Exclusive of Him,  
 Who, giant in limb,

And black as the crow they denominate *Jim*,  
 With a tail like a bull, and a head like a bear,  
 Stands forth at the window,—and what holds he there,  
 Which he hugs with such care,  
 And pokes out in the air,

And grasps as its limbs from each other he'd tear?  
 Oh! grief and despair!

I vow and declare

It's Le Scroope's poor, dear, sweet, little, curly-wig'd Heir!  
 Whom the nurse had forgot, and left there in his chair,  
 Alternately sucking his thumb and his pear!

What words can express

The dismay and distress

Of Sir Guy, when he found what a terrible mess  
 His cursing and banning had got him into?  
 That words, which to use are a shame and a sin too,  
 Had thus on their speaker recoil'd, and his malison  
 Placed in the hands of the Devil's own "pal" his son!—  
 He sobb'd and he sigh'd,

And he scream'd, and he cried,

And behaved like a man that is mad, or in liquor,—he  
 Tore his peak'd beard, and he dash'd off his "Vicary,"\*

\* A peruke so named from its inventor. Robert de Ros and Eudo Fitz-Vicari were celebrated *perruquiers*, who flourished in the eleventh century. The latter is noticed in the Battle-Abbey roll, and is said to have curled William the Conqueror's hair when dressing for the battle of Hastings. Dugdale makes no mention of him, but Camden says, that Humfrey, one of his descendants, was summoned to Parliament, 26 Jan. 25 Edw. I. (1297.) It is doubtful, however, whether that writ can be deemed a regular writ of summons to Parliament, for reasons amply detailed in the "Synopsis of the British Peerage."—(Art. Fitz-John.) A writ was subsequently addressed to him as *Humfry Fitz-Vicari, Chivv.* 8 Jan. 6 Edw. II. (1313), and his descen-

Stamp'd on the jasey  
 As though he were crazy,  
 And staggering about just as if he were "hazy,"  
 Exclaim'd, "Fifty pounds!" (a large sum in those times,) —  
 "To the person whoever he may be, that climbs  
 To that window above there, *en ogive*, and painted,  
 And bring down my curly-wi'——" here Sir Guy fainted!

With many a moan,  
 And many a groan,  
 What with tweaks of the nose, and some *eau de Cologne*,  
 He revived,—Reason once more remounted her throne,  
 Or rather the instinct of Nature,—'twere treason  
 To Her, in the Scroope's case, perhaps, to say Reason,—  
 But what saw he then?—Oh! my goodness! a sight  
 Enough to have banish'd his reason outright! —

In that broad banquet hall  
 The fiends one and all,  
 Regardless of shriek, and of squeak and of squall,  
 From one to another were tossing that small  
 Pretty, curly-wig'd boy, as if playing at ball:  
 Yet none of his friends or his vassals might dare  
 To fly to the rescue, or rush up the stair,  
 And bring down in safety his curly-wig'd Heir!

Well a day! Well a day!  
 All he can say  
 Is but just so much trouble and time thrown away;  
 Not a man can be tempted to join the *mêlée*,  
 E'en those words cabalistic, "I promise to pay  
 Fifty pounds on demand," have, for once, lost their sway,

dants appear to have been regularly summoned as late as 5 and 6 of Philip and Mary, 1557-8. Soon after which Peter Fitz-Vicari dying, s. p. m. the Barony went into abeyance between his two daughters, Joan, married to Henry de Truefit of Fullbottom, and Alice, wife of Roger Wigram, of Caxon Hall, in Wigton, co. Cumb. Esq., among whose representatives it is presumed to be still in abeyance.





And there the Knight stands,  
 Wringing his hands  
 In his agony — when on a sudden, one ray  
 Of hope darts through his midriff!—His Saint!—Oh, it's funny,  
 And almost absurd,  
 That it never occur'd!—

“Ay! the Scroope's Patron Saint!—he's the man for my money!  
 Saint—who is it?—really I'm sadly to blame,—  
 On my word I'm afraid,—I confess it with shame,—  
 That I've almost forgot the good Gentleman's name,—  
 Cut—let me see—Cutbeard?—no!—CUTHBERT!—egad!  
 St. Cuthbert of Bolton!—I'm right—he's the lad!  
 Oh holy St. Cuthbert, if forbears of mine—  
 Of myself I say little,—have knelt at your shrine,  
 And have lash'd their bare backs, and—no matter—with twine.  
 Oh! list to the vow

Which I make to you now,  
 Only snatch my poor little boy out of the row  
 Which that Imp's kicking up with his fiendish bow-wow,  
 And his head like a bear, and his tail like a cow!  
 Bring him back here in safety!—perform but this task,  
 And I'll give!—Oh!—I'll give you whatever you ask!—

There is not a shrine  
 In the County shall shine  
 With a brilliancy half so resplendent as thine,  
 Or have so many candles, or look half so fine!—  
 Haste, holy St. Cuthbert, then,—hasten in pity!”—  
 —Conceive his surprise

When a strange voice replies,  
 “It's a bargain!—but, mind, sir, THE BEST SPERMACEITI!”—  
 Say, whose that voice?—whose that form by his side,  
 That old, old, grey man, with his beard long and wide,

In his coarse Palmer's weeds,  
 And his cockle and beads?—  
 And, how did he come?—did he walk?—did he ride?  
 Oh! none could determine,—oh! none could decide,—



The fact is, I don't believe any one tried,  
 For while ev'ry one stared, with a dignified stride,  
     And without a word more,  
     He march'd on before,  
 Up a flight of stone-steps, and so through the front door,  
 To the banqueting-hall, that was on the first floor,  
 While the fiendish assembly were making a rare  
 Little shuttlecock there of the curly-wig'd Heir. —  
 — I wish, gentle Reader, that you could have seen  
 The pause that ensued when he stepp'd in between,  
 With his resolute air, and his dignified mien,  
 And said, in a tone most decided, though mild,  
 "Come! — I'll trouble you just to hand over that child!"

    The Demoniac crowd  
     In an instant seem'd cow'd;  
 Not one of the crew volunteer'd a reply,  
 All shrunk from the glance of that keen-flashing eye,  
 Save one horrid Humgruffin, who seem'd by his talk,  
 And the airs he assumed, to be Cock of the walk,  
 He quail'd not before it, but saucily met it,  
 And as saucily said, "Don't you wish you may get it?"  
 My goodness! — the look that the old Palmer gave!  
 And his frown! — 'twas quite dreadful to witness — "Why, slave!  
     You rascal!" quoth he,  
     "This language to ME!!  
 — At once, Mr. Nicholas! down on your knee,  
 And hand me that curly-wig'd boy! — I command it —  
 Come! — none of your nonsense! — you know I won't stand it."

Old Nicholas trembled, — he shook in his shoes,  
 And seem'd half inclined, but afraid, to refuse.  
     "Well Cuthbert," said he,  
     "If so it must be,  
 — For you've had your own way from the first time I knew  
     ye; —  
 Take your curly-wig'd brat, and much good may he do ye!

But I'll have in exchange—"—here his eye flash'd with rage—  
 "That chap with the buttons—he *gave me* the Page!"

"Come, come," the Saint answer'd, "you very well know  
 The young man's no more his than your own to bestow—  
 Touch one button of his if you dare, Nick—no! no!  
 Cut your stick, sir—come, mizzle!—be off with you!—go!"—  
 The Devil grew hot—  
 "If I do I'll be shot!"

An you come to that, Cuthbert, I'll tell you what's what;  
 He has *asked* us to *dine here*, and go we will not!

Why you Skinflint,—at least  
 You may leave us the feast!

Here we've come all that way from our brimstone abode,  
 Ten million good leagues, Sir, as ever you strode,  
 And the deuce of a luncheon we've had on the road—  
 —'Go!'—'Mizzle!' indeed—Mr. Saint, who are you,  
 I should like to know?—'Go!'—I'll be hang'd if I do!  
 He invited us all—we've a right here—it's known  
 That a Baron may do what he likes with his own—  
 Here, Asmodeus—a slice of that beef;—now the mustard!—  
 What have *you* got?—oh, apple-pie—try it with custard!"

The Saint made a pause  
 As uncertain, because

He knew Nick is pretty well "up" in the laws,  
 And they *might* be on *his* side—and then, he'd such claws!  
 On the whole, it was better, he thought, to retire  
 With the curly-wig'd boy he'd pick'd out of the fire,  
 And give up the victuals—to retrace his path,  
 And to compromise—(spite of the Member for Bath).

So to Old Nick's appeal,  
 As he turn'd on his heel,

He replied, "Well, I'll leave you the mutton and veal,  
 And the soup *à la Reine*, and the sauce *Bechamel*.  
 As the Seroope *did* invite you to dinner, I feel  
 I can't well turn you out—'twould be hardly genteel—

Bat be moderate, pray, — and remember thus much,  
 Since you're treated as Gentlemen, show yourselves such,

And don't make it late,

But mind and go straight

Home to bed when you've finished — and don't steal the plate!

Nor wrench off the knocker or bell from the gate.

Walk away, like respectable Devils, in peace,

And don't 'lark' with the watch, or annoy the police!"

Having thus said his say,

That Palmer grey

Took up little Le Scroope, and walk'd coolly away,

While the Demons all set up a "Hip! hip! hurray!"

Then fell, tooth and claw, on the victuals, as they

Had been guests at Guildhall upon Lord Mayor's day,

All scrambling and scuffling for what was before 'em,

No care for precedence or common decorum.

Few ate more hearty

Than Madame Astarte,

And Hecate, — consider'd the Belles of the party.

Between them was seated Leviathan, eager

To "do the polite," and take wine with Belphegor;

Here was *Morbleu* (a French devil), supping soup-meagre,

And there, munching leeks, Davy Jones of Tredegar

(A Welsh one), who'd left the domains of Ap Morgan,

To "follow the sea," — and next him Demogorgon, —

Then Pan with his pipes, and Fauns grinding the organ

To Mammon and Belial, and half a score dancers,

Who'd join'd with Medusa to get up "the Lancers;"

— Here's Lucifer lying blind drunk with Scotch ale,

While Beëlzebub's tying huge knots in his tail.

There's Setebos, storming because Mephistopheles

Gave him the lie,

"Said he'd "blacken his eye,"

And dash'd in his face a whole cup of hot coffee-les; —

Ramping, and roaring,

Hiccoughing, snoring,

Never was seen such a riot before in  
A gentleman's house, or such profligate revelling  
At any *soirée*—where they don't let the Devil in.

Hark!—as sure as fate  
The clock's striking Eight!

(An hour which our ancestors called "getting late,")  
When Nick, who by this time was rather elate,  
Rose up and address'd them.

"'Tis full time," he said,  
"For all elderly Devils to be in their bed;  
For my own part I mean to be jogging, because  
I don't find myself now quite so young as I was;  
But, Gentlemen, ere I depart from my post,  
I must call on you all for one bumper—the toast  
Which I have to propose is,—OUR EXCELLENT HOST!  
—Many thanks for his kind hospitality—may

We also be able,  
To see at *our* table

Himself, and enjoy, in a family way,  
His good company *down stairs* at no distant day!

You'd  
I'm sure think me rude  
If I did not include

In the toast my young friend there, the curly-wig'd Heir.  
He's in very good hands, for you're all well aware  
That St. Cuthbert has taken him under his care;

Though I must not say 'bless,'—  
—Why you'll easily guess,—

May our Curly-wig'd Friend's shadow never be less!"  
Nick took off his heel-taps—bow'd—smiled—with an *air*  
Most graciously grim,—and vacated the chair,—

Of course the *élite*

Rose at once on their feet,  
And follow'd their leader, and beat a retreat;  
When a sky-larking Imp took the President's seat,

And, requesting that each would replenish his cup,  
Said, "Where we have dined, my boys, there let us sup!"—  
—It was three in the morning before they broke up!!!

\* \* \* \*

I scarcely need say  
Sir Guy didn't delay  
To fulfil his vow made to St. Cuthbert, or pay  
For the candles he'd promised, or make light as day  
The shrine he assured him he'd render so gay.  
In fact, when the votaries came there to pray,  
All said there was nought to compare with it—nay,  
For fear that the Abbey  
Might think he was shabby,  
Four Brethren thenceforward, two cleric, two lay,  
He ordain'd should take charge of a new-founded chantry,  
With six mares apiece, and some claims on the pantry;  
In short, the whole County  
Declared, through his bounty  
The Abbey of Bolton exhibited fresh scenes  
From any display'd since Sir William de Meschines,\*  
And Cecily Roumeli came to this nation  
With William the Norman, and laid its foundation.

For the rest, it is said,  
And I know I have read  
In some Chronicle—whose, has gone out of my head—  
That, what with these candles, and other expenses,  
Which no man would go to if quite in his senses,  
He reduced, and brought low  
His property so,  
That, at last, he'd not much of it left to bestow;  
And that, many years after that terrible feast,  
Sir Guy in the Abbey was living a Priest;  
And there, in one thousand and — something,—deceased.

\* *Vide Dugdale's Monasticon, Art. Priaratus de Bolton, in agro Eboracensi.*

(It's supposed by this trick  
 He bamboozled Old Nick,  
 And slipp'd through his fingers remarkably "allick"),  
 While, as to young Curly-wig,—dear little Soul,  
 Would you know more of him, you must look at "The Bell,"  
 Which records the dispute,  
 And the subsequent suit,  
 Commenced in "Thirteen sev'nty-five,"—which took root  
 In Le Grosvenor's assuming the arms Le Scroope swore  
 That none but *his* ancestors, ever before,  
 In foray, joust, battle, or tournament wore,  
 To wit, "*On a Prussian-blue Field, a Bend Or* ;  
 While the Grosvenor averr'd that *his* ancestor bore  
 The same, and Scroope lied like a—somebody tore  
 Off the simile,—so I can tell you no more,  
 Till some A double S shall the fragment restore.\*

## MORAL.

This Legend sound maxims exemplifies—*a. g.*  
*Imo.* Should anything tease you,  
 Annoy, or displease you,  
 Remember what Lilly says, "*Animum rege!*"†  
 And as for that shocking bad habit of swearing,—  
 In all good society voted past bearing,—  
 Eschew it!—and leave it to dust-men and mobs.  
 Nor commit yourself much beyond "Zooks!" or "Odsbobs!"

\* It is with the greatest satisfaction that I learn from Mr. Simpkinson this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, is about to be realized, and that the remainder of this most interesting document, containing the whole of the defendant's evidence, will appear in the course of the ensuing summer, under the same auspices as the former portion. We shall look with eagerness for the identification of "Curly-wig."

† *Animum rege! qui nisi paret, imperat.* — LILLY'S *Grammar*.

2*do.* When ask'd out to dine by a Person of Quality,  
 Mind, and observe the most strict punctuality!—  
     For should you come late,  
     And make dinner wait,  
 And the victuals get cold, you'll incur, sure as fate,  
 The Master's displeasure, the Mistress's hate—  
 And—though both may, perhaps, be too well bred to  
     swear,—  
 They'll heartily *wish* you—I need not say *where*.

3*do.* Look well to your Maid-servants!—say you expect them  
 To see to the children, and not to neglect them!—  
 And if you're a widower, just throw a cursory  
 Glance in, at times, when you go near the Nursery  
 —Perhaps it's as well to keep children from plums,  
 And from pears in the season,—and sucking their thumbs!

4*to.* To sum up the whole with a "Saw" of much use,  
 Be *just* and be *generous*,—don't be *profuse*!—  
 Pay the debts that you owe,—keep your word to your  
     friends,  
 But—DON'T SET YOUR CANDLES ALIGHT AT BOTH ENDS!!—  
 For of this be assured, if you "go it" too fast,  
     You'll be "dish'd" like Sir Guy,  
     And like him, perhaps, die  
 A poor, old, half-starved, Country Parson at last!

FOR the Legend that follows Father John has, it will be seen, the grave authority of a Romish Prelate. The good Father, who, as I have before had occasion to remark, received his education at Douai, spent several years, in the earlier part of his life, upon the Continent. I have no doubt but that during this period he visited Blois, and there, in all probability, picked up, in the very scene of its locality, the history which he has thus recorded.

## THE LAY OF ST. ALOYS.

## A LEGEND OF BLOIS.

S. Helolus in hac urbe fuit episcopus, qui, defunctus, sepulturus est a fidelibus. Nocte autem sequenti, veniens quidam paganus lapidem, qui sarcophagum tangebatur, revolvit, e rectumque contra se corpus Sancti spoliare, conatur. At ille, lacertis constrictum, ad se hominem fortiter amplexatur, et usque mane, populis spectantibus, tanquam constipatum loris, ita miserum brachii detinebat. \*\*\*\* Judex loci sepulchri violatorem jubet abstrahi, et legali poenae sententiâ condemnari; sed non laxabatur a Sancto. Tunc intelligens voluntatem defuncti, Judex, factâ de vitâ promissione, absolvit, deinde laxatur, et sic incolumis redditur: non vero fur dimissus quin se vitam monasticam amplexurum spondisset.

*Greg: Turnoens: de Gloria Confessorum.*

## SAINT Aloys

Was the Bishop of Blois,  
And a pitiful man was he:  
He grieved and he pined  
For the woes of mankind,  
And of brutes in their degree,—  
He would rescue the rat  
From the claws of the cat,  
And set the poor captive free;  
Though his cassock was swarming  
With all sorts of vermin,



He'd not take the life of a flea!—  
 Kind, tender, forgiving  
 To all things living,  
 From injury still he'd endeavour to screen 'em,  
 Fish, flesh, or fowl,—no difference between 'em—  
 NIHIL PUTAVIT A SE ALIENUM.

The Bishop of Blois was a holy man,—  
 A holy man was he!  
 For Holy Church  
 He'd seek and he'd search  
 As a Bishop in his degree.  
 From foe and from friend  
 He'd "rap and he'd rend,"  
 To augment her treasure,  
 Nought would he give, and little he'd lend,  
 That Holy Church might have more to spend—  
 "Count Stephen"\* (of Blois) "was a worthy Peer,  
 His breeches cost him but a crown,  
 He held them sixpence all too dear,  
 And so he call'd the Tailor lown!"—  
 Had it been the Bishop instead of the Count,  
 And he'd overcharged him to half the amount,  
 He had knock'd that Tailor down!—  
 Not for himself!—  
 He despised the pelf;  
 He dress'd in sackcloth, he dined off delf;  
 And, when it was cold, in lieu of a *surtout*,  
 The good man would wrap himself up in his virtue.†

\* *Teste* Messire Iago, a distinguished subaltern in the Venetian service, *circa* A. D. 1580. His Biographer, Mr. William Shakspeare, a contemporary writer of some note, makes him say "*King Stephen*," inasmuch as the "worthy peer" subsequently usurped the crown of England. The anachronism is a pardonable one.—*Mr. Simpkinson of Bath.*

† ————— *Mea*  
 Virtute me involvo.—*Hon.*

Alack! that a man so holy as he,  
So frank and free in his degree,  
And so good and so kind, should mortal be!

Yet so it is — for loud and clear  
From St. Nicholas' tower, on the list'ning ear,  
    With solemn swell,  
    The deep-ton'd bell  
    Flings to the gale a funeral knell;  
    And hark! — at its sound,  
    As a cunning old hound,  
When he opens, at once causes all the young whelps  
Of the cry to put in their less dignified yelps,  
    So — the little bells all,  
    No matter how small,  
From the steeples both inside and outside the wall,  
    With bell-metal throat  
    Respond to the note,  
And join the lament that a prelate so pious is  
Forced thus to leave his disconsolate diocese,  
    Or, as Blois' Lord May'r  
    Is heard to declare,  
"Should leave this here world for to go to that there."

And see, the portals opening wide,  
From the Abbey flows the living tide;  
    Forth from the doors  
    The torrent pours,  
Acolytes, Monks, and Friars in scores,  
This with his chasuble, that with his rosary,  
This from his incense-pot turning his nose awry,  
    Holy Father, and Holy Mother,  
    Holy Sister, and Holy Brother,  
    Holy Son, and Holy Daughter,  
    Holy Wafer, and Holy Water;  
    Ev'ry one drest  
Like a guest in his best,

In the smartest of clothes they're permitted to wear,  
 Serge, sackcloth, and shirts of the same sort of hair  
 As now we make use of to stuff an arm-chair,  
 Or weave into gloves at three shillings a pair,  
 And employ for shampooing in cases rheumatic,  
 Special specific, I'm told, for Sciatica.

Through groin'd arch, and by cloister'd stone,  
 With mosses and ivy long o'ergrown,  
     Slowly the throng  
     Come passing along,  
 With many a chaunt and solemn song,  
 Adapted for holidays, high-days, and Sundays,—

*Dies iræ*, and *De profundis*,

*Miserere*, and *Domine dirige nos*,—

Such as, I hear, to a very slow tune are all  
 Commonly chaunted by Monks at a funeral,

    To secure the defunct's repose,  
 And to give a broad hint to Old Nick, should the news  
 Of a prelate's decease bring him there on a cruise,  
 That he'd better be minding his P's and his Q's,  
 And not come too near, — since they can, if they choose,  
 Make him shake in his hoofs — as he does not wear shoes.

Still on they go,

    A goodly show,

With footsteps sure, though certainly slow,  
 Two by two, in a very long row;

    With feathers, and Mutes

    In mourning suits,

Undertaker's men walking in hat-bands and boots, —  
 Then comes the Crosier, all jewels and gold,  
 Borne by a lad about eighteen years old;  
 Next, on a black velvet cushion, the Mitre,  
 Borne by a younger boy, 'cause it is lighter.

    Eight Franciscans, sturdy and strong, °

    Bear, in the midst, the good Bishop along;

Eight Franciscans, stout and tall,  
 Walk at the corners, and hold up the pall;  
 Eight more hold a canopy high over all,  
 With eight Trumpeters tooting the Dead March in Saul.—  
 Behind, as Chief Mourner, the Lord Abbot goes, his  
 Monks coming after him, all with posies,  
 And white pocket-handkerchiefs up at their noses,  
 Which they blow whenever his Lordship blows his—  
 And oh! 'tis a comely sight to see  
 How Lords and Ladies, of high degree,  
 Vail, as they pass, upon bended knee,  
 While quite as polite are the Squires and the Knights,  
 In their helmets, and hauberks, and cast-iron tights.

Ay, 'tis a comely sight to behold,  
 As the company march  
 Through the rounded arch  
 Of that Cathedral old!—  
 Singers behind 'em, and singers before 'em,  
 All of them ranging in due decorum,  
 Around the inside of the *Sanctum Sanctorum*,  
 While, brilliant and bright,  
 An unwonted light  
 (I forgot to premise this was all done at night)  
 The links, and the torches, and flambeaux shed  
 On the sculptured forms of the Mighty Dead,  
 That rest below, mostly buried in lead,  
 And above, recumbent in grim repose,  
 With their mailed hose,  
 And their dogs at their toes,  
 And little boys kneeling beneath them in rows,  
 Their hands join'd in pray'r, all in very long clothes,  
 With inscriptions on brass, begging each who survives,  
 As they some of them seem to have led so-so lives,  
 To Praise for the Souls of themselves and their wives.—

—The effect of the music, too, really was fine,  
 When they let the good prelate down into his shrine,  
     And by old and young  
     The '*Requiem*' was sung;  
 Not vernacular French, but a classical tongue,  
 That is — Latin — I don't think they meddled with Greek —  
 In short, the whole thing produced — so to speak —  
 What in Blois they would call a *Coup d'œil magnifique!*

Yet, surely, when the level ray  
     Of some mild eve's descending sun  
 Lights on the village pastor, grey  
     In years ere ours had well begun —

As there — in simplest vestment clad,  
     He speaks, beneath the churchyard tree,  
 In solemn tones, — but yet not sad, —  
     Of what Man is — what Man shall be!

And clustering round the grave, half hid  
     By that same quiet churchyard yew,  
 The rustic mourners bend, to bid  
     The dust they loved a last adieu —

—That ray, methinks, that rests so sheen  
 Upon each briar-bound hillock green,  
 So calm, so tranquil, so serene,  
 Gives to the eye a fairer scene, —  
 Speaks to the heart with holier breath  
 Than all this pageantry of death. —

But *Chacun à son gout* — this is talking at random  
 We all know "*De gustibus non disputandum!*"  
 So canter back, Muse, to the scene of your story,  
     The Cathedral of Blois —  
     Where the sainted Aloys  
 Is by this time, you'll find, "left alone in his glory,"  
 "In the dead of the night," though with labour oppress,

Some "mortals" disdain "the calm blessings of rest,"  
 Your cracksman, for instance, thinks night-time the best  
 To break open a door, or the lid of a chest;  
 And the gipsy who close round your premises prowls,  
 To ransack your hen-roost, and steal all your fowls,  
 Always sneaks out at night with the bats and the owls,  
 — So do Witches and Warlocks, Ghosts, Goblins, and Ghouls,  
 To say nothing at all of those troublesome "SweHs"  
 Who come from the playhouses, "flash-kens," and "hells,"  
 To pull off people's knockers, and ring people's bells.

Well — 'tis now the hour

Ill things have power!

And all who, in Blois, entertain honest views,  
 Have long been in bed, and enjoying a snooze, —

Nought is waking

Save Mischief, and "Faking," \*

And a few who are sitting up brewing or baking,  
 When an ill-looking Infidel, sallow of hue,  
 Who stands ~~in~~ his slippers some six feet two  
 (A rather remarkable height for a Jew),  
 Creeps cautiously out of the churchwarden's pew,  
 Into which, during service, he'd managed to slide himself —  
 While all were intent on the anthem, and hide himself.

From his lurking place,

With stealthy pace,

Through the "long-drawn aisle" he begins to crawl,  
 As you see a cat walk on the top of a wall,  
 When it's stuck full of glass, and she thinks she shall fall.

— He proceeds to feel

For his flint and his steel,

(An invention on which we've improved a great deal

\* "Nix my dolly, pals, *Fake away!*" — words of deep and mysterious import in the ancient language of Upper Egypt, and recently inscribed on the sacred standard of Mehemet Ali. They are supposed to intimate, to the initiated in the art of Abstraction, the absence of all human observation, and to suggest the propriety of making the best use of their time — and fingers.

Of late years—the substitute best to rely on  
's what Jones of the Strand calls his *Pyrogenion*.)

He strikes with despatch!—his  
Tinder catches!—

Now where is his candle?—and where are his matches?—

'Tis done!—they are found!—

He stands up, and looks round

By the light of a “dip” of sixteen to the pound!

—What is it now that makes his nerves to quiver?—

His hand to shake—and his limbs to shiver?—

Fear?—Pooh!—it is only a touch of the liver—

All is silent—all is still—

It's “gammon”—it's stuff!—he may do what he will!

Carefully now he approaches the shrine,

In which, as I've mentioned before, about nine,

They had placed in such state the lamented Divine!

But not to worship—No!—No such thing!—

His aim is—TO “PRIG” THE PASTORAL RING!!

Fancy his fright,

When, with all his might

Having forced up the lid, which they'd not fasten'd quite,

Of the marble sarcophagus—“All in white”

The dead Bishop started up, bolt upright

On his hinder end,—and grasp'd him so tight,

That the clutch of a kite,

Or a bull-dog's bite

When he's most provoked and in bitterest spite,

May well be conceived in comparison alight,

And having thus “tackled” him—blew out his light!!

Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

The fright and the fear!

No one to hear!—nobody near!

In the dead of the night!—at a bad time of year!—

A defunct Bishop squatting upright on his bier,

And shouting so loud, that the drum of his ear

He thought would have split as these awful words met it—  
 "AH, HA! MY GOOD FRIEND!—DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET  
 IT?"—

Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

'Twas a night of fear!

— I should just like to know, if the boldest man here,  
 In his situation, would not have felt queer?

The wretched man bawls,  
 And he yells, and he squalls,  
 But there's nothing responds to his shrieks save the walls,  
 And the desk, and the pulpit, the pews, and the stalls  
 Held firmly at bay,  
 Kick and plunge as he may,  
 His struggles are fruitless — he can't get away,  
 He really can't tell what to do or to say,  
 And being a Pagan, don't know how to pray;  
 Till through the east window, a few streaks of grey  
 Announce the approach of the dawn of the day!

Oh, a welcome sight

Is the rosy light,

Which lovelily heralds a morning bright,  
 Above all to a wretch kept in durance all night  
 By a horrid dead gentleman holding him tight,—  
 Of all sorts of gins that a trespasser can trap,  
 The most disagreeable kind of a man-trap!

— Oh! welcome that bell's

Matin chime, which tells

To one caught in this worst of all possible snares,  
 That the hour is arrived to begin Morning Prayers,  
 And the monks and the friars are coming down stairs!

Conceive the surprise

Of the Choir — how their eyes

Are distended to twice their original size,—  
 How some begin bless,— some anathematize,—  
 And all look on the thief as old Nick in disguise.



While the mystified Abbot cries, "Well! — I declare! —  
 — This is really a very mysterious affair! —  
 Bid the bandy-legg'd Sexton go run for the May'r!"

The May'r and his *suite*  
 Are soon on their feet,—  
 (His worship kept house in the very same street,—)  
 At once he awakes,  
 "His compliments" makes,  
 "He'll be up at the Church in a couple of shakes!"  
 Meanwhile the whole convent is pulling and hauling,  
 And bawling and squalling,  
 And terribly mauling  
 The thief whose endeavour to follow his calling  
 Had thus brought him into a grasp so enthralling.—  
 Now high, now low,  
 They drag "to and fro,"—  
 Now this way, now that way they twist him — but — No! —  
 The glazed eye of St. Aloys distinctly says "Poh!  
 "You may pull as you please, I shall *not* let him go!"  
 Nay, more;—when his Worship at length came to say  
 He was perfectly ready to take him away,  
 And fat him to grace the next *Auto-da-fé*,  
 Still closer he prest  
 The poor wretch to his breast,  
 While a voice — though his jaws still together were jamm'd —  
 Was heard from his chest, "If you do, I'll —" here slamm'd  
 The great door of the Church, — with so awful a sound  
 That the close of the good Bishop's sentence was drown'd!

Out spake *Frere Jehu*,  
 A pitiful man,  
 Oh! a pitiful man was he!  
 And he wept and he pined  
 For the sins of mankind,  
 As a Friar in his degree.

"Remember, good gentlefolks," so he began,  
 "Dear Aloys was always a pitiful man!—  
     That voice from his chest  
     Has clearly exprest  
 He has pardon'd the culprit—and as for the rest,  
 Before you shall burn him—he'll see you all blest!"

The Monks, and the Abbot, the Sexton, and Clerk  
 Were exceedingly struck with the Friar's remark,  
 And the Judge, who himself was by no means a shark  
 Of a Lawyer, and who did not do things in the dark,  
 But still lean'd (having once been himself a gay spark,)  
 To the merciful side,—like the late Alan Park,—

    Agreed that, indeed,—  
     The best way to succeed,

And by which this poor caitiff alone could be freed,  
 Would be to absolve him, and grant a free pardon,  
 On a certain condition, and that not a hard one,  
 Viz.—"That he, the said Infidel, straightway should ope  
 His mind to conviction, and worship the Pope,  
 And 'ev'ry man Jack' in an amice or cope;

    And that, to do so,  
     He should forthwith go

To Rome, and salute there his Holiness' toe;—  
     And never again

    Read Voltaire or Tom Paine,  
 Or Percy Bysshe Shelley or Lord Byron's Cain;—  
 His pilgrimage o'er, take St. Francis's habit;—  
 If anything lay about, never to 'nab' it;—  
 Or, at worst, if he *should* light on articles gone astray,  
 To be sure and deposit them safe in the Monast'ry!"

    The oath he took—  
     —As he kiss'd the book,

Nave, transept, and aisle with a thunder-clap shook!  
 The Bishop sank down with a satisfied look,

And the Thief, released  
By the Saint deceased,  
Fell into the arms of a neighbouring Priest!

It skills not now  
To tell you how  
The transmogrified Pagan perform'd his vow;  
How he quitted his home,  
Travell'd to Rome,  
And went to St. Peter's and look'd at the Dome,  
And obtain'd from the Pope an assurance of bliss,  
And kiss'd—whatever he gave him to kiss—  
Toe, relic, embroidery, nought came amiss;  
And how Pope Urban  
Had the man's turban  
Hung up in the Sistine chapel, by way  
Of a relic—and how it hangs there to this day.—  
Suffice it to tell,  
Which will do quite as well,  
That the whole of the Convent the miracle saw  
And the Abbot's report was sufficient to draw  
Ev'ry *bon Catholique* in *la belle France* to Blois,  
Among others, the Monarch himself, François,  
The Archbishop of Rheims, and his "Pious Jack-daw,"\*  
And there was not a man in Church, Chapel, or Meeting-house,  
Still less in *Cabaret*, Hotel, or Eating-house,  
But made an oration,  
And said, "In the nation  
If ever a man deserved canonization,  
It was the kind, pitiful, pious Aloys."—  
So the Pope says,—says he,  
"Then a Saint he shall be!"—  
So he made him a Saint,—and remitted the fee.

What became of the Pagan I really can't say;

\* Vide Ingoldsby Legends (First Series), page 217.

But I think I've been told,  
 When he'd enter'd their fold,  
 And was now a Franciscan some twenty days old,  
 He got up one fine morning before break of day,  
 Put the *Pyx* in his pocket—and then ran away.

## MORAL.

I think we may coax out a moral or two  
 From the facts which have lately come under our view.  
 First—don't meddle with Saints!—for you'll find if you do,  
 They're what Scotch people call, "kittle cattle to shoe!"  
 And when once they have managed to take you in tow,  
 It's a deuced hard matter to make them let go!

Now to you, wicked Pagans!—who wander about,  
 Up and down Regent Street every night, "on the scout,"—  
 Recollect the Police keep a sharpish look-out,  
 And, if once you're suspected, your skirts they will stick to  
 Till they catch you at last *in flagrante delicto*!—

Don't the inference draw

That because he of Blois

Suffer'd *one* to bilk "Old father Antic the Law,"  
 That *our* May'rs and *our* Aldermen—and we've a City full—  
 Show themselves, at *our* Guildhall, quite so pitiful!

Lastly, as to the Pagan who play'd such a trick,  
 First assuming the tonsure, then cutting his stick,  
 There is but one thing which occurs to me—that  
 Is,—Don't give too much credit to people who "rat!"

—Never forget

Early habit's a net

Which entangles us all, more or less, in its mesh;  
 And "What's bred in the bone won't come out of the flesh!"

We must all be aware Nature's prone to rebel, as  
Old Juvenal tells us, *Naturam expellas,*

*Tamen usque recurret!*

There's no making Her rat!

So that all that I have on this head to advance  
Is, — whatever they think of these matters in France,  
There's a proverb, the truth of which each one allows here,  
"YOU NEVER CAN MAKE A SILK PURSE OF A SOW'S EAR!"



IN the succeeding Legend we come nearer home.—  
Father Ingoldsby is particular in describing its locality,  
situate some eight miles from the Hall — less, if you take  
the bridle-road by the Church-yard, and so along the  
valley by Mr. Fector's Abbey. — In the enumeration of  
the various attempts to appropriate the treasure (drawn  
from a later source), is omitted one, said to have been  
undertaken by the worthy ecclesiastic himself, who, as  
Mrs. Botherby insinuates, is reported to have started for  
Dover, one fine morning, duly furnished with all the  
means and appliances of Exorcism. — I cannot learn,  
however, that the family was ever enriched by his expe-  
dition.

THE LAY OF THE OLD WOMAN CLOTHED  
IN GREY.

A LEGEND OF DOVER.

Once there lived, as I've heard people say,  
An "Old Woman clothed in grey,"  
    So furrow'd with care,  
    So haggard her air,  
In her eye such a wild supernatural stare,  
    That all who espied her  
    Immediately shied her  
And strove to get out of her way.

    This fearsome Old Woman was taken ill:  
    —She sent for the Doctor—he sent her a pill,  
        And by way of a trial,  
        A two-shilling phial,  
Of green-looking fluid, like lava diluted,  
To which I've profess'd an abhorrence most rooted.\*  
One of those draughts they so commonly send us,  
Labell'd "*Haustus catharticus, mane sumendus*;"—  
    She made a wry face,  
    And, without saying Grace,  
Toss'd it off like a dram—it improved not her case.  
    —The Leech came again;  
    He now open'd a vein,  
Still the little Old Woman continued in pain.  
So her "Medical Man," although loth to distress her,  
Conceived it high time that her Father Confessor  
Should be sent for to shrive, and assoilize, and bless her,

\* Vide page 16.

That she might not slip out of these troublesome scenes  
 "Unanneal'd and Unhousel'd,"—whatever that means.\*

Growing afraid,  
 He calls to his aid  
 A bandy-legg'd neighbour, a "*Tailor by trade*,"†  
 Tells him his fears,  
 Bids him lay by his shears,  
 His thimble, his goose, and his needle, and hie  
 With all possible speed to the Convent hard by,  
 Requests him to say  
 That he begs they'll all pray,  
 Viz: The whole pious brotherhood, Cleric and Lay,  
 For the soul of an Old Woman clothed in grey,  
 Who was just at that time in a very bad way,  
 And he really believed couldn't last out the day;  
 And to state his desire  
 That some erudite Friar,  
 Would run over at once, and examine, and try her;  
 For he thought he would find  
 There was "something behind,"  
 A something that weigh'd on the Old Woman's mind,—  
 "In fact he was sure, from what fell from her tongue,  
 That this little Old Woman had done something wrong."  
 —Then he wound up the whole with this hint to the man,  
 "Mind and pick out as holy a friar as you can!"

\* Alack for poor William Linley to settle the point! His elucidation of Macbeth's "Hurlyburly" casts a halo around his memory. In him the world lost one of its kindest Spirits, and the Garrick Club its acutest commentator.

† All who are familiar with the Police Reports, and other Records of our Courts of justice, will recollect that every gentleman of this particular profession invariably thus describes himself, in contradistinction to the Bricklayer, whom he probably presumes to be indigenous, and to the Shoemaker, born a Snob.

Now I'd have you to know  
 That this story of woe,  
 Which I'm telling you, happen'd a long time ago;  
 I can't say exactly *how* long, nor, I own,  
 What particular monarch was then on the throne,  
 But 'twas here in Old England: and all that one knows is,  
 It must have preceded the Wars of the Roses.\*  
     Inasmuch as the times  
     Described in these rhymes,  
 Were as fruitful in virtues as ours are in crimes;  
     And if 'mongst the Laity  
     Unseemly gaiety  
 Sometimes betray'd an occasional taint or two,  
     At once all the Clerics  
     Went into hysterics,  
 While scarcely a convent but boasted its Saint or two;  
 So it must have been long ere the line of the Tudors,  
     As since then the breed  
     Of Saints rarely indeed  
 With their dignified presence have darken'd our pew-doors.

—Hence the late Mr. Froude, and the live Dr. Pusey  
 We moderns consider as each worth a Jew's eye;  
 Though Wiseman and Dullman† combine against Newman,  
 With Doctors and Proctors, and say he's no true man.  
 —But this by the way. — The Convent I speak about  
 Had Saints in scores — they said Mass week and week about;  
     And the two now on duty were each, for their piety,  
     "Second to none" in that holy society,

\* "An antient and most pugnacious family," says our Bath Friend. "One of their descendants, George Rose, Esq., late M.P. for Christchurch (an elderly gentleman now defunct), was equally celebrated for his vocal abilities and his wanton destruction of furniture when in a state of excitement. — "Sing, old Rose, and burn the bellows!" has grown into a proverb.

† The worthy Jesuit's polemical publisher. — I am not quite sure as to the orthography; it's *idem sonans*, at all events.



And well might have borne  
 Those words which are worn  
 By our "*Nulli Secundus*" Club — poor dear lost muttons. —  
 Of Guardsmen — on Club days, inscribed on their buttons. —  
 They would read, write, and speak  
 Latin, Hebrew, and Greek,  
 A radish-bunch munch for a lunch, — or a leek;  
 Though scoffers and boobies  
 Ascribe certain rubies  
 That garnish'd the nose of the good Father Hilary  
 To the overmuch use of Canary and Sillery,  
 — Some said spirituous compounds of viler distillery —  
 Ah! little rock'd they  
 That with Friars, who say  
 Fifty *Paters* a night, and a hundred a day,  
 A very slight sustenance goes a great way —  
 Thus the consequence was that his colleague, *Basilus*,  
 Won golden opinions, by looking more bilious,  
 From all who conceived strict monastical duty  
 By no means conducive to personal beauty;  
 And being more meagre, and thinner, and paler,  
 He was snapt up at once by the bandy-legg'd Tailor.

The latter's concern  
 For a speedy return  
 Scarce left the Monk time to put on stouter sandals,  
 Or go round to his shrines, and snuff all his Saint's candles;  
 Still less had he leisure to change the hair-shirt he  
 Had worn the last twenty years — probably thirty, —  
 Which not being wash'd all that time, had grown dirty.  
 — It seems there's a sin in  
 The wearing clean linen,  
 Which Friars must eschew at the very beginning,  
 Though it makes them look frowzy, and drowsy, and blowsy,  
 And — a rhyme modern etiquette never allows ye. —

As for the rest,  
E'en if time had not prest,  
It didn't much matter how Basil was drest,  
Nor could there be any great need for adorning,  
The Night being almost at odds with the Morning.

Oh! sweet and beautiful is Night, when the silver Moon is high,  
And countless Stars, like clustering gems, hang sparkling in  
the sky,  
While the balmy breath of the summer breeze comes whispering  
down the glen,  
And one fond voice alone is heard—oh! Night is lovely then!  
But when that voice, in feeble moans of sickness and of pain,  
But mocks the anxious ear that strives to catch its sounds in  
vain,—

When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering light,  
Where all we love is fading fast—how terrible is Night!!

More terrible yet,  
If you happen to get  
By an old woman's bedside, who, all her life long,  
Has been, what the vulgar call “coming it strong”  
In all sorts of ways that are naughty and wrong.—

As Confessions are sacred, it's not very facile  
To ascertain what the old hag said to Basil;

But whatever she said,  
It fill'd him with dread,

And made all his hair stand on end on his head,—  
No great feat to perform, inasmuch as said hair  
Being clipp'd by the tonsure, his crown was left bare,  
So of course Father Basil had little to spare;

But the little he had  
Seem'd as though 't had gone mad,  
Each lock, as by action galvanic, uprears  
In the two little tufts on the tops of his ears.—

What the old woman said  
That so “fill'd him with dread,”

We should never have known any more than the dead,  
 If the bandy-legg'd Tailor, his errand thus sped,  
 Had gone quietly back to his needle and thread,  
 As he ought; but instead,  
 Curiosity led,—

A feeling we all deem extremely ill-bred,—  
 He contrived to secrete himself under the bed!  
 —Not that he heard  
 One half, or a third

Of what pass'd as the Monk and the Patient conferred,  
 But he here and there managed to pick up a word,  
 Such as "Knife,"  
 And "Life,"

And he thought she said "Wife,"  
 And "Money," that source of all evil and strife;\*"   
 Then he plainly distinguish'd the words "Gore," and "Gash,"  
 Whence he deem'd—and I don't think his inference rash—  
 She had cut some one's throat for the sake of his cash!

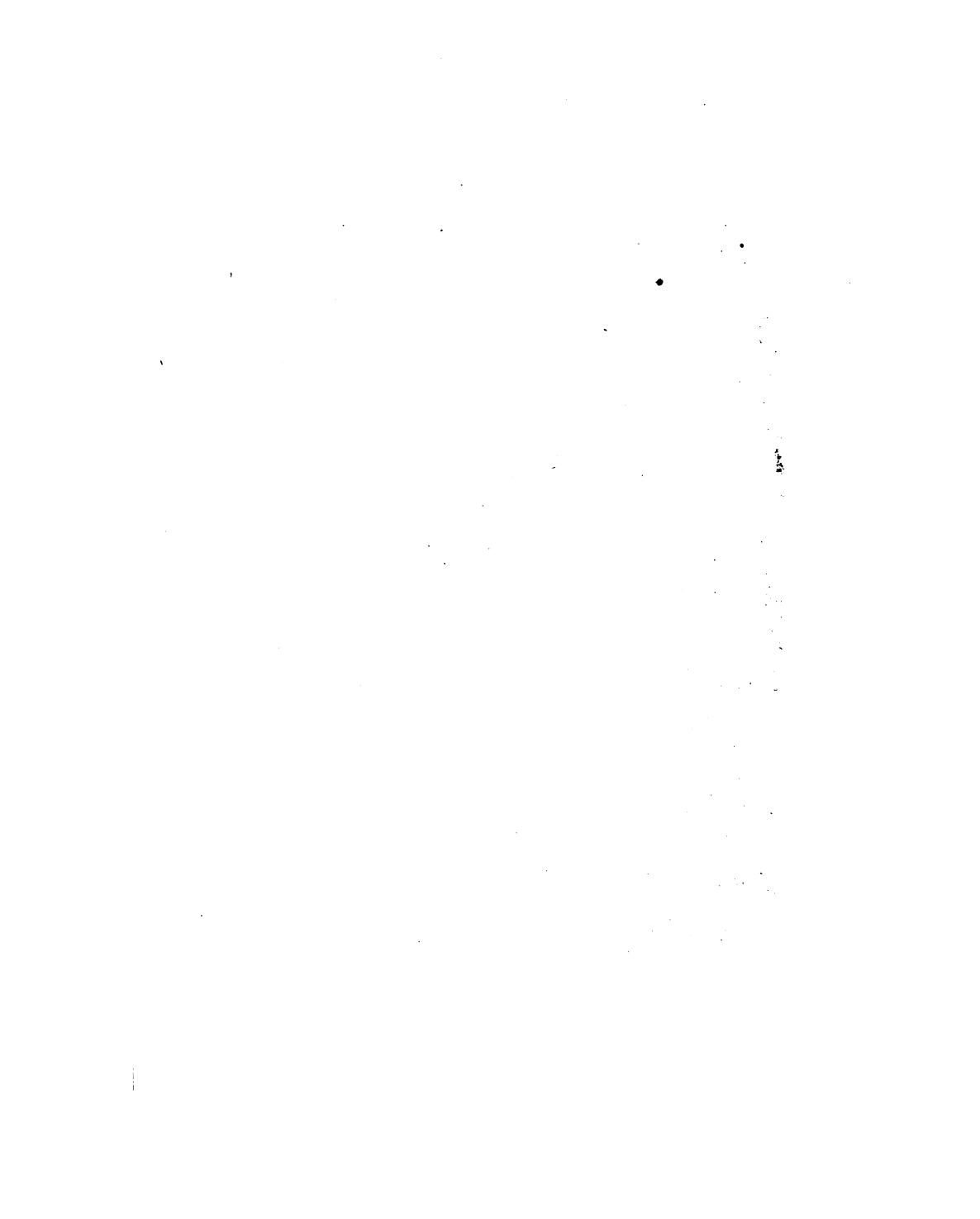
Intermix'd with her moans,  
 And her sighs, and her groans,  
 Enough to have melted the hearts of the stones,  
 Came at intervals Basil's sweet, soft, silver tones,  
 For somehow it happen'd—I can't tell you why—  
 The good Friar's indignation,—at first rather high,—  
 To judge from the language he used in reply,  
 Ere the Old Woman ceased, had a good deal gone by;  
 And he gently address'd her in accents of honey,  
 "Daughter, don't you despair?—WHAT'S BECOME OF THE  
 MONEY?"

In one just at death's door, it was really absurd  
 To see how her eye lighted up at that word—  
 Indeed there's not one in the language that I know,  
 (Save its synonyms "Spanish," "Blunt," "Stumpy," and  
 "Rhino,")

\* Effodiuntur Opes Irritamenta Malorum.

LALY'S Grammar.





Which acts so direct,  
 And with so much effect  
 On the human *sensorium*, or makes one erect  
 One's ears so, as soon as the sound we detect—  
     It's a question with me  
     Which of the three,  
 Father Basil himself, though a grave S. T. P.  
 (Such as he have, you see, the degree of D.D.)  
 Or the eaves-dropping, bandy-legg'd Tailor,—or She  
 Caught it quickest—however traditions agree  
 That the Old Woman perk'd up as brisk as a bee,—  
 'Twas the last quivering flare of the taper,—the fire  
 It so often emits when about to expire!  
 Her excitement began the same instant to flag,  
 She sank back, and whisper'd "Safe!—Safe! in the Bag!!"  
 Now I would not by any means have you suppose  
 That the good Father Basil was just one of those  
     Who entertain views  
     We're so apt to abuse,  
 As neither befitting Turks, Christians, nor Jews,  
     Who haunt death-bed scenes,  
     By underhand means  
 To toady or tease people out of a legacy,—  
 For few folk, indeed, had such good right to beg as he,  
 Since Rome, in her pure Apostolical beauty,  
 Not only permits, but enjoins, as a duty,  
     Her sons to take care  
     That, let who will be heir,  
 The Pontiff shall not be choused out of his share,  
 Nor stand any such mangling of chattels and goods,  
 As, they say, was the case with the late Jemmy Wood's;  
 Her Conclaves, and Councils, and Synods in short main-  
 -tain principles adverse to statutes of *Mortmain*;  
     Besides you'll discern  
     It, at once, when you learn

That Basil had something to give in return,  
 Since it rested with him to say how she should burn,  
 Nay, as to her ill-gotten wealth, should she turn it all  
 To uses he named, he could say, "You shan't burn at all,

Or nothing to signify,  
 Not what you'd dignify

So much as even to call it a roast,  
 But a mere little singeing, or scorching at most, —  
 What many would think not unpleasantly warm, —  
 Just to keep up appearance—mere matter of form."

All this in her ear  
 He declared, but I fear

That her senses were wand'ring—she seem'd not to hear,  
 Or, at least, understand, — for mere unmeaning talk her  
 Parch'd lips babbled now, — such as "Hookey!" — and  
 "Walker!"

— She expired, with her last breath expressing a doubt  
 If "his Mother were fully aware he was out?"

Now it seems there's a place they call Purgat'ry — so  
 I must write it, my verse not admitting the O —  
 But, as for the *venue*, I vow I'm perplex'd  
 To say if it's in this world, or if in the next —  
 Or whether in both — for 'tis very well known  
 That St. Patrick, at least, has got one of his own,  
 In a "tight little Island" that stands in a Lake  
 Call'd "Lough-dearg" — that's "The Red Lake," unless I  
 mistake, —

Lu Fermanagh — or Antrim — or Donegal — which

I declare I can't tell,  
 But I know very well

It's in latitude 54, nearly their pitch  
 (At Tappington, now, I could look in the Gazetteer,  
 But I'm out on a visit, and nobody has it here).

There are some, I'm aware,  
 Who don't stick to declare

There's. "no differ" at all 'twixt "this here" and "that there,"

That it's all the same place, but the Saint reserves his entry  
For the separate use of the "finest of pisentry,"

And that his is no more  
Than a mere private door

From the *rez-de-chaussée*, — as some call the ground floor, —  
To the one which the Pope had found out long before.

But no matter — lay  
The *locale* where you may;

— And where it is no one exactly can say —  
There's one thing, at least, which is known very well,  
That it acts as a Tap-room to Satan's Hotel.

"Entertainment" there's worse  
Both for "Man and for Horse;"  
For broiling the souls

They use Lord Mayor's coals; —  
Then the sulphur's inferior, and boils up much slower  
Than the fine fruity brimstone they give you down lower:  
It's by no means so strong —

Mere sloe-leaves to Souchong;  
The "prokers" are not half so hot, or so long,  
By an inch or two, either in handle or prong;  
The Vipers and Snakes are less sharp in the tooth,  
And the Nondescript Monsters not near so uncouth; —  
In short, it's a place the good Pope, its creator,  
Made for what's called by Cockneys a "Minor The-âtre."  
Better suited, of course, for a "minor performer,"  
Than the "House," that's so much better lighted and warmer,  
Below, in that queer place which nobody mentions, —

— You understand where

I don't question — down there  
Where, in lieu of wood blocks, and such modern inventions,  
The Paving Commissioners use "Good Intentions,"  
Materials which here would be thought on by few men,  
With so many founts of Asphaltic bitumen  
At hand, at the same time to pave and illumine.



To go on with my story,  
 This same Purga-tory,  
 (There, I've got in the O, to my Muse's great glory,)  
 Is close lock'd, and the Pope keeps the keys of it—that I can  
 Boldly affirm—in his desk in the Vatican;  
     — Not those of St. Peter—  
     These of which I now treat, are  
 A bunch by themselves, and much smaller and neater—  
 And so cleverly made, Mr. Chubb could not frame a  
 Key better contrived for its purpose—nor Bramah.

Now it seems that by these  
 Most miraculous keys  
 Not only the Pope, but his "clergy," with ease  
 Can let people in and out, just as they please;  
 And—provided you "make it all right" about fees,  
 There is not a friar Dr. Wiseman will own, of them,  
 But can always contrive to obtain a short loan of them;  
     And Basil, no doubt,  
     Had brought matters about,  
 If the little old woman would but have "spoke out,"  
 So far as to get for her one of those tickets,  
 Or passes, which clear both the great gates and wickets;  
     So that after a grill,  
     Or short turn on the Mill,  
 And with no worse a singeing, to purge her iniquity,  
 Than a Freemason gets in the "Lodge of Antiquity,"  
     She'd have rubb'd off old scores,  
     Popp'd out of doors,  
 And sheer'd off at once for a happier port,  
 Like a white-wash'd Insolvent that's gone through the Court."

But Basil was one  
 Who was not to be *done*  
 By any one, either in earnest or fun;—  
 The cunning old beads-telling son of a gun,

In all bargains, unless he'd his *quid* for his *quo*,  
Would shake his bald pate, and pronounce it "No Go."

So, unless you're a 'dunce,

You'll see clearly, at once,

When you come to consider the facts of the case, he,  
Of course never gave her his *Vade in pace*;  
And the consequence was, when the last mortal throe  
Released her pale Ghost from these regions of woe,  
The little old woman had no where to go!

For, what could she do?

She very well knew

If she went to the gates I have mention'd to you,  
Without Basil's, or some other passport to show  
The Cheque-takers never would let her go through;  
While, as to *the other place*, e'en had she tried it,  
And really had wish'd it, as much as she shied it,  
(For no one who knows what it is can abide it,)  
Had she knock'd at the portal with ne'er so much din,  
Though she died in, what folks at Rome call, "Mortal sin,"  
Yet Old Nick, for the life of him, daren't take her in,  
As she'd not been turn'd formally out of "the pale;—"  
So much the bare name of the Pope made him quail,  
In the times that I speak of, his courage would fail  
Of Rome's vassals the lowest and worst to assail,  
Or e'en touch with so much as the end of his tail;

Though, now he's grown older,

They say he's much bolder,

And his Holiness not only gets the "cold shoulder,"  
But Nick rumps him completely, and don't seem to care a  
*Dump*—that's the word—for his triple tiara.

Well—what shall she do?—

What's the course to pursue?—

"Try St. Peter?—the step is a bold one to take;  
For the Saint is, there can't be a doubt, 'wide awake;'

But then there's a quaint

Old Proverb says 'Faint

Heart ne'er won fair Lady,' then how win a Saint?—

I've a great mind to try—

One can but apply;

If things come to the worst why he can but deny—

The sky

's rather high

To be sure—but, now I

That cumbersome carcass of clay have laid by,

I am just in the 'order' which some folks—though why

I am sure I can't tell you—would call 'Apple-pie.'

Then 'never say die!'

It won't do to be shy,

So I'll tuck up my shroud, and—here goes for a fly!"

—So said and so done—she was off like a shot,

And kept on the whole way at a pretty smart trot.

When she drew so near

That the Saint could see her,

In a moment he frown'd, and began to look queer,

And scarce would allow her to make her case clear,

Ere he purs'd up his mouth 'twixt a sneer and a jeer,

With "It's all very well,—but you do not lodge here!"—

Then, calling her everything but "My dear!"

He applied his great toe with some force *au derrière*,

And dismiss'd her at once with a flea in her ear.

"Alas! poor Ghost!"

It's a doubt which is most

To be pitted—one doom'd to fry, broil, boil, and roast,—

Or one handied about thus from pillar to post,—

To be "all abroad"—to be "stump'd" not to know where

To go—so disgraced

As not to be "placed,"

Or, as Crocky would say to Jem Bland, "To be No where. —

However that be

The *affaire* was *finie*,

And the poor wretch rejected by all, as you see!

Mr. Oliver Goldsmith observes—not the Jew—  
 That the “Hare whom the hounds and the huntsmen pursue,”  
 Having no other sort of asylum in view,  
 “Returns back again to the place whence she flew,”—  
 A fact which experience has proved to be true.—  
 Mr. Gray,—in opinion with whom Johnson clashes,—  
 Declares that our “wonted fires live in our ashes.”\*—  
 These motives combined, perhaps, brought back the hag,  
 The first to her mansion, the last to her bag,  
 When only conceive her dismay and surprise,  
 As a Ghost how she open’d her cold stony eyes,  
 When there,—on the spot where she’d hid her “supplies,”—  
 In an underground cellar of very small size,  
     Working hard with a spade,  
     All at once she survey’d  
 That confounded old bandy-legg’d “Tailor by trade.”

Fancy the tone  
 Of the half moan, half groan,  
 Which burst from the breast of the Ghost of the crone!  
 As she stood there,—a figure ’twixt moonshine and stone,  
 Only fancy the glare in her eyeballs that shone!  
 Although, as Macbeth says, “they’d no speculation,”  
     While she utter’d that word,  
     Which American Bird,  
 Or James Fenimore Cooper, would render “Tarnation!!”

At the noise which she made,  
 Down went the spade!—  
 And up jump’d the bandy-legg’d “Tailor by trade,”  
 (Who had shrewdly conjectured, from something that fell, her  
 Deposit was somewhere conceal’d in the cellar;)  
     Turning round at a sound  
     So extremely profound,

\* “E’en in our ashes live their wonted fires!”—GRAY.

“A position at which Experience revolts, Credulity hesitates, and even  
 Fancy stares!”—JOHNSON.

The moment her shadowy form met his view,  
 He gave vent to a sort of a lengthen'd "Bo-o—ho-o!"—  
 With a countenance Keeley alone could put on,  
 Made one grasshopper spring to the door—and was gone!

*Erupt! Evasit!*

As at Rome they would phrase it—  
 His flight was so swift, the eye scarcely could trace it,  
 Though elderly, bandy-legg'd, meagre and sickly,  
 I doubt if the Ghost could have vanish'd more quickly;—  
 He reach'd his own shop, and then fell into fits,  
 And it's said never rightly recover'd his wits,  
 While the chuckling old Hag takes his place, and there sits!

I'll venture to say,

She'd sat there to this day,

Brooding over what Cobbett calls "vile yellow clay,"  
 Like a Vulture, or other obscene bird of prey,  
 O'er the nest-full of eggs she has managed to lay,  
 If, as legends relate, and I think we may trust 'em, her  
 Stars had not brought her another guess customer—

"Twas Basil himself!—

Come to look for her pelf:

But not, like the Tailor, to dig, delve, and grovel,  
 And grub in the cellar with pickaxe and shovel;

Full well he knew

Such tools would not do,—

Far other the weapons he brought into play,  
*Viz*, a Wax-taper "hallow'd on Candlemas-day,"

To light to her ducats,

Holy water, two buckets,

Made with salt—half a peck to four gallons—which brews a  
 (Strong triple X "strike,"—see Jacobus de Chusa,)

With these, too, he took

His bell and his book—

Not a nerve ever trembled,—his hand never shook  
 As he boldly march'd up where she sat in her nook,  
 Glow'ring round with that wild indescribable look,

Which *Some* may have read of, perchance, in "Nell Cook,"\*  
*All*, in "Martha the Gipsy" by Theodore Hook.

And now, for the reason I gave you before,  
 Of what passed then and there I can tell you no more,  
 As no Tailor was near with his ear at the door;

But I've always been told,  
 With respect to the gold,

For which she her "jewel eternal" had sold,  
 That the old Harridan,  
 Who, no doubt, knew her man,  
 Made some compromise — hit upon some sort of plan,  
 By which Friar and Ghost were both equally pinn'd —  
 Heaven only knows how the "Agreement" got wind; —

But its purport was this,  
 That the things done amiss

By the Hag should not hinder her ultimate bliss;

Provided — "*Imprimis*,  
 The cash from this time is

The Church's — impounded for good pious uses —  
 — Father B. shall dispose of it just as he chooses,  
 And act as trustee —

In the meantime that She,

The said Ghostess, — or Ghost, — as the matter may be, —  
 From 'impediment,' 'hindrance,' and 'let' shall be free,  
 To sleep in her grave, or to wander, as he,  
 The said Friar, with said Ghost may hereafter agree. —

Moreover — The whole  
 Of the said cash, or 'cole,'

Shall be spent for the good of said Old Woman's soul!

"It is farther agreed — while said cash is so spending,  
 Said Ghost shall be fully absolved from attending,

And shall quiet remain  
 In the grave, her domain,

\* See page 113.

To have, and enjoy, and uphold, and maintain,  
 Without molestation, or trouble or pain,  
 Hindrance, let, or impediment, (over again)  
 From Old Nick, or from any one else of his train,  
 Whether Pow'r,—Domination,—or Princedom,—or Throne,\*  
 Or by what name soever the same may be known,  
 Howsoever call'd by Poets or styled by Divines,—  
 Himself,—his executors, heirs, and assigns.

“ Provided that,—nevertheless,—notwithstanding  
 All herein contain'd,—if whoever's a hand in  
 Dispensing said cash,—or said 'cole,'— shall dare venture  
 To misapply money, note, bill, or debenture  
 To uses not named in this present Indenture,  
 Then that such sum, or sums, shall revert, and come home again  
 Back to said Ghost,— who thenceforward shall roam again,  
 Until such time, or times, as the said Ghost produces  
 Some good man and true, who no longer refuses  
 To put sum, or sums, aforesaid, to said uses;  
 Which duly perform'd, the said Ghost shall have rest,  
 The full term of her natural death, of the best,  
 In full consideration of this, her bequest,  
 In manner and form aforesaid,—as exprest:—  
 In witness whereof, we, the parties aforesaid,  
 Hereunto set our hands and our seals—and no more said,  
 Being all that these presents intend to express,  
 Whereas—notwithstanding—and nevertheless.

“ Sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd, this 20th of May,  
*Anno Domini*, blank, (though I've mention'd the day,)  
 (Signed

BASIL.

OLD WOMAN (late) CLOTHED IN GREY.”

Basil, now I am told,  
 Walking off with the gold,

\* Thrones! Dominations! Princedoms! Virtues! Powers!—MILTON.

Went and straight got the document duly enroll'd,  
 And left the testatrix to mildew and mould  
 In her sepulchre, cosey, cool,—not to say cold.  
 But somehow—though how I can hardly divine,—

A runlet of fine

Rich Malvoisie wine

Found its way to the Convent that night before nine,  
 With custards, and “flawns,” and a “fayre florentine,”  
 Peach, apricot, nectarine, melon, and pine;—  
 And some half a score Nuns of the rule Bridgetine,  
 Abbess and all were invited to dine  
 At a very late hour,—that is after Compline.—  
 —Father Hilary's rubies began soon to shine  
 With fresh lustre, as though newly dug from the mine;

Through all the next year,

Indeed, 'twould appear

That the Convent was much better off, as to cheer,  
 Even Basil himself, as I very much fear,  
 No longer addicted himself to small beer;

His complexion grew clear,

While in front and in rear

He enlarged so, his shape seem'd approaching a sphere.

No wonder at all, then, one cold winter's night,  
 That a servant girl going down stairs with a light  
 To the cellar we've spoken of, saw, with affright,  
 An Old Woman, astride on a barrel, invite  
 Her to take, in a manner extremely polite,  
 With her left hand, a bag, she had got in her right;—  
 For tradition asserts that the Old Woman's purse  
 Had come back to her *scarcely one penny the worse!*

The girl, as they say,

Ran screaming away,

Quite scared by the Old Woman clothed in grey;  
 But there came down a Knight, at no distant a day,  
 Sprightly and gay  
 As the bird on the spray,



One Sir Rufus Mountfardington, Lord of Foot's-cray,  
 Whose estate, not unlike those of most of our "Swell" beaux,  
 Was, what's, by a metaphor, term'd "out at elbows;"  
 And the fact was, said Knight was now merely delay'd,  
 From crossing the water to join the Crusade  
 For converting the Pagans with bill, bow, and blade,  
 By the want of a little pecuniary aid  
 To buy arms and horses, the tools of his trade,  
 And enable his troop to appear on parade;

The unquiet Shade

Thought Sir Rufus, 'tis said,  
 Just the man for her money,—she readily paid  
 For the articles named, and with pleasure convey'd  
 To his hands every farthing she ever had made;

But alas! I'm afraid

Most unwisely she laid

Out her cash—the *Beaux yeux* of a Saracen maid  
 (Truth compels me to say a most pestilent jade)  
 Converted the gallant converter—betray'd  
 Him to do everything which a Knight could degrade,  
 —E'en to worship Mahound!—she required—He obey'd,  
 The consequence was, all the money was wasted  
 On Infidel pleasures he should not have tasted;  
 So that, after a very short respite, the Hag  
 Was seen down in her cellar again with her bag.

Don't fancy, dear Reader, I mean to go on  
*Seriatim* through so many ages by-gone,

And to bore you with names

Of the Squires and the Dames,

Who have managed, at times, to get hold of the sack,  
 But spent the cash so that it always came back;

The list is too long

To be given in my song,—

There are reasons beside, would perhaps make it wrong;  
 I shall merely observe, in those orthodox days,  
 When Mary set Smithfield all o'er in a blaze,

And show'd herself very se-  
vere against heresy,  
While many a wretch scorn'd to flinch, or to scream, as he  
Burnt for denying the Papal supremacy,  
Bishop Bonner the bag got,  
And all thought the Hag got  
Released, as he spent all in fuel and faggot.—  
But somehow—though how  
I can't tell you, I vow—  
I suppose by mismanagement—ere the next reign  
The Spectre had got all her money again.

The last time, I'm told,  
That the Old Woman's gold  
Was obtain'd,—as before,—for the asking,—'twas had  
By a Mr. O—Something—from Ballinacod;  
And the whole of it, so 'tis reported, was sent  
To John Wright's, in account for the Catholic Rent,  
And thus—like a great deal more money—it “went!”  
So 'tis said at Maynooth,  
But I can't think it's truth;  
Though I know it was boldly asserted last season,  
Still I can *not* believe it; and that for this reason,  
It's certain *the cash has got back to its owner!*—  
—Now no part of the Rent to do so e'er was known,—or,  
In any shape, ever come home to the donor.

GENTLE READER!—you must know the proverb, I think—  
“To a blind horse a nod is as good as a Wink!”

Which some learned Chap,  
In a square College cap,  
Perhaps, would translate by the words “*Verbum Sap!*”  
—Now, should it so chance  
That you're going to France  
In the course of next Spring, as you probably may,  
Do pull up, and stay,  
Pray,  
If but for a day,

At Dover, through which you must pass on your way.  
 At the York, — or the Ship, — where, as all people say,  
 You'll get good wine yourself, and your horses good hay,  
 Perhaps, my good friend, you may find it will *pay*,  
 And you cannot lose much by so short a delay.

First DINE! — you can do  
 That on joint, or *ragoût* —

Then say to the waiter, — "I'm just passing through, —  
 Pray, — where can I find out the old *Maison Dieu*? —  
 He'll show you the street — (the French call it a *Rue*,  
 But you won't have to give here a *petit écu*).

Well, — when you've got there, — never mind how you're  
 taunted, —

Ask boldly, "Pray, which is the house here that's haunted?"  
 — I'd tell you myself, but I can't recollect  
 The proprietor's name; but he's one of that sect  
 Who call themselves "Friends," and whom others call "Qua-  
 kers," —

You'll be sure to find out if you ask at the Baker's, —  
 Then go down with a light,  
 To the cellar at night!

And as soon as you see her don't be in a fright!  
 But ask the old Hag,  
 At once, for the bag! —

If you find that she's shy, or your senses would dazzle,  
 Say, "Ma'am, I insist! — in the name of St. Basil!"

If she gives it you, seize  
 It, and — do as you please —

But there is not a person I've ask'd but agrees,  
 You should spend — part at least — for the Old Woman's ease!  
 — For the rest — if it *must* go back some day — why — let it! —  
 Meanwhile, if you're poor, and in love, or in debt, it  
 May do you some good, and —

I WISH YOU MAY GET IT!!!

To whom is the name of Cornelius Agrippa otherwise than familiar, since "a Magician," of renown not inferior to his own, has brought him and his terrible "Black Book" again before the world?—That he was celebrated, among other exploits, for raising the Devil, we are all well aware;—how he performed this feat,—at least one, and that, perhaps, the most certain method, by which he did it,—is thus described.

### RAISING THE DEVIL.

#### A LEGEND OF CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

"AND hast thou nerve enough?" he said,  
That grey Old Man, above whose head  
Unnumber'd years had roll'd,—  
"And hast thou nerve to view," he cried,  
"The incarnate Fiend that Heaven defied!—  
—Art thou indeed so bold?

"Say, canst Thou, with unshrinking gaze,  
Sustain, rash youth, the withering blaze  
Of that unearthly eye,  
That blasts where'er it lights,—the breath  
That, like the Simoom, scatters death  
On all that yet can die!

—"Dar'st thou confront that fearful form,  
That rides the whirlwind, and the storm,  
In wild unholy revel!—  
The terrors of that blasted brow,  
Archangel's once,—though ruin'd now—  
—Ay,—dar'st thou face THE DEVIL?"—

"I dare!" the desperate Youth replied,  
And placed him by that Old Man's side,  
In fierce and frantic glee,  
Unblenched his cheek, and firm his limb;  
—"No paltry juggling Fiend, but HIM!  
—THE DEVIL!—I fain would see!—

"In all his Gorgon terrors clad,  
His worst, his fellest shape!" the Lad  
Rejoin'd in reckless tone.—  
—"Have then thy wish!" Agrippa said,  
And sigh'd and shook his hoary head,  
With many a bitter groan. •

He drew the mystic circle's bound,  
With skull and cross-bones fenced around;  
He traced full many a sigil there;  
He mutter'd many a backward pray'r,  
That sounded like a curse—  
"He comes!"—he cried with wild grimace,  
"The fellest of Apollyon's race!"—  
—Then in his startled pupil's face  
He dash'd—an EMPTY PURSE!!

ONE more legend, and then, gentle Reader, "A merry Christmas to you and a happy New Year!"—We have travelled over many lands together, and had many a good-humoured laugh by the way;—if we have, occasionally, been "more merry than wise," at least we have not jostled our neighbours on the road,—much less have we kicked any one into a ditch.

So wishing you heartily all the compliments of the season, — and thanking you cordially for your company, I, Thomas Ingoldsby, bid you heartily farewell, and leave you in that of

### SAINT MEDARD.

#### A LEGEND OF AFRIC.

"Heus tu! inquit Diabolus, hei mihi! fessis insuper humeris reponenda est sarcina; fer opem queso!"

"Le Diable a des vices;—c'est là ce qui le perd.—Il est gourmand. Il eut dans cette minute-là l'idée de joindre l'âme de Medard aux autres âmes qu'il allait emporter.—Se rejeter en arrière, saisir de sa main droite son poignard, et en percer l'outre avec une violence, et une rapidité formidable,—c'est ce que fit Medard.—Le Diable poussa un grand cri. Les âmes délivrées s'enfuirent par l'issue que le poignard venait de leur ouvrir, laissant dans l'outre leurs noirceurs, leurs crimes, et leurs méchancetés," &c. &c.

In good King Dagobert's palmy days,

When Saints were many, and sins were few,

Old Nick, 'tis said,

Was sore bested

One evening,—and could not tell what to do.—

He had been East, and he had been West,

And far had he journey'd o'er land and sea;

For women and men

Were warier then,

And he could not catch one where he'd now catch three.

He had been North, and he had been South,  
From Zembla's shores unto far Peru,  
Ere he fill'd the sack  
Which he bore on his back—  
Saints were so many, and sins so few!

The way was long, and the day was hot;  
His wings were weary; his hoofs were sore;  
And scarce could he trail  
His nerveless tail,  
As it furrow'd the sand on the Red Sea shore!

The day had been hot, and the way was long;  
—Hoof-sore, and weary, and faint, was he;  
He lower'd his sack,  
And the heat of his back,  
As he leaned on a palm-trunk, blasted the tree!

He sat himself down in the palm-tree's shade,  
And he gazed, and he grinn'd in pure delight,  
As he peep'd inside  
The buffalo's hide  
He had sewn for a sack, and had cramm'd so tight.

For, though he'd "gone over a good deal of ground,"  
And game had been scarce, he might well report  
That still, he had got  
A decentish lot,  
And had had, on the whole, not a bad day's sport.

He had pick'd up in France a *Maitre de Danse*, —  
A *Mattresse en titre*, — two smart *Grisettes*,  
A Courtier at play, —  
And an English *Rous* —

Who had bolted from home without paying his debts. —

— He had caught in Great Britain a Scrivener's clerk,  
A Quaker, — a Baker, — a Doctor of Laws, —

And a Jockey of York—  
But Paddy from Cork  
“Desaved the ould divil,” and shipp’d through his claws!  
In Moscow, a Boyar knouting his wife  
—A Corsair’s crew, in the Isles of Greece—  
And, under the dome  
Of St. Peter’s, at Rome,  
He had snapp’d up a nice little Cardinal’s Niece.—  
He had bagg’d an Inquisitor fresh from Spain—  
A mendicant Friar—of Monks a score;  
A grave Don, or two,  
And a Portuguese Jew,  
Whom he nabb’d while clipping a new Moldore.  
And he said to himself, as he lick’d his lips,  
“Those nice little Dears!—what a delicate roast!—  
—Then, that fine fat Friar,  
At a very quick fire,  
Dress’d like a Woodcock, and served on toast!”  
—At the sight of tit-bits so toothsome and choice  
Never did mouth water more than Nick’s;  
But,—alas! and alack!  
He had stuff’d his sack  
So full that he found himself quite “in a fix:”  
For, all he could do, or all he could say,  
When, a little recruited, he rose to go,  
Alas! and alack!  
He could *not* get the sack  
Up again on his shoulders “whether or no!”  
Old Nick look’d East, Old Nick look’d West,  
With many a stretch, and with many a strain,  
He bent till his back  
Was ready to crack,  
And he pull’d, and he tugg’d,—but he tugg’d in vain.



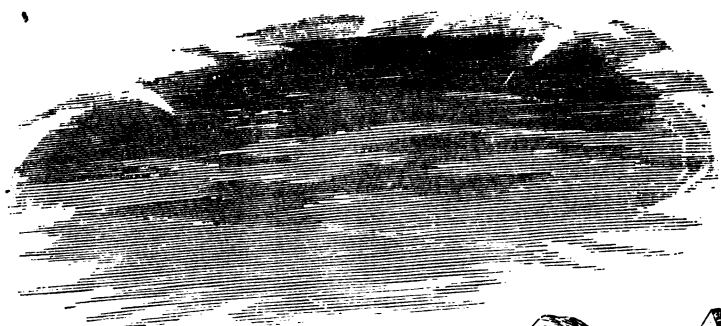
Old Nick look'd North, Old Nick look'd South;  
 — Weary was Nicholas, weak and faint, —  
     And he was aware  
     Of an old man there,  
 In Palmer's weeds, who look'd much like a Saint.  
 Nick eyed the Saint, — then he eyed the Sack —  
 The greedy old glutton! — and thought, with a grin,  
     "Dear heart alive!  
     If I could but contrive  
 To pop that elderly gentleman in! —  
 "For, were I to choose among all the *ragoûts*  
 The *cuisine* can exhibit — flesh, fowl, or fish, —  
     To myself I can paint  
     That a barbecued Saint  
 Would be for my palate the best side-dish!"  
 Now St. Medard dwelt on the banks of the Nile,  
 — In a Pyramis fast by the lone Red Sea.  
     (We call it "Semiramis,"  
     Why not say Pyramis? —  
 Why should we change the S into a D?)  
 St. Medard, he was a holy man,  
 A holy man I ween was he,  
     And even by day,  
     When he went to pray,  
 He would light up a candle, that all might see?  
 He *salaam'd* to the East, — He *salaam'd* to the West;  
 — Of the gravest cut, and the holiest brown  
     Were his Palmer's weeds, —  
     And he finger'd his beads  
 With the right side up, and the wrong side down. —

\*        \*        \*        \*        \*

(*Hiatus in MSS. valde defendendus.*)

St. Medard dwelt on the banks of the Nile; —  
 He had been living there years fourscore, —





And now, "taking the air,  
 And saying a pray'r,"  
 He was walking at eve on the Red Sea shore.  
 Little he deem'd—that Holy man!—  
 Of Old Nick's wiles, and his fraudulent tricks,—  
     When he was aware  
     Of a Stranger there,  
 Who seem'd to have got himself into a fix.  
 Deeply that Stranger groan'd and sigh'd,  
 That wayfaring Stranger, grisly and grey:—  
     "I can't raise my sack  
     On my poor old back!—  
 Oh! lend me a lift, kind Gentleman, pray!—  
 "For I have been East, and I have been West,  
     Foot-sore, weary, and faint am I,  
     And, unless I get home  
     Ere the Curfew bome,  
 Here in this desert I well may die!"  
 "Now Heav'n thee save!"—Nick winced at the words,  
     As ever he winces at words divine—  
     "Now Heav'n thee save!—  
     What strength I have,—  
 It's little, I wis,—shall be freely thine!  
 "For foul befall that Christian man  
     Who shall fail, in a fix,—woe worth the while!—  
     His hand to lend  
     To foe, or to friend,  
 Or to help a lame dog over a stile!"—  
 —St. Medard hath boon'd himself for the task:  
     To hoist up the sack he doth well begin;  
     But the fardel feels  
     Like a bag full of eels,  
 For the folks are all curling, and kicking within.—  
 21 \*

St. Medard paused—he began to “smoke”—  
For a Saint,—if he isn’t exactly a cat,—  
Has a very good nose,  
As this world goes,  
And not worse than his neighbour’s for “smelling a rat.”

The Saint look’d up, and the Saint look’d down;  
He “*smelt* the rat,” and he “*smoked*” the trick;  
—When he came to view  
His comical shoe,  
He saw in a moment his friend was Nick!

He whipp’d out his oyster-knife, broad and keen—  
A Brummagem blade which he always bore,  
To aid him to eat,  
By way of a treat,  
The “natives” he found on the Red-Sea shore;—

He whipp’d out his Brummagem blade so keen,  
And he made three slits in the Buffalo’s hide,  
And all its contents,  
Through the rents, and the vents,  
Came tumbling out,—and away they all hied!

Away went the Quaker,—away went the Baker,  
Away went the Friar—that fine fat Ghost,  
Whose marrow Old Nick  
Had intended to pick,  
Dress’d like a Woodcock, and served on toast!

—Away went the nice little Cardinal’s Niece,—  
And the pretty *Grisettes*,—and the Dons from Spain—  
And the Corsair’s Crew,  
And the coin-clipping Jew,—  
And they scamper’d, like lamplighters, over the plain.—

—Old Nick is a black-looking fellow at best,  
Ay, e’en when he’s pleased; but never before

Had he look'd so black  
As on seeing his sack  
Thus cut into slits on the Red-Sea shore.

You may fancy his rage, and his deep despair,  
When he saw himself thus befooled by one  
Whom, in anger wild,  
He profanely styled  
"A stupid, old, snuff-colour'd Son of a gun!"

Then his supper—so nice!—that had cost him such pains—  
—Such a hard day's work—now "all on the go!"  
—'Twas beyond a joke  
And enough to provoke  
The mildest and best-temper'd Fiend below!

Nick snatch'd up one of those great, big stones,  
Found in such numbers on Egypt's plains,  
And he hurl'd it straight  
At the Saint's bald pate,  
To knock out "the gruel he call'd his brains."

Straight at his pate he hurl'd the weight,  
The crushing weight of that great, big stone;—  
But Saint Medard  
Was remarkably hard,  
And solid, about the parietal bone.

And, though the whole weight of that great, big stone,  
Came straight on his pate, with a great, big thump,  
It fail'd to graze  
The skin,—or to raise  
On the tough epidermis a lump, or bump!—

As the hail bounds off from the pent-house slope,—  
As the cannon recoils when it sends its shot,—  
As the finger and thumb  
Of an old woman come  
From the kettle she handles, and finds too hot;—

— Or, as you may see, in the Fleet, or the Bench,—

— Many folks do in the course of their lives,—

The well-struck ball  
Rebound from the wall,

When the Gentleman jail-birds are playing at “fives:”

All these,—and a thousand fine similes more,—

Such as all have heard of, or seen, or read

Recorded in print,

May give you a hint

How the stone bounced off from St. Medard’s head!

— And it cur’d and it twirl’d and it whirl’d in air,

As this great, big stone at a tangent flew!

— Just missing his crown,

It at last came down

Plump upon Nick’s Orthopedical shoe!

Oh! what a yell and a screech were there!—

How did he hop, skip, bellow, and roar!

— “Oh dear! oh dear!”—

You might hear him here,

Though we’re such a way off from the Red-Sea shore!

It smash’d his shin, and it smash’d his hoof,

Notwithstanding his stout Orthopedical shoe;

And this is the way

That, from that same day,

Old Nick became what the French call *Boiteux*!

Quakers, and Bakers, *Grisettes*, and Friars

And Cardinal’s Nieces,— wherever ye be,

St. Medard bless;

You can scarcely do less

If you of your *corps* possess any *esprit*.—

And, mind and take care, yourselves,— and beware

How you get in Nick’s buffalo bag!—if you do,

I very much doubt  
 If you'll ever get out,  
 Now sins are so many, and Saints so few!!

## MORAL.

Gentle Reader, attend  
 To the voice of a friend!  
 And if ever you go to Herne Bay or Southend,  
 Or any gay wat'ring-place outside the Nore,  
 Don't walk out at eve on the lone sea-shore!  
 — Unless you're too Saintly to care about Nick,  
 And are sure that your head is sufficiently thick?  
  
 Learn not to be greedy! — and, when you've enough,  
 Don't be anxious your bags any tighter to stuff —  
 Recollect that good fortune too far you may push,  
 And, "A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH!"  
 Then turn not each thought to increasing your store,  
 Nor look always like "Oliver asking for more!"  
  
*Gourmandise* is a vice — a sad failing, at least; —  
 So remember "Enough is as good as a feast!"  
 And don't set your heart on "stew'd," "fried," "boil'd," or  
 "roast,"  
 Nor on delicate "Woodcocks served up upon toast!"  
  
 Don't give people nick-names! — don't even in fun,  
 Call any one "snuff-colour'd son of a gun!"  
 Nor fancy, because a man *nous* seems to lack,  
 That, whenever you please, you can "give him the sack!"  
  
 Last of all, as you'd thrive, and still sleep in whole bones,  
 IF YOUV'E ANY GLASS WINDOWS NEVER THROW STONES!!!



# INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

(THIRD SERIES.)

## THE LORD OF THOULOUSE.

### A LEGEND OF LANGUEDOC.

*Veluti in speculum. — Theatre Royal Ope. Gard.*

COUNT RAYMOND rules in Languedoc,  
O'er the champaign fair and wide,  
With town and stronghold many a one,  
Wash'd by the wave of the blue Garonne,  
And from far Auvergne to Rousillon,  
And away to Narbonne,  
And the mouths of the Rhone;  
And his Lyonnois silks and his Narbonne honey,  
Bring in his lordship a great deal of money.

A thousand lances, stout and true,  
Attend Count Raymond's call;  
And Knights and Nobles, of high degree,  
From Guienne, Provence, and Burgundy,  
Before Count Raymond bend the knee,  
And vail to him one and all.

And Isabel of Arragon  
He weds, the Pride of Spain,  
You might not find so rich a prize,  
A Dame so "healthy, wealthy, and wise;"

So pious withal—with such beautiful eyes—  
 So exactly the Venus de' Medicis' size—  
 In all that wide domain.

Then his cellar is stored  
 As well as his board,  
 With the choicest of all *La Belle France* can afford;  
 Chambertin, Châteaux Margaux, La Rose, and Lafitte,  
 With Moët's Champagne, "of the Comet year," "neat  
 As imported,"—"fine sparkling,"—and not over sweet;  
 While his Chaplain, good man, when call'd in to say grace,  
 Would groan, and put on an elongated face  
 At such turtle, such turbot, John Dory, and plaice;  
 Not without blushing, pronouncing a benison,  
 Worthy old soul! on such *very* fat venison,  
 Sighing to think  
 Such victuals and drink,  
 Are precisely the traps by which Satan makes men his own,  
 And grieving o'er scores  
 Of huge barbecued Boars,  
 Which he thinks should not darken a Christian man's doors,  
 Though 'twas all very well Pagan Poets should rate 'em  
 As "*Animal propter convivium natum.*"

He was right, I must say,  
 For at this time of day,  
 When we're not so precise, whether cleric or lay,  
 With respect to our food, as in time so *passé*,  
 We still find our Boars, whether grave ones or gay,  
 After dinner, at least, very much in the way,  
 (We spell the word now with an E, not an A;)  
 And as honest *Père Jacques* was inclined to spare diet, he  
 Gave this advice to all grades of society,  
 "Think less of pudding—and think more of piety."

As to his clothes,  
 Oh! nobody knows

What lots the Count had of cloaks, doublets, and hose,  
    *Pantoufles*, with bows  
    Each as big as a rose,  
And such shirts with lace ruffles, such waistcoats and hose  
Indescribable garments it is not thought right  
To do more than whisper to *oreilles* polite.

Still in spite of his power, and in spite of his riches,  
In spite of his dinners, his dress, and his—which is  
The strangest of all things—in spite of his Wife,  
The Count led a rather hum-drum sort of life.  
He grew tired, in fact, of mere eating and drinking,  
Grew tired of flirting, and ogling, and winking  
    At nursery maids  
    As they walk'd the Parades,  
The Crescents, the Squares, and the fine Colonnades,  
And the other gay places, which young ladies use  
As their *promenade* through the good town of Thoulouse.

He was tired of hawking, and fishing, and hunting,  
Of billiards, short-whist, chicken-hazard, and punting;  
    Of popping at pheasants,  
    Quails, woodcocks, and—peasants:  
    Of smoking, and joking,  
    And soaking, provoking  
    Such headaches next day  
    As his fine St. Peray,  
Though the best of all Rhone wines can never repay,  
Till weary of war, women, roast-geese, and glory,  
With no great desire to be “famous in story,”

    All the day long,  
    This was his song,  
    “Oh, dear! what will become of us?  
    Oh, dear! what shall we do?  
We shall die of blue devils if some of us  
    Can't hit on something that's new!”

Meanwhile his sweet Countess, so pious and good,  
 Such pomps and such vanities stoutly eschew'd,  
 With all fermented liquors and high-season'd food,  
 Devill'd kidneys, and sweet-breads, and ducks and green peas;  
 Baked sucking-pig, goose, and all viands like these,  
 Hash'd calf's-head included, no longer could please,  
 A curry was sure to elicit a breeze,

So was ale, or a glass of port-wine after cheese,

Indeed, any thing strong,

As to tipple, was wrong;

She stuck to "fine Hyson," "Bohea," and "Souchong,"

And similar imports direct from Hong-Kong.

In vain does the family Doctor exhort her

To take with her chop one poor half-pint of porter;

No!—she alleges

She's taken the pledges!

Determined to aid

In a gen'ral Crusade

Against publicans, vintners, and all of that trade,

And to bring in sherbet, ginger-pop, lemonade,

*Pau sucrée*, and drinkables mild and home-made;

So she claims her friends' efforts, and vows to devote all hers

Solely to found "The Thoulousian Teetotallers."

Large sums she employs

In dressing small boys

In long duffle jackets, and short corduroys,

And she boxes their ears when they make too much noise;

In short, she turns out a complete Lady Bountiful,

Filling with drugs and brown Holland the county full.

Now just at the time when our story commences,

It seems that a case

Past the common took place,

To entail on her ladyship further expenses,

In greeting with honour befitting his station

The Prior of Arles, with a Temperance Legation,

Despatch'd by Pope Urban, who seized this occasion  
 To aid in diluting that part of the nation,  
     An excellent man,  
     One who stuck to his can  
 Of cold water "without"—and he'd take such a lot of it;  
     None of your sips  
     That just moistens the lips;  
 At one single draught he'd toss off a whole pot of it,—  
     No such bad thing  
     By the way, if they bring  
 It you iced as at Verrey's, or fresh from the spring,  
 When the Dog Star compels folks in town to take wing,  
 Though I own even then I should see no great sin in it,  
 Were there three drops of Sir Felix's gin in it.

Well, leaving the lady to follow her pleasure,  
 And finish the pump with the Prior at leisure,  
 Let's go back to Raymond, still bored beyond measure,  
     And harping away,  
     On the same dismal lay,  
     "Oh dear! what will become of us?  
     Oh dear! what can we do?  
 We shall die of blue devils, if some of us  
     Can't find out something that's new!"

At length in despair of obtaining his ends  
 By his own mother wit, he takes courage and sends,  
 Like a sensible man as he is, for his friends,  
 Not his Lyndhursts or Eldons, or any such high sirs,  
 But only a few of his "backstairs" advisers;

    "Come hither," says he,  
     " My gallants so free,  
 My bold Rigmarole, and my brave Rigmaree,  
 And my grave Baron Proser, now listen to me!  
 You three can't but see I'm half dead with ennui.

    What's to be done?  
     I *must* have some fun,

And I will too, that's flat—ay, as sure as a gun.  
 So find me out 'something new under the sun,'  
 Or I'll knock your three jobbernowls all into one!—  
 You three  
 Agree!

Come, what shall it be?  
 Resolve me—propound in three skips of a flea!"

Rigmarole gave a "Ha!" Rigmaree gave a "Hem!"  
 They look'd at Count Raymond—Count Raymond at them,  
 As much as to say, "Have you *nihi ad rem*?"

At length Baron Proser  
 Responded, "You know, sir,  
 That question's some time been a regular poser;  
 Dear me!—let me see,—  
 In the way of a 'spree'  
 Something new?—Eh!—No!—Yes!—*No!*—'tis really no  
 go, sir."

Says the Count, "Rigmarole,  
 You're as jolly a soul,  
 On the whole, as King Cole, with his pipe and his bowl:  
 Come, I'm sure you'll devise something novel and droll."—  
 In vain—Rigmarole, with a look most profound,  
 With his hand to his heart and his eye to the ground,  
 Shakes his head as if nothing was there to be found.

"I can only remark,  
 That as touching a 'lark'  
 I'm as much as your Highness can be, in the dark;  
 I can hit on no novelty—none, on my life,  
 Unless, peradventure, you'd 'tea' with your wife!"

Quoth Raymond, "Enough!  
 Nonsense!—humbug!—fudge!—stuff!  
 Rigmarole, you're an ass,—you're a regular Muff!  
 Drink tea with her ladyship?—I?—not a bit of it!  
 Call you that fun?—faith, I can't see the wit of it;

*Mort de ma vie!*  
 My dear Rigmaree,

You're the man, after all,—come, by way of a fee,  
 If you will but be bright, from the simple degree  
 Of a knight I'll create you at once a *Marquis*!  
 Put your conjuring cap on—consider and see,  
 If you can't beat that stupid old 'Sumph' with his 'tee!'"

"That's the thing! that will do!

Ay, marry, that's new!"

Cries Rigmaree, rubbing his hands, "that will please—  
 My '*Conjuring cap*'—it's the thing;—it's 'the cheese!'  
 It was only this morning I pick'd up the news;  
 Please your Highness, a *Conjuror's* come to Thoulouse;

I'll defy you to name us

A man half so famous

For devildoms,—Sir, it's the great Nostradamus!  
 Cornelius Agrippa, 'tis said, went to school to him,  
 Gygell's an ass, and old Faustus a fool to him,  
 Talk of Lilly, Albertus, Jack Dee!—pooh! all six  
 He'd soon put in a pretty particular fix;  
 Why he'd beat at digesting a sword, or 'Gun tricks'  
 The great Northern Wizard himself all to sticks!

I should like to see you

Try to *sauter le coup*

With this chap at short whist, or unlimited loo,  
 By the Pope you'd soon find it a regular 'Do.'  
 Why he does as he likes with the cards,—when he's got 'em,  
 There's always an Ace or a King at the bottom;  
 Then for casting Nativities!—only you look  
 At the volume he's publish'd,—that wonderful book!  
 In all France not another, to swear I dare venture, is  
 Like, by long chalks, his '*Prophetical Centuries*'—  
 Don't you remember how, early last summer, he  
 Warn'd the late King 'gainst the Tournament mummery?  
 Didn't his Majesty call it all flummery,

Scorning

The warning,

And get the next morning

His poke in the eye from that clumsy Montgomery?

Why he'll tell you, before  
 You're well inside his door,  
 All your Highness may wish to be up to, and more!"

"Bravo! — capital! — come, let's disguise ourselves — quick!  
 — Fortune's sent him on purpose here, just in the nick;  
 We'll see if old Hocus will smell out the trick;  
 Let's start off at once — Rigmarée, you're a Brick!"

The moon in gentle radiance shone  
 O'er lowly roof and lordly bower,  
 O'er holy pile and armed tower,  
 And danced upon the blue Garonne:  
 Through all that silver'd city fair,  
 No sound disturb'd the calm, cool air,  
 Save the lover's sigh alone!  
 Or where, perchance, some slumberer's nose  
 Proclaim'd the depth of his repose,  
 Provoking from connubial toes  
 A hint — or elbow-bone;  
 It might, with such trifling exceptions, be said,  
 That Thoulouse was as still as if Thoulouse were dead,  
 And her "oldest inhabitant" buried in lead.

But hark! a sound invades the ear,  
 Of horses' hoofs advancing near!  
 They gain the bridge — they pass — they're here!  
 Side by side  
 Two strangers ride,  
 For the streets in Thoulouse are sufficiently wide,  
 That is I'm assured they are — not having tried.  
 — See, now they stop  
 Near an odd-looking shop;  
 And they knock, and they ring, and they won't be denied.

At length the command  
 Of some unseen hand.



Chains, and bolts, and bars obey,  
And the thick-ribb'd oaken door, old and grey,  
In the pale moonlight gives, slowly, way.

They leave their steeds to a page's care,  
Who comes mounted behind on a Flanders mare,  
And they enter the house, that resolute pair,  
With a blundering step, but a dare-devil air,  
And ascend a long, darksome, and rickety stair;  
While, arm'd with a lamp that just helps you to see  
How uncommonly dark a place can be,  
The grimmest of lads with the grimmest of grins,  
Says, "Gentlemen, please to take care of your shins!  
Who ventures this road need be firm on his pins!  
Now turn to the left—now turn to the right—  
Now a step—now stoop—now again upright—  
Now turn once again, and directly before ye  
's the door of the great Doctor's Labora-tory."

A word! a blow!

And in they go!

No time to prepare, or to get up a show,  
Yet everything there they find quite *comme il faut*:—  
Such as queer-looking bottles and jars in a row,  
Retorts, crucibles, such as all conjurors stow  
In the rooms they inhabit, huge bellows to blow  
The fire burning blue with its sulphur and tow;  
From the roof a huge crocodile hangs rather low,  
With a tail, such as that, which, we all of us know,  
Mr. Waterman managed to tie in a bow;  
Pickled snakes, potted lizards, in bottles and basins  
Like those at Morel's, or at Fortnum and Mason's,  
All articles found, you're aware without telling,  
In every respectable conjuror's dwelling.

Looking solemn and wise,  
Without turning his eyes,  
Or betraying the slightest degree of surprise,

In the midst sits the doctor—his hair is white,  
 And his cheek is wan—but his glance is bright,  
 And his long black roquelaure, not over-tight,  
 Is marked with strange characters much, if not quite  
 Like those on the bottles of green and blue light  
 Which you see in a chymist's shop-window at night.  
 His figure is tall and erect—rather spare about  
 Ribs,—and no wonder—such folks never care about

Eating or drinking,

While reading and thinking,

Don't fatten—his age might be sixty or thereabout.

Raising his eye so grave and so sage,  
 From some manuscript work of a bygone age,  
 The seer very composedly turns down the page,

Then shading his sight,

With his hand from the light,

Says, "Well, Sirs, what would you at this time of night?  
 What brings you abroad these lone chambers to tread,  
 When all sober folks are at home and abed?"

"Trav'lers we,

In our degré,

All strange sights we fain would see,

And hither we come in company;

We have far to go, and we come from far,  
 Through Spain and Portingale, France and Navarre;

We have heard of your name,

And your fame, and our aim,

Great Sir, is to witness, ere yet we depart  
 From Thoulouse,—and to-morrow at cock-crow we start—  
 Your skill—we would fain crave a touch of your art!"

"Now naye, now naye—no trav'lers ye!

Nobles ye be

Of high degree!

With half an eye that one may easily see,—  
 Count Raymond, your servant!—Yours, Lord Rigmance!

I must call you so now since you're made a *Marquis*;  
Faith, clever boys both, but you can't humbug me!

No matter for that!

I see what you'd be at—

Well—pray no delay,

For it's late, and ere day

I myself must be hundreds of miles on my way;  
So tell me at once what you want with me—say!

Shall I call up the dead

From their mouldering bed?—

Shall I send you yourselves down to Hades instead?—

Shall I summon old Harry himself to this spot?"

—"Ten thousand thanks, No! we had much rather not.

We really can't say

That we're curious that way;

But, in brief, if you'll pardon the trouble we're giving,

We'd much rather take a sly peep at the living!

Rigmaree, what say you, in

This case, as to viewing

Our spouses, and just ascertain what they're doing?"

"Just what pleases your Highness—I don't care a sou in

The matter—but don't let old Nick and his crew in!"

—"Agreed!—pray proceed then, most sage Nostradamus,  
And show us our wives—I dare swear they won't shame us!"

A change comes o'er the wizard's face,

And his solemn look by degrees gives place

To a half grave, half comical, kind of grimace.

"For good or for ill,

I work your will!

Yours be the risk and mine the skill;

Blame not my art if unpleasant the pill!"

He takes from a shelf, and he pops on his head,

A square sort of cap, black, and turn'd up with red,

And decides not a syllable more may be said;

He goes on to mutter,  
And stutter, and sputter  
Hard words, such as no men but wizards dare utter.

"Dies mies! — Hocus pocus —  
Adsis Demon! non est jokus!  
Hi Cocolorum — don't provoke us! —  
Adesto!  
Presto!

Put forth your best toe!"  
And many more words, to repeat which would choke us, —  
Such a sniff then of brimstone! — it did not last long,  
Or they could not have borne it, the smell was so strong.

A mirror is near,  
So large and so clear,  
If you priced such a one in a drawing-room here,  
And was ask'd fifty pounds, you'd not say it was dear;  
But a mist gather'd round at the words of the seer,  
Till at length as the gloom  
Was subsiding, a room  
On its broad polish'd surface began to appear,  
And the Count and his comrade saw plainly before 'em,  
The room Lady Isabel called her "*Sanctorum*."

They start, well they might,  
With surprise at the sight,  
Methinks I hear some lady say, "Serve 'em right!"  
For on one side the fire  
Is seated the Prior,

At the opposite corner a fat little Friar;  
By the side of each gentleman, easy and free,  
Sits a lady, as close as close well may be,  
She might almost as well have been perch'd on his knee.

Dear me! dear me!  
Why one's Isabel — she  
On the opposite side's *La Marquise Rigmaree*! —  
To judge from the spread  
On the board, you'd have said

That the *partie quarrée* had like aldermen fed,  
 And now from long flasks with necks cover'd with lead,  
 They were helping themselves to champagne, white and red.

Hobbing and nobbing,  
 And nodding and bobbing,  
 With many a sip

Both from cup and from lip,

And with many a toast follow'd up by a "Hip!—

Hip!—hip!—huzzay!"

—The Count, by the way,

Though he sees all they're doing, can't hear what they say,

Notwithstanding both he

And *Marquis Rigmaree*

Are so vex'd and excited at what they can see,

That each utters a sad word beginning with D.

That word once spoke,

The silence broke,

In an instant the vision is cover'd with smoke!

But enough has been seen. "Horse! horse! and away!"

They have, neither, the least inclination to stay,

E'en to thank Nostradamus, or ask what's to pay.—

They rush down the stair,

How, they know not, nor care,

The next moment the Count is astride on his bay,

And my Lord Rigmaree on his mettlesome grey;

They dash through the town,

Now up, and now down;

And the stones rattle under their hoofs as they ride,

As if poor Thoulouse were as mad as Cheapside;\*

Through lane, alley, and street,

Over all that they meet;

The Count leads the way on his courser so fleet,

\* "The stones did rattle underneath,

As if Cheapside were mad."

*Gilpin's Tour in Middlesex and Hert.*

My Lord Rigmaree close pursuing his beat,  
 With the page in the rear to protect the retreat.  
 Where the bridge spans the river, so wide and so deep,  
 Their headlong career o'er the causeway they keep,  
 Upsetting the watchman, two dogs, and a sweep,  
 All the town population that was not asleep.  
 They at length reach the castle, just outside the town,  
 Where—in peace it was usual with Knights of renown—  
 The portcullis was up, and the drawbridge was down.  
 They dash by the sentinels—"Frances et Tholouse!"  
 Ev'ry soldier (—they then wore cock'd hats and long *gussets*,  
 Appendages banish'd from modern reviews),  
 His arquebus lower'd, and bow'd to his shoes;  
 While Count Raymond push'd on to his lady's boudoir—he  
 Had made up his mind to make one at her *ecirée*.

He rush'd to that door,  
 Where e'er before,

He had rapp'd with his knuckles, and "tirl'd at the pin,"  
 Till he heard the soft sound of his Lady's Come in!"  
 But now, with a kick from his iron-heel'd boot,  
 Which, applied to a brick wall, at once had gone through't,

He dash'd open the lock;  
 It gave way at the shock!

(—Dear ladies, don't think in recording the fact,  
 That your bard's for one moment defending the act,  
 No—it is not a gentleman's—none but a low body  
 No—could perform it)—and there he saw—NOBODY!!

Nobody?—No!!

Oh, ho!—Oh, ho!

There was not a table—there was not a chair  
 Of all that Count Raymond had ever seen there  
 (They'd maroon-leather bottoms well stuff'd with horse-hair),

That was out of its place!—

There was not a trace

Of a party—there was not a dish or a plate—  
 No sign of a table-cloth—nothing to prate

Of a supper, *symposium*, or sitting up late;  
 There was not a spark of fire left in the grate,  
 It had all been poked out, and remain'd in that state.

If there was not a fire,  
 Still less was there friar,  
*Marguise*, or long glasses, or Countess, or Prior,  
 And the Count, who rush'd in open-mouth'd, was struck dumb;  
 And could only ejaculate, "Well! — this is rum!"  
 He rang for the maids — had them into the room  
 With the butler, the footman, the coachman, the groom,  
 He examined them all very strictly — but no!  
 Notwithstanding he cross- and re-question'd them so,  
 'Twas in vain — it was clearly a case of "No Go!"

"Their Lady," they said,  
 "Had gone early to bed,  
 Having rather complain'd of a cold in her head —  
 The stout little Friar, as round as an apple,  
 Had pass'd the whole night in a vigil in chapel,  
 While the Prior himself, as he'd usually done,  
 Had rung in the morning, at half-after one,  
 For his jug of cold water and twopenny bun,  
 And been visible, since they were brought him, to none.

But," the servants averr'd,  
 "From the sounds that were heard  
 To proceed now and then from the father's *cellum*,  
 They thought he was purging  
 His sins with a scourging,  
 And making good use of his knotted *flagellum*."

For Madame Rigmaree,  
 They all testified, she  
 Had gone up to her bed-chamber soon after tea,  
 And they really supposed that there still she must be,  
 Which her spouse, the *Marguise*,  
 Found at once to agree  
 With the rest of their tale, when he ran up to see.

Alack for Count Raymond! he could not conceive  
How the case really stood, or know *what* to believe;  
Nor could Bigmarée settle to laugh or to grieve.

There was clearly a hoax,

But which of the folks

Had managed to make them the butt of their jokes,  
Wife or wizard, they both knew no more than Jack Nokes

That glass of the wizard's

Stuck much in their gizzards,

His cap, and his queer cloak all X's and Izzards;  
Then they found, when they came to examine again,  
Some slight falling off in the stock of champagne,  
Small, but more than the butler could fairly explain.  
However, since nothing could make the truth known,  
Why, — they thought it was best to let matters alone.

The Count in the garden

Begg'd Isabel's pardon

Next morning for waking her up in a fright,  
By the racket he'd kick'd up at that time of night;  
And gave her his word he had ne'er misbehaved so,  
Had he not come home as tipsy as David's sow.  
Still, to give no occasion for family snarls,  
The friar was pack'd back to his convent at Arles,

While as for the prior,

At Raymond's desire,

The Pope raised his rev'rence a step or two higher,  
And made him a bishop *in partibus* — where  
His see was I cannot exactly declare,  
Or describe his cathedral, not having been there,  
But I dare say you'll all be prepared for the news,  
When I say 'twas a good many miles from Thoulouse,  
Where the prelate, in order to set a good precedent,  
Was enjoin'd, as a *sine quâ non*, to be resident.

You will fancy with me,

That Count Raymond was free,

For the rest of his life, from his former *ennui*;



Still it somehow occur'd that as often as he  
Chanced to look in the face of my Lord Rigmaree,  
There was something or other—a trifling degree  
Of constraint—or embarrassment—easy to see,  
And which seem'd to be shared by the noble *Marquis*,  
While the ladies—the queerest of all things by half in  
My tale, never met from that hour without laughing.

## MORAL.

Good gentlemen all, who are subjects of Hymen,  
Don't make new acquaintances rashly, but try men,  
Avoid above all things your cunning (that's sly) men!  
    Don't go out o' nights  
    To see conjuring sleights,  
But shun all such people, delusion whose trade is;  
Be wise!—stay at home and take tea with the ladies.

    If you *chance* to be out,  
    At a “regular bout,”  
And get too much of “Abbot's Pale Ale” or “Brown Stout,”  
Don't be cross when you come home at night to your spouse,  
Nor be noisy, nor kick up a dust in the house!

Be careful yourself, and admonish your sons,  
To beware of all folks who love twopenny buns!  
And don't introduce to your wife or your daughter,  
A sleek, meek, weak gent—who subsists on cold water!

THE main incident recorded in the following *excerpta* from our family papers has but too solid a foundation. The portrait of Roger Ingoldsby is not among those in the gallery, but I have some recollection of having seen, when a boy, a picture answering the description here given of him, much injured, and lying without a frame in one of the attics.

THE WEDDING-DAY;  
OR, THE BUCCANEER'S CURSE,

A FAMILY LEGEND.

It has a jocund sound,  
That gleeful marriage chime,  
As from the old and ivied tower,  
It peals, at the early matin hour,  
Its merry, merry round;  
And the Spring is in its prime,  
And the song-bird, on the spray,  
Trills from his throat, in varied note,  
An emulative lay—

It has a joyous sound!!

And the Vicar is there with his wig and his book,  
And the Clerk, with his grave, *quasi*-sanctified look,  
And there stand the village maids, all with their posies,  
Their lilies, and daffy-down-dillies, and roses,

Dight in white,

A comely sight,

Fringing the path to the left and the right;

— From our nursery days we all of us know

Ne'er doth "Our Ladye's garden grow"

So fair for a "Grand Horticultural Show"

As when border'd with "pretty maids all on a row."

And the urchins are there, escaped from the rule  
 Of that "Limbo of Infants," the National School  
     Whooping, and bawling,  
     And squalling, and calling,  
     And crawling, and creeping,  
     And jumping, and leaping,  
 Bo-peeping 'midst "many a mould'ring heap" in  
 Whose bosom their own "rude forefathers" are sleeping;  
 —Young rascals!—instead of lamenting and weeping,  
     Laughing and gay,  
     *A gorge déployée—*  
 Only now and then pausing—and checking their play,  
 To "wonder what 'tis makes the gentlefolks stay,"  
     Ah, well a-day!  
     Little deem they,  
 Poor ignorant dears! the bells, ringing away,  
     Are anything else  
     Than mere parish bells,  
 Or that each of them, should we go into its history,  
 Is but a "Symbol" of some deeper mystery—  
     That the clappers and ropes  
     Are mere practical tropes  
 Of "trumpets" and "tongues," and of "preachers," and popes,  
 Unless Clement the Fourth's worthy Chaplain, *Durand*, err,  
 See the "*Rationale*," of that goosey-gander.

Gently! gently, Miss Muse!  
 Mind your P's and your Q's!  
 Don't be malapert—laugh, Miss, but never abuse!  
 Calling names, whether done to attack or to back a schism,  
 Is, Miss, believe me, a great piece of jack-ass-ism,  
     And as, on the whole,  
     You're a good-natured soul,  
     You must never enact such a pitiful *rôle*.  
 No, no, Miss, pull up, and go back to your boys  
 In the churchyard, who're making this hubbub and noise—

But hush! there's an end to their romping and mumming,  
For voices are heard—here's the company coming!

And see,—the avenue gates unfold,  
And forth they pace, that bridal train,  
The grave, the gay, the young, the old,  
They cross the green and grassy lane,  
Bridesman, Bridesmaid, Bridegroom, Bride,  
Two by two, and side by side,  
Uncles, and aunts, friends tried and proved,  
And cousins, a great many times removed.

A fairer or a gentler she,

A lovelier maid, in her degree,

Man's eye might never hope to see,

Than darling, bonnie Maud Ingoldsby,

The flow'r of that goodly company;

While whispering low, with bated voice,

Close by her side, her heart's dear choice,

Walks Fredville's hope, young Valentine Boys

—But where, oh where,—

Is Ingoldsby's heir?

Little Jack Ingoldsby?—where, oh where?

Why he's here,—and he's there,

And he's every where—

He's there, and he's here;

In the front—in the rear,—

Now this side, now that side,—now far, and now near—

The Puck of the party, the darling “pet” boy,

Full of mischief, and fun, and good-humour and joy;

With his laughing blue eye, and his cheek like a rose,

And his long curly locks, and his little snub nose;

In his tunic, and trousers, and cap—there he goes!

Now pinching the bridesmen,—now teasing his sister,

And telling the bridesmaids how “Valentine kiss'd her;”

The torment, the plague, the delight of them all,

See, he's into the churchyard!—he's over the wall—

Gambolling, frolicking, capering away,  
He's the first in the church, be the second who may!

\* \* \* \*

'Tis o'er; — the holy rite is done,  
The rite that "incorporates two in one,"  
—And now for the feasting, and frolic, and fun!  
Spare we to tell of the smiling and sighing,  
The shaking of hands, the embracing, and crying,  
The "toot — toot — toot"

Of the tabour and flute,

Of the white-wigg'd Vicar's prolong'd salute,  
Or of how the blithe "*College Youths*," — rather old stagers  
Accustomed, for years, to pull bell-ropes for wagers —  
Rang, faster than ever, their "*triple-bob-MAJORS*;"

(So loud as to charm ye,

At once and alarm ye;

— "*Symbolic*," of course, of that rank in the army.)

Spare we to tell of the fees and the dues  
To the "little old woman that open'd the pews,"  
Of the largesse bestow'd on the Sexton and Clerk,  
Of the four-year-old sheep roasted whole in the park;

Of the laughing and joking,

The quaffing, and smoking,

And chaffing, and broaching — that is to say, poking

A hole in a mighty magnificent tub

Of what men, in our hemisphere, term "*Humming Bub*."

But which gods, — who, it seems, use a different lingo

From mortals, — are wont to denominate "*Stingo*."

Spare we to tell of the horse-collar grinning;

The cheese! the reward of the ugly one winning;

Of the young ladies racing for Dutch body-linen, —

—The soapy-tail'd sow, — a rich prize when you've caught  
her, —

Of little boys bobbing for pippins in water;

The smacks and the whacks,  
 And the jumpers in sacks,  
 These down on their noses and those on their backs ; —  
 Nor skills it to speak of those darling old ditties,  
 Sung rarely in hamlets now — never in cities,  
 The "*King and the Miller*," the "*Bold Robin Hood*,"  
 "*Chevy Chase*," "*Gilderoy*," and the "*Babes in the Wood*!"

—You'll say that my taste  
 Is sadly misplaced,  
 But I can't help confessing these simple old tunes,  
 The "*Auld Robin Grays*," and the "*Aileen Aroons*,"  
 The "*Gramachree Mollys*," and "*Sweet Bonny Doons*"  
 Are dearer to me,  
 In a tenfold degree,  
 Than a fine *fantasia* from over the sea ;  
 And, for sweetness, compared with a Beethoven fugue, are  
 As "best-refined loaf," to the coarsest "brown sugar ;" \*  
 — Alack, for the Bard's want of science! to which he owes  
 All this misliking of foreign *capricios* ? —

Not that he'd say  
 One word, by the way,  
 To disparage our new Idol, Monsieur Duprez —  
 But he grudges, he owns, his departed half-guinea,  
 Each Saturday night when, devour'd by chagrin, he  
 Sits listening to singers whose names end in *ini*.  
 But enough of the rustics — let's leave them pursuing  
 Their out-of-door gambols, and just take a view in  
 The inside the hall, and see what *they* are doing ;  
 And first there's the Squire,  
 The hale, hearty sire  
 Of the bride, — with his coat-tails subducted and higher,  
 A thought, than they're commonly wont to aspire ;  
 His back and his buckskins exposed to the fire ; —

\* *Ad Amicum, Servientem ad legem* —

This rhyme, if, when scan'd by your critical ear it  
 Is not quite legitimate, comes pretty near it. — T. L.

—Bright, bright are his buttons,—and bright is the hue  
 Of his squarely-cut coat of fine Saxony blue;  
 And bright the shalloon of his little quill'd *queue*;  
 —White, white as “Young England's,” the dimity vest  
 Which descends like an *avalanche* o'er his broad breast,  
 Till its further progression is put in arrest  
 By the portly projection that springs from his chest,  
 Overhanging the garment—that can't be exprest;  
 —White, white are his locks,—which, had Nature fair play,  
 Had appear'd a clear brown, slightly sprinkled with grey;  
 But they're white as the peaks of Plinlimmon to-day,  
 Or Ben Nevis, his pate is *si bien poudré*!  
 Bright, bright are the boots that envelope his heels,  
 —Bright, bright is the gold chain suspending his seals,  
 And still brighter yet may the gazer descry  
 The tear-drop that spangles the fond father's eye  
     As it lights on the bride—  
     His beloved one—the pride  
 And delight of his heart,—sever'd now from his side;—  
     But brighter than all,  
     Arresting its fall,  
 Is the smile, that rebukes it for spangling at all,  
 —A clear case, in short, of what old poets tell, as  
 Blind Homer for instance, *εὖ δακρυὶ γέλας*.

Then, there are the Bride and the Bridegroom, withdrawn  
 To the deep Gothic window that looks on the lawn,  
 Enseñced on a squab of maroon-colour'd leather,  
 And talking—and *thinking*, no doubt—of the weather.

But here comes the party—Room! room for the guests!  
 In their Pompadour coats, and laced ruffles, and vests,

—First, Sir Charles Grandison

Baronet, and his son,

Charles,—the mamma does not venture to “show”—

—Miss Byron, you know,

She was call'd long ago—

For that lady, 'twas said, had been playing the d—l,  
 Last season, in town, with her old beau, Squire Greville,  
 Which very much shock'd, and chagrin'd, as may well be  
 Supposed, "Doctor Bartlett," and "Good Uncle Selby."  
 —Sir Charles, of course, could not give Greville his gruel, in  
 Order to prove his abhorrence of duelling,  
 Nor try for, deterr'd by the serious expense, a  
 Complete separation *a thoro et mensâ*,  
 So he "kept a calm sough," and, when ask'd to a party,  
 A dance, or a dinner, or tea and *écarté*,  
 He went with his son, and said, looking demurely,  
 He'd "left her at home, as she found herself poorly."

Two foreigners near,

"Of distinction," appear;

A pair more illustrious you ne'er heard of, or saw,  
 Count Ferdinand Fathom, — Count Thaddens of Warsaw,  
 All cover'd with glitt'ring *bijouterie* and hair — Poles,  
 Whom Lord Dudley Stuart calls "Patriot," — Hook "Bare Poles;"  
 Such rings, and such brooches, such studs, and such pins!

'Twere hard to say which

Were more gorgeous and rich,

Or more truly Mosaic, their chains or their chins!

Next Sir Roger de Coverley, — Mr. Will Ramble,

With Dame Lismahago, (*née* Tabitha Bramble), —

Mr. Random and Spouse, — Mrs. Pamela Booby,

(Whose nose was acquiring a tinge of the ruby,

And "people *did say*" — but no matter for that,...

Folks were not then enlighten'd by good Father Mat.) —

—Three friends from "the Colonies" near them were seen,

The Great Massachusetts man, General Muff Green, —

Mr. Jonathan W. Doubikins, — men

"Influential *some*," — and their "smart" Uncle Ben; —

Rev. Abraham Adams (preferr'd to a stall), —

— Mr. Jones and his lady, from Allworthy Hall;

—Our friend Tom, by the way,

Had turn'd out rather gay

For a married man — certainly "people *did say*."



He was shrewdly suspected of using his wife ill,  
 And being as sly as his half-brother Blifil. —  
 (Miss Seagrim, 'tis well known, was now in high feather,  
 And "people *did say*," they'd been seen out together, —  
 A fact, the "Boy Jones," who, in our days, with malice  
 Aforethought, so often got into the Palace,  
 Would seem to confirm, as 'tis whisper'd he owns, he's  
 The son of a natural son of Tom Jones's.)  
 Lady Bellaston (*mem.* she had not been invited!)  
 Sir Peregrine Pickle, now recently knighted, —  
 All joyous, all happy, all looking delighted!  
 — It would bore you to death should I pause to describe,  
 Or enumerate half of the elegant tribe  
     Who fill'd the back-ground,  
     And among whom were found  
 The *élite* of the old country families round,  
 Such as Honeywood, Oxenden, Knatchbull, and Norton,  
 Matthew Robinson,\* too, with his beard from Monk's Horton.  
 The Faggs, and Finch-Hattons, Tokes, Derings, and Deedses,  
 And Fairfax, (who then called the castle of Leeds his;)   
     Esquires, Knights, and Lords,  
     In bag-wigs and swords;  
     And the troops, and the groups  
     Of fine Ladies in hoops;  
 The *pompoons*, the *toupées*, and the diamonds and feathers  
     The flower'd-silk *sacques*  
     Which they wore on their backs, —  
 — How! — *sacques* and *pompoons*, with the Squire's boots and  
     leathers? —  
     Stay! stay! — I suspect,  
     Here's a trifling neglect

\* A worthy and eccentric country gentleman, afterwards the second Lord  
 Rokeby, being cousin ("a great many times removed") and successor in the  
 barony to Richard, Archbishop of Armagh, who first bore that title. — His  
 beard was truly patriarchal. — Mr. Munt's — pooh! —

On your part, Madame Muse—though you're commonly accurate,

As to costume; as brown Quaker, or black Curate,

For once, I confess,

Here you're out as to dress;

You've been fairly caught napping, which gives me distress,

For I can't but acknowledge it is not the thing,

Sir Roger de Coverley's laced suit to bring

Into contact with square-cut coats,—such as George Byng

And poor dear Sir Francis appear'd in, last spring.—

So, having for once been compell'd to acknowledge, I

've made a small hole in our mutual chronology,

Canter on, Miss, without farther apology,—

Only don't make

Such another mistake,

Or you'll get in a scrape, of which I shall partake;—

Enough!—you are sorry for what you have done,

So dry your eyes, Miss, blow your nose, and go on!

Well—the party are met, all radiant and gay,

And how ev'ry person is dress'd—we won't say;—

Suffice it, they all come glad homage to pay

To our dear “bonnie Maud,” on her own wedding-day,

To dance at her bridal, and help “throw the stocking,”

—A practice that's now discontinued as shocking.

There's a breakfast, they know—

There always is so

On occasions like these, wheresoever you go.

Of course there are “lots” of beef, potted and hung,

Prawns, lobsters, cold fowl, and cold ham, and cold tongue

Hot tea, and hot coffee, hot rolls, and hot toast,

Cold pigeon-pie (rook?), and cold boil'd and cold roast,

Scotch marmalade, jellies, cold cream, colder ices—

*Blancmange*, which young ladies say, so very nice is,—

Rock-melons in thick, pines in much thinner slices,—

Char, potted with clarified butter and spices,  
 Renewing an appetite long past its crisis —  
 Refined barley-sugar, in various devices.  
 Such as bridges, and baskets, and temples, and grottoes —  
 And nasty French lucifer snappers with mottoes.  
 — In short, all those gimcracks together were met  
 Which people of fashion tell Gunter to get  
 When they give a *grand déjeuner à la fourchette* —  
 (A phrase which, though French, in our language still lingers,  
 Intending a breakfast with forks and not fingers.)  
 And see! what a mountainous bride-cake! — a thing  
 By itself — with small pieces to pass through the ring!

Now as to the wines! — “Ay, the wine?” cries the Squire,  
 Letting fall both his coat-tails — which nearly take fire, —  
     Rubbing his hands,  
     He calls out, as he stands,  
 To the serving-men waiting “his Honour’s” commands,  
 “The wine! — to be sure — here you, Harry — Bob — Dick —  
 “The wine, don’t you hear? — bring us lights — come, be  
     quick! —  
 And a crow-bar to knock down the mortar and brick —  
     Say what they may  
     ’Fore George we’ll make way  
 Into old Roger Ingoldsby’s cellar to-day;  
 And let loose his captives, imprison’d so long,  
 His flasks, and his casks, that he brick’d up so strong!” —  
 — “Oh dear! oh dear! Squire Ingoldsby, bethink you what  
     you do!”  
 Exclaims old Mrs. Botherby,\* — she is in *such* a stew! —  
 “Oh dear! oh dear! what do I hear? — full oft you’ve heard  
     me tell  
 Of the curse ‘Wild Roger’ left upon whoe’er should break his  
     cell!

\* Great-grandmamma, by the father’s side, to the excellent lady of the same name who yet “keeps the keys” at Tappington.

"Full five-and-twenty years are gone since Roger went away,  
 As I bethink me, too, it was upon this very day!  
 And I was then a comely dame, and you, a springald gay,  
 Were up and down to London town, at opera, ball, and play;  
 Your locks were nut-brown then, Squire—you grow a little  
 grey!—

"'Wild Roger,' so we call'd him then, your grandsire's  
 youngest son,

He was, in truth,

A wayward youth,

We fear'd him, every one.

In ev'ry thing he had his will, he would be stay'd by none,  
 And when he did a naughty thing, he laugh'd and call'd it fun!  
 —One day his father chid him sore—I know not what he'd  
 done,

But he scorn'd reproof;

And from this roof

Away that night he run!

"Seven years were gone and over—'Wild Roger' came again,  
 He spoke of forays and of frays upon the Spanish Main;  
 And he had store of gold galore, and silks, and satins fine,  
 And flasks, and casks of Malvoisie, and precious Gascon wine!  
 Rich booties he had brought, he said, across the western wave,  
 And came, in penitence and shame, now of his sire to crave  
 Forgiveness and a welcome home—his sire was in his grave!

"Your Father was a kindly man—he play'd a brother's part,  
 He press'd his brother to his breast—he had a kindly heart,  
 Fain would he have him tarry here, their common hearth to  
 share,

But Roger was the same man still,—he scorn'd his brother's  
 pray'r!

He call'd his crew,—away he flew, and on those foreign shores

Got kill'd in some outlandish place—they call it the Eyesores;\*

But ere he went,

And quitted Kent,

—I well recall the day,—

His flasks and casks of Gascon wine he safely 'stow'd away;'

Within the cellar's deepest nook, he safely stow'd them all,

And Mason Jones brought bricks and stones, and they built up  
the wall.

"Oh! then it was a fearful thing to hear 'Wild Roger's' ban!

Good gracious me! I never heard the like from mortal man,

'Here's that,' quoth he, 'shall serve me well, when I return at  
last,

A batter'd hulk, to quaff and laugh at toils and dangers past;

Accurst be he, whoever he be, lays hand on gear of mine,

Till I come back again from sea, to broach my Gascon wine!

And more he said, which fill'd with dread all those who listen'd  
there;

In sooth my very blood ran cold, it lifted up my hair

With very fear, to stand and hear 'Wild Roger' curse and  
swear!!

He saw my fright, as well he might, but still he made his game,

He call'd me 'Mother Bounce-about,' my Gracious, what a  
name!

Nay, more 'an old'—some 'boat-woman,'—I may not say for  
shame!—

Then, gentle Master, pause awhile, give heed to what I tell,

Nor break, on such a day as this, 'Wild Roger's' secret cell!"

"Pooh! pooh!" quoth the Squire,

As he moved from the fire,

And bade the old Housekeeper quickly retire,

"Pooh!—never tell me!

Nonsense—fiddle-de-dee!

What?—wait Uncle Roger's return back from sea?—

\* Ascores?—Mrs. Botherby's orthography, like that of her distinguished contemporary Baron Duberly, was "a little loose."

Why he may, as you say,  
 Have been somewhat too gay,  
 And, no doubt, was a broth of a boy in his way;  
 But what's that to us, now, at this time of day?  
 What, if some quarrel  
 With Dering or Darrell—  
 —I hardly know which, but I think it was Dering,—  
 Sent him back in a huff to his old privateering,  
 Or what his unfriends chose to call Buccaneering,  
 It's twenty years since, as we very well know,  
 He was knock'd on the head in a skirmish, and so  
 Why rake up 'auld warld' tales of deeds long ago?—  
 —Foul befall him who would touch the deposit  
 Of living man, whether in cellar or closet!  
 But since, as I've said,  
 Knock'd on the head,  
 Uncle Roger has now been some twenty years dead.  
 As for his wine,  
 I'm his heir, and it's mine!  
 And I'd long ago work'd it well, but that I tarried  
 For this very day—  
 And I'm sure you'll all say  
 I was right—when my own darling Maud should get married!  
 So lights and a crow-bar!—the only thing lies  
 On my conscience, at all, with respect to this prize,  
 Is some little compunction anent the Excise—  
 Come—you, Master Jack,  
 Be the first, and bring back  
 Whate'er comes to hand—Claret, Burgundy, Sack—  
 Head the party, and mind that you're back in a crack!"

Away go the clan,  
 With cup and with can,  
 Little Jack Ingoldsby leading the van;  
 Little reck they of the Buccaneer's ban,

Hope whispers, "Perchance we'll fall in with strong beer too here!"

Blest thought! which sets them all grinning from ear to ear!

Through cellar one, through cellars two,  
Through cellars three they pass'd!

And their way they took  
To the farthest nook

Of cellar four — the last! —

Blithe and gay, they batter away,

On this wedding-day of Maud's,  
With all their might, to bring to light,

"Wild Roger's" "Custom-house frauds!"

And though stone and brick

Be never so thick,

When stoutly assail'd, they are no bar

To the powerful charm

Of a Yeoman's arm

When wielding a decentish crow-bar!

Down comes brick, and down comes stone,

One by one —

The job's half done! —

"Where is he? — now come — where's Master John?" —

— There's a breach in the wall three feet by two,

And little Jack Ingoldsby soon pops through!

Hark! — what sound's that? — a sob? — a sigh? —

The choking gasp of a stifled cry? —

"—What can it be? —

Let's see! — let's see!

It *can't* be little Jack Ingoldsby

The candle — quick!"

Through stone and through brick,

They poke in the light on a long split stick;

But ere he who holds it can wave it about,

He gasps, and he sneezes — the LIGHT GOES OUT!







Yet were there those, in after days,  
 Who said that pale light's flick'ring blaze,  
 For a moment, gleam'd on a dark Form there,  
 Seem'd as bodied of foul black air!—  
 —In Mariner's dress,—with cutlass braced  
 By buckle and broad black belt, to its waist,—  
     —On a cock'd-hat, laced  
     With gold, and placed

With a *degagé*, devil-may-care, kind of taste,  
 O'er a *balafré* brow by a scar defaced!—  
 That Form, they said, so foul and so black,  
 Grinn'd as it pointed at poor little Jack.—  
 —I know not, I, how the truth may be,  
 But the pent-up vapour, at length set free,  
     Set them all sneezing,  
     And coughing, and wheezing,  
     As, working its way  
     To the regions of day,

It, at last, let a purer and healthier breeze in  
     Of their senses bereft,  
     To the right and the left,

Those varlets so lately courageous and stout,  
 There they lay kicking and sprawling about,  
 Like Billingsgate fresh fish, unconscious of ice,  
 Or those which, the newspapers give us advice,  
 Mr. Taylor, of Lombard-street, sells at half-price;  
 —Nearer the door, some half-dozen, or more!

Scramble away  
     To the *rez de chaussée*,

(As our Frenchified friend always calls his ground-floor,)  
 And they call, and they bawl, and they bellow and roar  
 For lights, vinegar, brandy, and fifty things more.  
 At length, after no little clamour and din,  
 The foul air let out and the fresh air let in,

They drag one and all  
     Up into the hall,

Where a medical Quaker, the great Dr. Lettsom,  
Who's one of the party, "bleeds, physicks, and sweats 'em."

All?—all—save One—

—"But He!—my Son?—

Merciful Heaven!—where—WHERE IS JOHN?"

\* \* \* \*

Within that cell, so dark and deep  
Lies One, as in a tranquil sleep,  
A sight to make the sternest weep!—  
—That little heart is pulseless now,  
And cold that fair and open brow,  
And closed that eye that beam'd with joy  
And hope—"Oh, God! my Boy!—my Boy!"

Enough!—I may not,—dare not,—show  
The wretched Father's frantic woe,  
The Mother's tearless, speechless—No!  
I may not such a theme essay—  
Too bitter thoughts crowd in, and stay  
My pen—sad memory will have way!  
Enough!—at once I close the lay,  
Of fair Maud's fatal Wedding-day!

It has a mournful sound,  
That single, solemn Bell!  
As to the hills and woods around,  
It flings its deep-toned knell!  
That measured toll!—alone—apart,  
It strikes upon the human heart!  
—It has a mournful sound!

#### MORAL.

Come, come, Mrs. Muse, we can't part in this way,  
Or you'll leave me as dull as ditch-water all day.  
Try and squeeze out a Moral or two from your lay  
And let us part cheerful, at least if not gay!

First and foremost then, Gentlefolks, learn from my song,  
Not to look up your wine, or malt-liquor, too long!

Though Port should have age,

Yet I don't think it sage

To entomb it, as some of your *connoisseurs* do,  
Till it's losing in flavour, and body, and hue;  
— I question if keeping it does it much good  
After ten years in bottle and three in the wood.

If any young man, though a snubb'd younger brother,  
When told of his faults by his father and mother,  
Bans restive, and goes off to sea in a huff,  
Depend on 't, my friends, that young man is a Muff!

Next— ill-gotten gains

Are not worth the pains!—

They prosper with no one!— so whether cheroots,  
Or Havannah cigars,— or French gloves, or French boots,—  
Whatever you want, pay the duty! nor when you  
Buy any such articles, cheat the revenue!

And “now to conclude,”—

For it's high time I should,—

When you *do* rejoice, mind,— whatsoever you do,  
That the hearts of the lowly rejoice with you too!—

• Don't grudge them their jigs,

And their frolics and “rigs,”

And don't interfere with their soapy-tail'd pigs:  
Nor “because thou art virtuous,” rail, and exhale  
An *anathema*, breathing of vengeance and wail,  
Upon every complexion less pale than sea-kale!  
Nor dismiss the poor man to his pump and his pail,  
With “Drink *there!*— we'll have henceforth no more cakes  
and ale!!”

## THE BLASPHEMER'S WARNING.

### A LAY OF ST. ROMWOLD.

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Mox Regina filium peperit a multis optatum et a Deo sanctificatum. Cumque Infans natus fuisset, statim clarâ voce, omnibus audientibus, clamavit "*Christianus sum! Christianus sum! Christianus sum!*" Ad hanc vocem Presbyteri duo, Widerinus et Edwoldus, dicentes *Deo Gracias*, et omnes qui aderant mirantes, coeperunt cantare *Te Deum laudamus*. Quo facto rogabat Infans catechumenum a Widerino sacerdote fieri, et ab Edwoldo temeri ad præsignaculum fidei et Romwoldum vocari. — NOV LEGEND. ANG. IN VITA S. ROMUALDI.

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In Kent, we are told,  
There was seated of old,  
A handsome young gentleman, courteous and bold,  
He'd an oaken strong-box, well replenish'd with gold,  
With broad lands, pasture, arable, woodland, and wold,  
Not an acre of which had been mortgaged or sold;  
He'd a Plesaunce and Hall passing fair to behold,  
He had beeves in the byre, he had flocks in the fold,  
And was somewhere about five-and-twenty years old.

His figure and face,  
For beauty and grace,  
To the best in the county had scorn'd to give place.  
Small marvel then,  
If, of women and men  
Whom he chanced to foregather with, nine out of ten  
Express'd themselves charm'd with Sir Alured Denne.

From my earliest youth,  
I've been taught, as a truth,  
A maxim which most will consider as sooth,  
Though a few, peradventure, may think it uncouth;

There are three social duties, the whole of the swarm  
In this great human hive of ours, ought to perform,  
And that too as soon as conveniently may be;

The first of the three—

Is, the planting a Tree!

The next, the producing a Book—then, a Baby!  
(For my part, dear Reader, without any jesting, I  
So far at least, have accomplish'd my destiny.)

From the foremost, *i.e.*

The “planting the Tree,”

The Knight may, perchance, have conceived himself free,  
Inasmuch as that, which way soever he looks  
Over park, mead, or upland, by streamlets and brooks,  
His fine beeches and elms shelter thousands of rooks;

In twelve eighty-two,

There would also accrue

Much latitude as to the article, Books

But, if those we've disposed of, and need not recall,  
Might, as duties, appear in comparison small,  
One remain'd, there was no getting over at all,  
—The providing a male Heir for Bonnington Hall;  
Which, doubtless, induced the good Knight to decide,  
As a matter of conscience, on taking a Bride.

It's a very fine thing, and delightful to see  
Inclination and duty unite and agree,

Because it's a case

That so rarely takes place;

In the instance before us then Alured Denne  
Might well be esteem'd the most lucky of men,

Inasmuch as hard by,

Indeed so very nigh,

That her chimneys, from his, you might almost descry,  
Dwelt a Lady at whom he'd long cast a sheep's eye,  
One whose character scandal itself could defy,

While her charms and accomplishments rank'd very high,  
 And who would not deny  
 A propitious reply,  
 But reflect back his blushes, and give sigh for sigh.  
 (A line that's not mine, but Tom Moore's, by the by.)

There was many a gay and trim bachelor near,  
 Who felt sick at heart when the news met his ear,  
 That fair Edith Ingoldsby, she whom they all  
 The "Rosebud of Tappington" ceased not to call,

Was going to say,  
 "Honour, love, and obey"

To Sir Alured Denme, Knight, of Bonnington Hall,  
 That all other suitors were left in the lurch,  
 And the parties had even been "out-asked" in church,

For every one says  
 In those primitive days,

And I must own I think it redounds to their praise,  
 None dream'd of transferring a daughter or niece  
 As a bride, by an "unstamped agreement," or lease,  
 'Fore a Register's Clerk, or a Justice of Peace,

While young ladies had fain  
 • Single women remain,

And unwedded maids to the last "crack of doom" stick,  
 Ere marry, by taking a jump o'er a broomstick.

So our bride and bridegroom agreed to appear  
 At holy St. Romwold's, a Priory near,  
 Which a long while before, I can't say in what year,  
 Their forebears had join'd with the neighbours to rear,  
 And endow'd, some with bucks, some with beef, some with  
 beer,

To comfort the friars, and make them good cheer,

Adorning the building,  
 With carving and gilding,

And stone altars, fix'd to the chantries and fill'd in;

(Papistic in substance and form, on this and count  
 With Judge Herbert Jenner Fust justly at discount,  
 See *Cambridge Societas Camdeniensis*  
*V. Faulkner, tert. prim. Januarii Mensis,*  
 With "Judgment reversed, costs of suit, and expenses;")  
 All raised to St. Romwold, with some reason, styled  
 By Duke Humphrey's confessor,\* a Wonderful Child,  
 For ne'er yet was Saint, except him, upon earth  
 Who made "his profession of faith" at his birth,  
 And when scarce a foot high, or six inches in girth,  
 Converted his "Ma," and contrived to amend a  
 Sad hole in the creed of his grandsire, King Penda.

Of course to the shrine  
 Of so young a divine  
 Flow'd much holy water, and some little wine,  
 And when any young folks did to marriage incline,  
 The good friars were much in request, and not one  
 Was more "sought unto" than the Sub-prior, Mess John;  
 To him, there and then,  
 Sir Alured Denne  
 Wrote a three-corner'd note with a small crow-quill pen,  
 To say what he wanted, and fix "the time when,"  
 And, as it's well known that your people of quality  
 Pique themselves justly on strict punctuality,  
 Just as the clock struck the hour he'd named in it,  
 The whole bridal party rode up to the minute.

Now whether it was that some rapturous dream,  
 Comprehending "fat pullets and clouted cream,"  
 Had borne the good man, in his vision of bliss,  
 Far off to some happier region than this—

\* Honest John Capgrave, the voracious biographer of "English Saints," author, or rather compiler of the "Nova Legenda Anglie," was chaplain to Humphrey, "the Good Duke" of Gloucester. A beautiful edition of his work was printed by Wynkyn de Worde.



Or, whether his beads, 'gainst the fingers rebelling,  
 Took longer than usual that morning in telling;  
 Or whether, his conscience with knotted cord purging,  
 Mess John was indulging himself with a scourging,  
 In penance for killing some score of the fleas,  
 Which, infesting his hair-shirt, deprived him of ease,  
 Or whether a barrel of Faversham oysters,  
 Brought in, on the evening before, to the cloisters,  
 Produced indigestion,

Continues a question—

The particular cause is not worth a debate;  
 For my purpose it's clearly sufficient to state  
 That whatever the reason, his reverence *was* late,  
 And Sir Alured Denne,  
 Not the meekest of men,  
 Began banning away at a deuce of a rate.

Now here, though I do it with infinite pain,  
 Gentle reader, I find I must pause to explain

That there was—what, I own,  
 I grieve to make known—

On the worthy Knight's character one single stain,  
 But for which, all his friends had borne witness I'm sure,  
 He had been *sans reproche*, as he still was *sans peur*.  
 The fact is, that many distinguish'd commanders  
 "Swore terribly (*taste* T. Shandy) in Flanders."  
 Now into these parts our Knight chancing to go, countries  
 Named from this sad, vulgar custom, "The Low Countries,"  
 Though on common occasions as courteous as daring,  
 Had pick'd up this shocking bad habit of swearing.  
 And if anything vex'd him, or matters went wrong,  
 Was given to what low folks call "coming it strong."  
 Good, bad, or indifferent then, young or old,  
 He'd consign them, when once in a humour to scold,  
 To a place where they certainly would not take cold.  
 — Now if there are those, and I've some in my eye,

Who'd esteem this a crime of no very deep dye,  
Let them read on — they'll find their mistake by and by.

Near or far  
Few people there are

But have heard, read, or sung about Young Lochinvar,  
How in Netherby Chapel, "at morning tide,"  
The Priest and the Bridegroom stood waiting the Bride;  
How they waited, "but ne'er  
A Bride was there."

Still I don't find, on reading the ballad with care,  
The bereaved Mr. Graham proceeded to swear,  
And yet to experience so serious a blight in  
One's dearest affections, is somewhat exciting.

'Tis manifest then  
That Sir Alured Denne

Had far less excuse for such bad language, when  
It was only the Priest not the Bride who was missing—  
He had fill'd up the interval better with kissing.

And 'twas really surprising,  
And not very wise in

A Knight to go on so anathematising,  
When the head and the front of the Clergyman's crime  
Was but being a little behind as to time:

Be that as it may,  
He swore so that day

At the reverend gentleman's ill-judged delay,  
That not a bystander who heard what he said,  
But listen'd to all his expressions with dread,  
And felt all his hair stand on end on his head;

Nay many folks there  
Did not stick to declare

The phenomenon was not confined to the hair,  
For the little stone Saint who sat perch'd o'er the door,  
St. Romwold himself, as I told you before,

What will scarce be believed,  
Was plainly perceived  
To shrug up his shoulders, as very much grieved,  
And look down with a frown  
So remarkably brown,  
That all saw he'd now quite a different face on  
From that he received at the hands of the mason;  
Nay, many averr'd he half rose in his niche,  
When Sir Alured, always in metaphor rich,  
Call'd his priest an "old son of ——" some animal — which,  
Is not worth the inquiry — a hint's quite enough on  
The subject — for more I refer you to Buffon.

It's supposed that the Knight  
Himself saw the sight,  
And it's likely he did, as he easily might,  
For 'tis certain he paused in his wordy attack  
And, in nautical language, seem'd "taken aback."  
In so much that when now  
The "prime cause of the row,"  
Father John, in the chapel at last made his bow,  
The Bridegroom elect was so mild and subdued,  
None could ever suppose he'd been noisy and rude.  
Or made use of the language to which I allude;  
Fair Edith herself, while the knot was a tying,  
Her bridesmaids around her, some sobbing, some sighing,  
Some smiling, some blushing, half-laughing, half-crying,  
Scarce made her responses in tones more complying  
Than he who'd been raging and storming so recently,  
All softness now, and behaving quite decently.  
Many folks thought too the cold stony frown  
Of the Saint up aloft from his niche looking down,  
Brought the sexton and clerk each an extra half-crown,  
When, the rite being over, the fees were all paid,  
And the party remounting, the whole cavalcade  
Prepared to ride home with no little parade.

In a climate so very unsettled as ours  
 It's as well to be cautious and guard against showers,  
     For though, about One  
     You've a fine brilliant sun,  
 When your walk or your ride is but barely begun,  
 Yet long ere the hour-hand approaches the Two,  
 There is not in the whole sky one atom of blue,  
 But it "rains cats and dogs," and you're fairly wet through  
 Ere you know where to turn, what to say, or to do;  
 For which reason I've bought, to protect myself well, a  
 Good stout *Taglioni* and gingham umbrella,  
 But in Edward the First's days I very much fear  
     Had a gay cavalier  
     Thought fit to appear  
 In any such "toggerly"—then 'twas term'd "gear"—  
 He'd have met with a highly significant sneer,  
 Or a broad grin extending from ear unto ear  
 On the features of every soul he came near;  
 There was no taking refuge too then, as with us,  
 On a slip-sloppy day, in a cab or a 'bus;  
     As they rode through the woods  
     In their wimples and hoods,  
 Their only resource against sleet, hail, or rain,  
 Was, as Spenser describes it, to "pryck o'er the plaine,"  
 That is to clap spurs on, and ride helter-skelter  
 In search of some building or other for shelter.

    Now it seems that the sky  
     Which had been of a dye  
 As bright and as blue as your lady-love's eye,  
 The season in fact being genial and dry,  
     Began to assume  
     An appearance of gloom  
 From the moment the Knight began fidget and fume,  
 Which deepen'd and deepen'd till all the horizon  
 Grew blacker than aught they had ever set eyes on,

And soon, from the far west the elements rumbling  
 Increased, and kept pace with Sir Alured's grumbling.  
     Bright flashes between,  
     Blue, red, and green,  
 All livid and lurid began to be seen;  
 At length down it came — a whole deluge of rain,  
 A perfect Niagara, drenching the plain,  
     And up came the reek,  
     And down came the shriek  
 Of the winds like a steam-whistle starting a train;  
 And the tempest began so to roar and to pour,  
 That the Dennes and the Ingoldsbys, starting at score,  
 As they did from the porch of St. Romwold's church door,  
 Had scarce gain'd a mile, or a mere trifle more,  
     Ere the whole of the crew,  
     Were completely wet through.  
 They dash'd o'er the downs, and they dash'd through the vales,  
 They dash'd up the hills, and they dash'd down the dales,  
 As if elderly Nick was himself at their tails;  
     The Bridegroom in vain  
     Attempts to restrain  
 The Bride's frighten'd palfrey by seizing the rein,  
     When a flash and a crash  
     Which produced such a splash  
 That a Yankee had call'd it "an Almighty Smash,"  
     Came down so complete  
     At his own courser's feet  
 That the rider, though famous for keeping his seat,  
 From its kickings and plungings, now under now upper,  
 Slipp'd out of his demi-pique over the crupper,  
 And fell from the back of his terrified cob  
 Of what bards less refined than myself term his "Nob."  
 (To obtain a *genteel* rhyme's sometimes a tough job).—

Just so — for the nonce to enliven my song  
 With a classical simile cannot be wrong —

Just so—in such roads and in similar weather,  
 Tydides and Nestor were riding together,  
 When, so says old Homer, the King of the Sky,  
 The great “Cloud-compellor,” his lightnings let fly,  
 And their horses both made such a desperate shy  
     At this freak of old Zeus,  
     That at once they broke loose,  
 Reins, traces, bits, breechings were all of no use;  
 If the Pylian Sage, without any delay,  
 Had not whipp’d them sharp round and away from the fray,  
 They’d have certainly upset his *cabriolet*,  
 And there’d been the—a name I won’t mention—to pay.

Well, the Knight in a moment recover’d his seat—  
 Mr. Widdicombe’s mode of performing that feat  
 At Astley’s could not be more neat or complete,  
 —It’s recorded, indeed by an eminent pen  
 Of our own days, that this *our* great Widdicombe then  
 In the heyday of life, had afforded some ten  
 Or twelve lessons in riding to Alured Deane,—

    It is certain the Knight  
     Was so agile and light

That an instant sufficed him to set matters right,  
 Yet the Bride was by this time almost out of sight;  
 For her palfrey, a rare bit of blood, who could trace  
 Her descent from the “pure old Caucasian race,”

    Sleek, slim, and bony, as  
     Mr. Sidonia’s  
     Fine “Arab Steed”  
     Of the very same breed,

Which that elegant gentleman rode so genteelly  
 —See “Coningsby” written by “B. Disraeli”—

    That palfrey, I say,

    From this trifling delay

Had made what at sea’s call’d “a great deal of way.”

"More fleet than the roe-buck" and free as the wind,  
 She had left the good company rather behind;  
 They whipp'd and they spurr'd and they after her press'd;  
 Still Sir Alured's steed was "by long chalks" the best  
 Of the party, and very soon distanced the rest;  
 But long ere e'en he had the fugitive near'd,  
 She dash'd into the wood and at once disappear'd!  
 It's a "fashious" affair when you're out on a ride,  
 —Ev'n supposing you're *not* in pursuit of a bride,  
 If you are, it's more fashious, which can't be denied,—  
 And you come to a place where three cross-roads divide,  
 Without any way-post, stuck up by the side  
 Of the road to direct you and act as a guide,  
 With a road-leading here, and a road leading there,  
 And a road leading no one exactly knows where.

When Sir Alured came

In pursuit of the dame

To a fork of this kind,—a three-prong'd one—small blame  
 To his scholarship if in selecting his way  
 His respect for the Classics now lead him astray;  
 But the rule, in a work I won't stop to describe, is  
*In medio semper tutissimus ibis,*  
 So the Knight being forced of the three paths to enter one,  
 Dash'd, with these words on his lips, down the centre one.

Up and down hill,

Up and down hill,

Through brake and o'er briar he gallops on still,  
 Aye, banning, blaspheming, and cursing his fill  
 At his courser because he had given him a "spill;"

Yet he did not gain ground

On the palfrey, the sound,

On the contrary, made by the hoofs of the beast  
 Grew fainter and fainter,—and fainter,—and—ceased!  
 Sir Alured burst through the dingle at last,  
 To a sort of a clearing, and there—he stuck fast;

For his steed, though a freer one ne'er had a shoe on,  
 Stood fix'd as the Governor's nag in "Don Juan,"  
 Or much like the statue that stands, cast in copper, a  
 Few yards south-east of the door of the Opera,  
 Save that Alured's horse had not got such a big-tail,  
 While Alured wanted the cock'd hat and pig-tail.

Before him is seen

A diminutive Green

Scoop'd out from the covert—a thick leafy screen  
 Of wild foliage, trunks with broad branches between  
 Encircle it wholly, all radiant and sheen,  
 For the weather at once appear'd clear and serene,  
 And the sky up above was a bright mazarine,  
 Just as though no such thing as a tempest had been,  
 In short it was one of those sweet little places  
 In Egypt and Araby known as "oases."

There, under the shade

That was made by the glade,

The astonish'd Sir Alured sat and survey'd  
 A little low building of Bethersden stone,  
 With ivy and parasite creepers o'ergrown,

A *Sacellum*, or cell,

In which Chronicles tell

Saints and anchorites erst were accusom'd to dwell;  
 A little round arch, on which, deeply indented,  
 The zig-zaggy pattern by Saxons invented  
 Was cleverly chisell'd, and well represented,

Surmounted a door

Some five feet by four,

It might have been less or it might have been more,  
 In the primitive ages they made these things lower  
 Than we do in buildings that had but one floor,

And these Chronicles say

When an anchorite gray



Wish'd to shut himself up and keep out of the way,  
 He was commonly wont in such low cells to stay,  
 And pray night and day on the *rez de chaussée*.

There, under the arch I've endeavour'd to paint,  
 With no little surprise,  
 And scarce trusting his eyes,  
 The Knight now saw standing that little Roy Saint!  
 The one whom before  
 He'd seen ever the door

Of the Priory shaking his head as he swore—  
 With mitre, and crozier, and rochet, and stole on.  
 The very self-same—or at least his Eidolon!  
 With a voice all unlike to the infantine squeak,  
 You'd expect, that small Saint now address'd him to speak;

In a bold, manly tone, he  
 Began, while his stony

Cold lips breathed an odor quite *Eau-de-Cologne*;  
 In fact, from his christening, according to rumour, he  
 Beat Mr. Brummell to sticks, in perfumery. \*

“Sir Alured Denne!”

Said the Saint, “be atten-

—tive! Your ancestors, all most respectable men,  
 Have for some generations being vot'ries of mine,  
 They have bought me mould candles, and bow'd at my shrine,  
 They have made my monks presents of ven'son and wine,  
 With a right of free pasturage, too, for their swine.

And, though you in this  
 Have been rather remiss,

Still I owe you a turn for the sake of 'Lang Syne,'  
 And I now come to tell you, your cursing and swearing  
 Have reach'd to a pitch that is really past bearing.

\* In eodem autem prato in quo baptizatus Sanctus Romualdus nunquam  
 gratissimus odor deficit; neque ibi herbes pallescent, sed semper in viriditate  
 permanentes magna nectaris suavitate redolent. — *Nov. Legend. Angl.*

'Twere a positive scandal  
 In even a Vandal,  
 It ne'er should be done, save with bell, book and candle:  
 And though I've now learn'd, as I've always suspected,  
 Your own education's been somewhat neglected;  
 Still, you're not such an uninform'd pagan, I hope,  
 As not to know cursing belongs to the Pope!  
 And his Holiness feels, very properly, jealous  
 Of all such encroachments by paltry lay fellows.

Now, take my advice,  
 Saints never speak twice,  
 So take it at once, as I once for all give it;  
 Go home! you'll find there all as right as a trivet.  
 But mind, and remember, if once you give way  
 To that shocking bad habit, I'm sorry to say,  
 I have heard you so sadly indulge in to-day,  
 As sure as you're born, on the very first trip  
 That you make—the first oath that proceeds from your lip,  
 I'll soon make you rue it!  
 —I've said it—I'll do it!

'Forewarn'd is forearm'd,' you shan't say but you knew it;  
 Whate'er you hold dearest or nearest your heart,  
 I'LL TAKE IT AWAY, if I come in a cart!  
 I will, on my honour! you know it's absurd,  
 To suppose that a Saint ever forfeits his word  
 For a pitiful Knight, or to please any such man—  
 I've said it! I'll do't—if I don't, I'm a Dutchman!"

He ceased—he was gone as he closed his harangue,  
 And some one inside shut the door with a bang!

Sparkling with dew,  
 Each green herb anew  
 Its profusion of sweets round Sir Alured threw,  
 As pensive and thoughtful he slowly withdrew,  
 (For the hoofs of his horse had got rid of their glue,)  
 And the cud of reflection continued to chew

Till the gables of Bonnington Hall rose in view  
 Little reck'd he what he smelt, what he saw,  
     Brilliance of scenery,  
     Fragrance of greenery,  
 Fail'd in impressing his mental machinery;  
 Many an hour had elapsed, well I ween, ere he  
 Fairly was able distinction to draw  
 'Twixt the odour of garlic and *bouquet du Roi*.

Merrily, merrily sounds the horn,  
 And cheerily ring the bells;  
     For the race is run,  
     The goal is won,  
 The little lost mutton is happily found,  
 The Lady of Bonnington's safe and sound  
     In the Hall where her new Lord dwells!  
 Hard had they ridden, that company gay,  
 After fair Edith, away and away:  
 This had slipp'd back o'er his courser's rump,  
 That had gone over his ears with a plump,  
 But the lady herself had stuck on like a trump,  
     Till her panting steed  
     Relax'd his speed,  
 And feeling, no doubt, as a gentleman feels  
 When he's once shown a bailiff a fair pair of heels,  
 Stopp'd of herself, as it's very well known  
 Horses will do, when they're thoroughly blown,  
 And thus the whole group had foregather'd again,  
 Just as the sunshine succeeded the rain.  
 Oh, now the joy, and the frolicking, rollicking  
     Doings indulged in by one and by all!  
 Gaiety seized on the most melancholic in  
     All the broad lands around Bonnington Hall.  
     All sorts of revelry,  
     All sorts of devilry,  
 All play at "High Jinks" and keep up the ball.

Days, weeks, and months, it is really astonishing,  
 When one's so happy, how Time flies away;  
 Meanwhile the Bridegroom requires no admonishing  
 As to what pass'd on his own wedding-day;

Never since then,  
 Had Sir Alured Denne

Let a word fall from his lip or his pen  
 That began with a D, or left off with an N!

Once, and once only, when put in a rage,  
 By a careless young rascal he'd hired as a Page,

All buttons and brass,  
 Who in handling a glass  
 Of spiced hippocras, throws  
 It all over his clothes,

And spoils his best pourpoint, and smartest trunk hose,  
 While stretching his hand out to take it and quaff it (he  
 'd given a rose noble a yard for the taffety),  
 Then, and then only, came into his head,  
 A very sad word that began with a Z,

But he check'd his complaint,  
 He remember'd the Saint,

In the nick—Lady Denne was beginning to faint—  
 That sight on his mouth acted quite as a bung,  
 Like Mahomet's coffin, the shocking word hung  
 Half-way 'twixt the root and the tip of his tongue.

Many a year  
 Of mirth and good cheer

Flew over their heads, to each other more dear  
 Every day, they were quoted by peasant and peer  
 As the rarest examples of love ever known,  
 Since the days of *Le Chivalier D'Arbie* and *Joanne*,  
 Who in Bonnington chancel lie sculptured in stone.

Well—it happen'd at last,  
 After certain years past,

That an embassy came to our court from afar —  
From the Grand-duke of Muscovy — now call'd the Czar,  
And the Spindleshank'd Monarch, determined to do  
All the grace that he could to a Nobleman, who  
Had sail'd all that way from a country which few  
In our England had heard of, and nobody knew,  
With a hat like a muff, and a beard like a Jew,  
Our arsenals, buildings, and dock-yards to view,  
And to say how desirous,  
His Prince Wladimirus,  
Had long been with mutual regard to inspire us,  
And how he regretted he was not much nigher us,  
With other fine things,  
Such as Kings say to Kings  
When each tries to humbug his dear Royal Brother, in  
Hopes by such "gammon" to take one another in —  
King Longshanks, I say,  
Being now on his way  
Bound for France, where the rebels had kept him at bay,  
Was living in clover  
At this time at Dover  
I' the castle there, waiting a tide to go over.

He had summon'd, I can't tell you how many men,  
Knights, nobles, and squires to the wars of Guienne,  
And among these of course was Sir Alured Denne,  
Who, acting like most  
Of the knights in the host,  
Whose residence was not too far from the coast,  
Had brought his wife with him, delaying their parting,  
Fond souls, till the very last moment of starting.

Of course, with such lots of lords, ladies, and knights,  
In their *Saracettes*,\* and their bright chain-mail tights,

\* This silk, of great repute among our ancestors, had been brought home,  
a few years before, by Edward, from the Holy Land.

All accustom'd to galas, grand doings, and sights,  
A matter like this was at once put to rights ;

'Twould have been a strange thing,  
If so polish'd a king,

With his board of Green Cloth, and Lord Steward's department,  
Couldn't teach an Ambassador what the word "smart" meant,  
A banquet was order'd at once for a score,  
Or more, of the *corps* that had just come on shore,  
And the King, though he thought it "a bit of a bore,"

Ask'd all the *élite*  
Of his *levée* to meet

The illustrious Strangers and share in the treat ;  
For the Boyar himself, the Queen graciously made him her  
Beau for the day, from respect to Duke Wladimir.  
(Queer as this name may appear in the spelling,

You won't find it trouble you,  
Sound but the W,

Like the First L in Llan, Lloyd, and Llewellyn !)

Fancy the fuss and the fidgety looks  
Of Robert de Burghersh, the constables, cooks ;

For of course the *cuisine*  
Of the King and the Queen

Was behind them at London, or Windsor, or Sheene,  
Or wherever the Court ere it started had been,

And it's really no jest,  
When a troublesome guest

Looks in at a time when you're busy and prest,  
Just going to fight, or to ride, or to rest,  
And expects a good lunch when you've none ready drest.

The servants, no doubt,  
Were much put to the rout,

By this very *extempore* sort of set-out,

But they wisely fell back upon Poor Richard's plan,  
"When you can't what you would, you must do what you can!"

So they ransack'd the country, folds, pig-styes, and pens,  
 For the sheep and the porkers, the cocks and the hens;  
 'Twas said a Tom-cat of Sir Alured Denne's,

A fine tabby-grey

Disappear'd on that day,

And whatever became of him no one could say;

They brought all the food

That ever they cou'd,

Fish, flesh, and fowl, with sea-coal and dry wood,

To his Majesty's *Dapifer*, Eudo (or Ude),

They lighted the town up, sat ringing the bells,

And borrow'd the waiters from all the hotels.

A bright thought, moreover, came into the head

Of *Dapifer* Eudo, who'd some little dread,

As he said, for the thorough success of his spread.

So he said to himself, "What a thing it would be

Could I have here with me

Some one, two, or three

Of their outlandish scullions from over the sea!

It's a hundred to one if the *Suite* or their Chief

Understand our plum-puddings, and barons of beef;

But with five minutes' chat with their cooks or their valets

We'd soon dish up something to tickle their palates!"

With this happy conceit for improving the mess,

Pooh-poohing expense, he dispatch'd an express

In a waggon and four on the instant to Deal,

Who dash'd down the hill without locking the wheel,

And, by means which I guess but decline to reveal,

Seduced from the Downs, where at anchor their vessel rode,

Lumpoff Icywitz, serf to a former Count Nesselrode,

A cook of some fame,

Who invented the same

Cold pudding that still bears the family name.

This accomplish'd, the *Chef's* peace of mind was restored,

And in due time a banquet was placed on the board

"In the very best style," which implies in a word,  
 "All the dainties the season" (and king) "could afford."

There were snipes, there were rails,  
 There were woodcocks and quails,  
 There were peacocks served up in their pride (that is tails),  
 Fricandeau, fricassees,  
 Ducks and green peas,  
*Cotelettes à l'Indienne*, and chops *à la Soubise*,  
 (Which last you may call "onion sauce" if you please),

There were barbecued pigs  
 Stuff'd with raisins and figs,  
*Omelettes* and *haricots*, stews and *ragouts*,  
 And pork griskins, which Jews still refuse and abuse.  
 Then the wines,—round the circle how swiftly they went!  
 Canary, Sack, Malaga, Malvoisie, Tent;  
 Old Hock from the Rhine, wine remarkably fine,  
 Of the Charlemagne vintage of seven ninety-nine,—  
 Five cent'ries in bottle had made it divine!

The rich juice of Rousillon, Gascoygne, Bourdeaux,  
 Marasquin, Curaçoa,  
 Kirschen Wasser, Noyeau,

And gin which the company voted "No Go;"

The guests all hob-nobbing,  
 And bowing and bobbing;  
 Some prefer white wine, while others more value red,  
 Few, a choice few,  
 Of more orthodox *goût*,

Stick to "old crusted port," among whom was Sir Alured;  
 Never indeed at a banquet before  
 Had that gallant commander enjoy'd himself more.

Then came "sweets"—served in silver were tartlets and pies—  
 in glass,

Jellies composed of punch, calves' feet, and isinglass,  
 Creams, and whipt-syllabubs, some hot, some cool,  
*Blancmange*, and quince-custards, and gooseberry fool.



And now from the good taste which reigns it's confest  
 In a gentleman's, that is an Englishman's, breast,  
 And makes him polite to a stranger and guest,  
     They soon play'd the deuce  
     With a large *Charlotte Russe*;  
 More than one of the party dispatch'd his plate twice  
 With "I'm really ashamed, but — another small slice!  
 Your dishes from Russia are really *so nice*!"  
 Then the prime dish of all! "There was nothing so good in  
     The whole of the Feed"  
     One and all were agreed,  
 "As the great Lumpoff Icywitz' Nesselrode pudding!"  
 Sir Alured Denne, who'd all day, to say sooth,  
 Like Iago, been "plagued with a sad raging tooth,"  
 Which had nevertheless interfered very little  
 With his — what for my rhyme I'm obliged to spell — vittle,  
     Requested a friend,  
     Who sat near him to send  
 Him a spoonful of what he heard all so commend,  
 And begg'd to take wine with him afterwards, grateful  
 Because for a spoonful he'd sent him a plateful.  
 Having emptied his glass — he ne'er balk'd it or spill'd it —  
 The gallant Knight open'd his mouth — and then fill'd it!

You must really excuse me — there's nothing could bribe  
 Me at all to go on and attempt to describe  
     The fearsome look then  
     Of Sir Alured Denne!  
 —Astonishment, horror, distraction of mind,  
 Rage, misery, fear, and iced pudding — combined!  
 Lip, forehead, and cheek — how these mingle and meet  
 All colours, all hues, now advance, now retreat,  
 Now pale as a turnip, now crimson as beet!  
 How he grasps his arm-chair in attempting to rise,  
 See his veins how they swell! mark the roll of his eyes!

Now east and now west, now north and now south,  
 Till at once he contrives to eject from his mouth  
     That vile "spoonful"—what  
     He has got he knows not,  
 He isn't quite sure if it's cold or it's hot,  
 At last he exclaims, as he starts from his seat,  
 "A SNOWBALL by——!" what I decline to repeat,—  
 'Twas the name of a bad place, for mention unmeet.

Then oh what a volley!—a great many heard  
 What flow'd from his lips, and 'twere really absurd  
 To suppose that each man was not shock'd by each word;  
 A great many heard too, with mix'd fear and wonder  
 The terrible crash of the terrible thunder,  
 That broke as if bursting the building asunder;  
 But very few heard, although every one might,  
 The short, half-stifled shriek from the chair on the right,  
 Where the lady of Bonnington sat by her Knight;  
 And very few saw—some—the number was small,  
 In the large ogive window that lighted the hall,  
 A small stony Saint in a small stony pall,  
 With a small stony mitre, and small stony crosier,  
 And small stony toes that owed nought to the hosier,  
 Beckon stonily downwards to *some one* below,  
 As Merryman says, "for to come for to go!"  
 While everyone smelt a delicious perfume  
 That seem'd to pervade every part of the room!

Fair Edith Denne,  
 The *bonne et belle* then,  
 Never again was beheld among men!  
 But there was the *fauteuil* on which she was placed,  
 And there was the girdle that graced her small waist,  
 And there was her stomacher brilliant with gems,  
 And the mantle she wore, edged with lace at the hems,

Her rich brocade gown sat upright in its place,  
 And her whimple was there—but where—WHERE WAS HER  
 FACE?

'Twas gone with her body—and nobody knows,  
 Nor could any one present so much as suppose  
 How that Lady contrived to slip out of her clothes!

But 'twas done—she was quite gone—the how and the where,  
 No mortal was ever yet found to declare;  
 Though inquiries were made, and some writers record  
 That Sir Alured offer'd a handsome reward.

\* \* \*

King Edward went o'er to his wars in Guienne,  
 Taking with him his barons, his knights, and his men.

You may look through the whole  
 Of that King's muster-roll,

And you won't find the name of Sir Alured Denne;  
 But Chronicles tell that there formerly stood  
 A little old chapel in Bilsington wood

The remains to this day,  
 Archæologists say,

May be seen, and I'd go there and look if I could.  
 There long dwelt a hermit remarkably good,

Who lived there all alone,  
 And never was known

To use bed or bolster, except the cold stone;  
 But would groan and would moan in so piteous a tone,  
 A wild Irishman's heart had responded "Och hone!"  
 As the fashion with hermits of old was to keep skins  
 To wear with the wool on—most commonly sheep-skins—  
 He, too, like the rest, was accustom'd to do so;  
 His beard, as no barber came near him, too, grew so,  
 He bore some resemblance to Robinson Crusoe,  
 In Houndsditch, I'm told, you'll sometimes see a Jew so.

He lived on the roots,  
 And the cob-nuts and fruits,

Which the Kind-hearted rustics, who rarely are churls  
In such matters, would send by their boys and their girls;

They'd not get him to speak,

If they'd tried for a week,

But the colour would always mount up in his cheek,  
And he'd look like a dragon if ever he heard

His young friends use a naughty expression or word.

How long he lived, or at what time he died,

'Twere hard, after so many years, to decide,

But there's one point on which all traditions agree,

That he *did* die at last, leaving no legatee,

And his linen was mark'd with an A and a D.

Alas! for the glories of Bonnington Hall!

Alas, for its splendour! alas for its fall!

Long years have gone by

Since the traveller might spy

Any decentish house in the parish at all.

For, very soon after the awful event

I've related, 'twas said through all that part of Kent

That the maids of a morning, when putting the chairs

And the tables to rights, would oft pop unawares

In one of the parlours, or galleries, or stairs,

On a tall female figure, or find her, far horrider,

Slowly o' nights promenading the corridor;

But whatever the hour, or wherever the place,

*No one could ever get sight of her face!*

Nor could they perceive

Any arm in her sleeve,

While her legs and her feet too, seem'd mere "make-believe,"

For she glided along with that shadow-like motion

Which gives one the notion

Of clouds on a zephyr, or ships on the ocean;

And though of her gown they could hear the silk rustle,

They saw but that side on't *ornée* with the bustle.

The servants, of course, though the house they were born in,  
 Soon "wanted to better themselves," and gave warning,  
 While even the new Knight grew tired of a guest  
 Who would not let himself or his family rest;

So he pack'd up his all,  
 And made a bare wall

Of each well-furnish'd room in his ancestor's Hall,  
 Then left the old Mansion to stand or to fall,  
 Having previously barr'd up the windows and gates,  
 To avoid paying sesses and taxes and rates,  
 And settled on one of his other estates,  
 Where he built a new mansion, and call'd it Denne Hill,  
 And there his descendants reside, I think, still.

Poor Bonnington, empty, or left, at the most,  
 To the joint occupation of rooks and a Ghost,

Soon went to decay,  
 And moulder'd away,

But whether it dropp'd down at last I can't say,  
 Or whether the jackdaws produced, by degrees,  
 Spontaneous combustion like that one at Pisa

Some cent'ries ago,  
 I'm sure I don't know,

But you can't find a vestige now ever so tiny,  
 "*Perierunt*," as some one says, "*etiam ruinae*."

#### MORAL.

The first maxim a couple of lines may be said in,  
 If you *are* in a passion, don't swear at a wedding!

Whenever you chance to be ask'd out to dine,  
 Be exceedingly cautious—don't take too much wine!

In your eating remember one principal point,  
Whatever you do, have your eye on the joint!  
Keep clear of side dishes, don't meddle with those  
Which the servants in livery, or those in plain clothes,  
Poke over your shoulders and under your nose,  
Or, if you *must* live on the fat of the land,  
And feed on fine dishes you don't understand,  
Buy a good book of cookery! I've a compact one,  
First-rate of the kind, just brought out by Miss Acton,  
This will teach you their names, the ingredients they're  
    made of,  
And which to indulge in, and which be afraid of,  
Or else, ten to one, between ice and cayenne,  
You'll commit yourself some day, like Alured Denne.

"To persons about to be married" I'd say,  
Don't exhibit ill-humour, at least on The Day!  
And should there perchance be a trifling delay  
On the part of officials, extend them your pardon,  
And don't snub the parson, the clerk, or churchwarden!

To married men this — for the rest of your lives,  
Think how your misconduct may act on your wives  
Don't swear then before them, lest haply they faint,  
Or what sometimes occurs — run away with a saint!

A SERIOUS error, similar to that which forms the subject of the following legend, is said to have occurred in the case of one, or rather two gentlemen named Curina, who dwelt near Hippo in the days of St. Augustine. The matter was set right, and a friendly hint at the same time conveyed to the ill-used individual, that it would be advisable for him to apply to the above mentioned Father, and be baptised with as little delay as possible. The story is quoted in "The Doctor," together with another of the same kind, which is given on no less authority than that of Gregory the Great

### THE BROTHERS OF BIRCHINGTON.

#### A LAY OF ST. THOMAS A'BECKET.

You are all aware that  
 On our throne there once sat  
 A very great king who'd an Angevin hat,  
 With a great sprig of broom, which he wore as a badge in it,  
 Named from this circumstance, Henry Plantagenet.

Pray don't suppose  
 That I'm going to prose  
 O'er Queen Eleanor's wrongs, or Miss Rosamond's woes,  
 With the dagger and bowl, and all that sort of thing,  
 Not much to the credit of Miss, Queen, or King.

The tale may be true,  
 But between me and you,  
 With the King's *escapade* I'll have nothing to do;  
 But shall merely select, as a theme for my rhymes,  
 A fact which occur'd to some folks in his times.

If for health, or a "lark,"  
 You should ever embark  
 In that best of improvements on boats since the Ark,  
 The steam-vessel call'd the "Red Rover," the barge  
 Of an excellent officer, named Captain Large,

You may see, some half way  
 'Twixt the pier at Herne Bay  
 And Margate the place where you're going to stay,  
 A village called Birchington, famed for its "Rolls,"  
 As the fishing-bank, just in its front, is for Soles.

Well,—there stood a fane  
 In this Harry Broom's reign,  
 On the edge of the cliff, overhanging the main,  
 Renown'd for its sanctity all through the nation  
 And orthodox friars of the Austin persuasion.

Among them there was one,  
 Whom if once I begun  
 To discribe as I ought, I should never have done,  
 Father Richard of Birchington, so was the Friar,  
 Yclept, whom the rest had elected their Prior.

He was tall and upright,  
 About six feet in height,  
 His complexion was what you'd denominate light,  
 And the tonsure had left, 'mid his ringlets of brown,  
 A little bald patch on the top of his crown.

His bright sparkling eye  
 Was of hazle, and nigh  
 Rose a finely arch'd eyebrow of similar dye,  
 He'd a small, well-form'd mouth with the *Cupidon* lip,  
 And an aquiline nose, somewhat red at the tip.



In-doors and out  
He was very devout,  
With his *Aves* and *Paters*—and oh, such a knout!!  
For his self-flagellations! the Monks used to say  
He would wear out two penn'orth of whip-cord a day!

Then how his piety  
Shows in his diet, he  
Dines upon pulse, or, by way of variety,  
Sand-eels or dabs; or his appetite mocks  
With those small periwinkles that crawl on the rocks.

In brief, I don't stick  
To declare Father Dick—  
So they call'd him, "for short,"—was a "Regular Brick,"  
A metaphor taken—I have not the page aright—  
Out of an ethical work by the Stagyrite.

Now Nature, 'tis said,  
Is a comical jade,  
And among the fantastical tricks she has play'd,  
Was the making our good Father Richard a Brother,  
As like him in form as one pea's like another;

He was tall and upright,  
About six feet in height,  
His complexion was what you'd denominate light,  
And, though he had not shorn his ringlets of brown,  
He'd a little bald patch on the top of his crown.

He'd a bright sparkling eye  
Of the hazel, hard by  
Rose a finely-arch'd sourcil of similar dye;  
He'd a small, well-shaped mouth, with a *Cupidon* lip,  
And a good Roman nose, rather red at the tip.

But here, it's pretended,  
The parallel ended;  
In fact, there's no doubt his life might have been mended,  
And people who spoke of the Prior with delight,  
Shook their heads if you mention'd his brother, the Knight.

If you'd credit report,  
There was nothing but sport,  
And High Jinks going on night and day at "the court,"  
Where Sir Robert, instead of devotion and charity,  
Spent all his time in unseemly hilarity.

He drinks and he eats  
Of choice liquors and meats,  
And he goes out on We'n'sdays and Fridays to treats,  
Gets tipsy whenever he dines or he sups,  
And is wont to come quarrelsome home in his cups.

No *Paters*, no *Aves*;  
An absolute slave he's  
To tarts, pickled salmon, and sauces, and gravies;  
While as to his beads—what a shame in a Knight!—  
He really don't know the wrong end from the right!

So, though 'twas own'd then,  
By nine people in ten,  
That "Robert and Richard were two pretty men,"  
Yet there the praise ceased, or, at least the good Priest  
Was consider'd the "Beauty," Sir Robert the "Beast."

Indeed, I'm afraid  
More might have been laid  
To the charge of the Knight than was openly said,  
For then we'd no "Phiz's," no "H.B.'s," nor "Leeches,"  
To call Roberts "Bobs," and illustrate their speeches.

'Twas whisper'd he 'd rob,  
Nay murder! a job  
Which would stamp him no "brick," but a "regular snob,"

(An obsolete term, which, at this time of day,  
We should probably render by *mauvais sujet*).

Now if *here* such affairs  
Get wind unawares,  
They are bruited about, doubtless, much more "down stairs,"  
Where Old Nick has a register-office, they say,  
With commissioners quite of such matters *au fait*.

Of course, when he heard  
What his people averr'd  
Of Sir Robert's proceedings in deed and in word,  
He ask'd for the ledger, and hasten'd to look  
At the leaves on the creditor side of this book.

'Twas with more than surprise  
That he now ran his eyes  
O'er the numberless items, oaths, curses, and lies,  
*Et cætera*, set down in Sir Robert's account,  
He was quite "flabbergasted" to see the amount.

"Dear me! this is wrong!  
It's a great deal too strong,  
I'd no notion this bill had been standing so long—  
Send Levybub here!" and he fill'd up a writ  
Of "*Ca sa*," duly prefaced with "Limbo to wit."

"Here, Levybub, quick!"  
To his bailiff, said Nick,  
"I'm 'ryled,' and 'my dander's up,' 'Go a-head slick'  
Up to Kent—not Kentuck—and at once fetch away  
A snob there—I guess that's a *Mauvais Sujet*.

"One De Birchington, knight—  
'Tis not clear quite  
What his t'other name is—they've not enter'd it right,  
Ralph, Robert, or Richard? they've not gone so far,  
Our critturs have put it down merely as 'R.'

"But he's tall and upright,  
About six feet in height,  
His complexion, I reckon, you'd calculate light,  
And he's farther 'set down' having ringlets of brown,  
With a little bald patch on the top of his crown.

"Then his eye and his lip,  
Hook-nose, red at tip,  
Are marks your attention can't easily slip;  
Take Slomanoch with you, he's got a good knack  
Of soon grabbing his man, and be back in a crack!"

That same afternoon  
Father Dick, who, as soon  
Would "knock in" or "cut chapel" as jump o'er the moon,  
Was missing at vespers — at compline — all night!  
And his monks were, of course, in a deuce of a fright.

Morning dawn'd — 'twas broad day,  
Still no Prior! the tray  
With his muffins and eggs went untasted away; —  
He came not to luncheon — all said, "it was rum of him!"  
— None could conceive what on earth had become of him.

They examined his cell,  
They peep'd down the well;  
They went up the tow'r and look'd into the bell,  
They dragg'd the great fish-pond, the little one tried,  
But found nothing at all, save some carp — which they fried.

"Dear me! Dear me!  
Why where can he be?  
He's fallen over the cliff? — tumbled into the sea?"

"Stay — he talk'd," exclaim'd one, "if I recollect right,  
Of making a call on his brother the Knight?"

He turns as he speaks,  
 The "Court Lodge" he seeks,  
 Which was known then, as now, by the queer name of Quekes,  
 But scarce half a mile on his way had he sped,  
 When he spied the good Prior in the paddock — stone dead !

Alas ! 'twas too true !  
 And I need not tell you  
 In the convent his news made a pretty to do ;  
 Through all its wide precincts so roomy and spacious,  
 Nothing was heard but " Bless me ! " and " Good Gracious ! ! "

They sent for the May'r  
 And the Doctor, a pair  
 Of grave men, who began to discuss the affair,  
 When in bounced the Coroner, foaming with fury,  
 " Because," as he said, " 'twas pooh ! pooh ! ing his jury."

Then commenced a dispute  
 And so hot they went to 't,  
 That things seem'd to threaten a serious *émeute*,  
 When, just in the midst of the uproar and racket,  
 Who should walk in but St. Thomas à Becket.

Quoth his saintship, " How now  
 Here's a fine coil, I trow !  
 I should like to know, gentlemen, what's all this row ?  
 Mr. Wickliffe — or Wackliffe — whatever your name is —  
 And you, Mr. May'r, don't you know, sirs, what shame is ?

" Pray what's all this clatter  
 About ? — what's the matter ? "  
 Here a monk, whose teeth funk and concern made to chatter,  
 Sobs out, as he points to the corpse on the floor,  
 " 'Tis all dickey with poor Father Dick — he's no more ! "

"How! — what?" says the saint,

"Yes he is — no he ain't \*

He can't be deceased — pooh! it's merely a feint,  
Or some foolish mistake which may serve for our laughter,  
'He *should* have died,' like the old Scotch Queen, 'hereafter.'

"His time is not out;

Some blunder, no doubt,

It shall go hard but what I'll know what it's about —  
I shan't be surprised if that scurvy old Nick's  
Had a hand in't; it savours of one of his tricks."

When a crafty old hound

Claps his nose to the ground,

Then throws it up boldly, and bays out, "I've found!"  
And the pack catch the note, I'd as soon think to check it,  
As dream of bamboozling St. Thomas à Becket.

Once on the scent

To business he went,

"You Scoundrel, come here, sir" ('twas Nick that he meant),  
"Bring your books here this instant — bestir yourself — do,  
I've no time to waste on such fellows as you."

Every corner and nook

In all Erebus shook,

As he struck on the pavement his pastoral crook,  
All its tenements trembled from basement to roofs,  
And their *nigger* inhabitants shook in their hoofs.

Hanging his ears,

Yet dissembling his fears,

Ledger in hand, straight "Auld Hornie" appears,  
With that sort of half-sneaking, half-impudent look,  
Bankrupts sport when cross-question'd by Cresswell or Cooke,

\* *Cantise* for "is not;" St. Thomas, it seems, had lived long enough in the country to pick up a few of its provincialisms.

‘So Sir-r-r! you are here,’  
Said the Saint with a sneer,  
“My summons, I trust, did not much interfere  
With your morning engagements — I merely desire,  
At your leisure to know what you’ve done with my Prior?

“Now, none of your lies,  
Mr. Nick! I’d advise  
You to tell me the truth without any disguise,  
Or-r-r!!” The Saint, while his rosy gills seem’d to grow rosier,  
Here gave another great thump with his crosier.

Like a small boy at Eton,  
Who’s not quite a Crichton,  
And don’t know his task but expects to be beaten,  
Nick stammer’d, scarce knowing what answer to make,  
“Sir, I’m sadly afraid here has been a mistake.

“These things will occur,  
We are all apt to err,  
The most cautious sometimes, as you know, holy sir;  
For my own part — I’m sure I do all that I can —  
But — the fact is — I fear — we have got the wrong man.”

“Wrong man!” roar’d the Saint —  
But the scene I can’t paint,  
The best colours I have are a vast deal too faint —  
Nick afterwards own’d that he ne’er knew what fright meant,  
Before he saw Saint under so much excitement.

“Wrong man! don’t tell me —  
Pooh! — fiddle-de-dee!  
What’s your right, Scamp, to any man! — come, let me see;  
I’ll teach you, you thorough-paced rascal, to meddle  
With church matters; come, Sirrah, out with your schedule!”

In support of his claim  
The fiend turns to the name  
Of “De Birchington” written in letters of flame,

Below which long items stand, column on column,  
Enough to have eked out a decent-sized volume!

Sins of all sorts and shapes,  
From small practical japes,  
Up to dicings, and drinkings, and murders and rapes,  
And then of such standing!—a merciless tick  
From an Oxford tobacconist,—let alone Nick.

The saint in surprise  
Scarce believed his own eyes,  
Still he knew he'd to deal with the father of lies,  
And "So *this*! — you call *this*!" he exclaim'd in a searching  
tone,  
"This!!! the account of my friend Dick de Birchington!"

"Why," said Nick, with an air  
Of great candour, "it's there  
Lies the awkwardest part of this awkward affair —  
I thought all was right — see the height tallies quite,  
The complexion's what all must consider as light;  
There's the nose, and the lip, and the ringlets of brown,  
And the little bald patch on the top of the crown.

"And then the surname,  
So exactly the same —  
I don't know — I can't tell how the accident came,  
But *some* how — I own it's a very sad job,  
But—my bailiff grabb'd Dick when he *should* have nabb'd Bob.

"I am vex'd beyond bounds  
You should have such good grounds  
For complaint; I would rather have given five pounds,  
And any apology, sir, you may choose,  
I'll make with much pleasure, and put in the news."

"An apology! — pooh!  
Much good that will do!  
An '*apology*' quoth a! — and that too from you! —



Before any proposal is made of the sort,  
Bring back your stol'n goods, thief!— produce them in Court!”

In a moment, so small  
It seem'd no time at all,  
Father Richard sat up on his what-do-ye-call—  
*Sou son séant*— and, what was as wondrous as pleasing,  
At once began coughing, and sniffling, and sneezing.

While strange to relate,  
The Knight whom the fate  
Of his brother had reach'd, and who knock'd at the gate,  
To make further inquiries, had scarce made his bow  
To the Saint, ere he vanish'd, and no one knew how!

*Erupit — evasit,*  
As Tully would phrase it,  
And none could have known where to find his *Hic jacet*—  
That sentence which man his mortality teaches—  
Sir Robert had disappear'd, body and breeches

“Heyday! Sir, heyday!  
What's the matter now — eh?”  
Quoth A'Becket, observing the gen'ral dismay,  
“How, again!—'pon my word this is really too bad!  
It would drive *any* saint in the calendar mad.

“What, still at your tricking?  
You *will* have a kicking?  
I see you won't rest till you've got a good licking—  
Your claim, friend?— what claim?— why you show'd me  
before,  
That your *old* claim was cancell'd—you've cross'd out the  
score!

“Is it that way you'd Jew one?  
You've settled the true one?  
Do you mean to tell me he has run up a new one?

Of the thousands you've cheated  
And scurvily treated,  
Name one you've dared charge with a bill once receipted!  
In the Bankruptcy Court should you dare to presume  
To attempt it, they'd soon kick you out of the room,  
—Ask Commissioner Fonblanque, or ask my Lord Brougham.

“And then to make under  
So barefaced a blunder,  
Your caption!—why what's the world come to, I wonder?  
My patience! it's just like his impudence, rat him!  
—Stand out of the way there, and let me get at him!”

The Saint raised his arm,  
But Old Nick, in alarm,  
Dash'd up through the skylight, not doing much harm,  
While, *quitting pour la peur*, the Knight, sound on the whole  
Down the chimney came tumbling as black as a coal!

Spare we to tell  
Of what after befell!  
How the Saint lectured Robert de Birchington well,  
Bade him alter his life, and held out as a warning  
The narrow escape he'd made on't that morning.

Nor need we declare  
How, then and there,  
The jury and Coroner blew up the May'r  
For his breach of decorum as one of the *quorum*,  
In not having Levybub brought up before 'em.

Nor will you require  
Me to state how the Prior  
Could never thenceforth bear the sight of a fire,  
Nor ever was heard to express a desire  
In cold weather to see the thermometer higher.

Now shall I relate  
 The subsequent fate  
 Of St. Thomas à Becket, whose reverend pate  
 Fitzurse and De Morville, and Brito and Tracy  
 Shaved off, as his crown had been merely a jasey.\*

Suffice it to say,  
 From that notable day  
 The "Twin Birchington Brothers" together grew grey:  
 In the same holy convent continued to dwell,  
 Same food and same fastings, same habit, same cell.

No more the Knight rattles  
 In broils and in battles,  
 But sells, by De Robins, his goods and his chattels,  
 And counting all wealth a mere Will-o'-the-wisp,  
 Disposes of Quekes to Sir Nicholas Crispe.

One spot alone  
 Of all he had known  
 Of his spacious domain he retain'd as his own,  
 In a neighbouring parish, whose name I may say  
 Scarce any two people pronounce the same way.

*Re-cul-ver* some style it,  
 While others revile it  
 As bad, and say *Re-culver*—'tisn't worth while, it  
 Would seem, to dispute, when we know the result immat-  
 erial—I accent, myself, the penultimate.

Sages, with brains  
 Full of "Saxon remains,"  
 May call me a booby, perhaps, for my pains,  
 Still I hold, at the hazard of being thought dull by 'em,  
 Fast by the quantity mark'd for *Regulbium*.

\* *Nec satis fuit eis sanguine sacerdotis et nece ecclesiam prophanare, nisi, coronâ capitis amputatâ, funestis gladiis jam defuncti ejicerent cerebrum.*—  
*Matt. Paris.*

Call't as you will,  
The traveller still,  
In the voyage that we talk'd about, marks on the hill  
Overhanging the sea, the "twin-towers" raised then  
By "Robert and Richard, those two pretty men."

Both tall and upright,  
And just equal in height;  
The Trinity House talk'd of painting them white,  
And the thing was much spoken of some time ago,  
When the Duke, I believe — but I really don't know.

Well — there the "Twins" stand  
On the verge of the land,  
To warn mariners off from the Columbine sand,  
And many a poor man have Robert and Dick  
By their vow caused to 'scape, like themselves, from Old Nick.

So, whether you're sailors  
Or Tooley-street Tailors,  
Broke loose from your masters, those sternest of jailers,  
And, bent upon pleasure, are taking your trip  
In a craft which you fondly conceive is a ship,  
When you've pass'd by the Nore,  
And you hear the winds roar  
In a manner you scarce could have fancied before,  
When the cordage and tackling  
Are flapping and crackling,  
And the boy with the bell  
Thinks it useless to tell  
You that "dinner's on table," because you're unwell;

"When above you all's "scud,"  
And below you the flood  
Looks a horrible mixture of soap-suds and mud,  
When the timbers are straining,  
And folks are complaining,  
The dead-lights are letting the spray and the rain in,

When the helms-man looks blue,  
 And Captain Large too,  
 And you really don't know what on earth you shall do.

In this hubbub and row  
 Think where you'd be now,  
 Except for the Birchington boys and their vow!  
 And while o'er the wide wave you feel the craft pitch hard,  
 Praise for ye soulders of Robertte and Richard!

## MORAL.

It's a subject of serious complaint in some houses,  
 With young married men who have elderly spouses,  
 That persons are seen in their figures and faces,  
 With very queer people in very queer places,  
 So like them that one for the other's oft taken,  
 And conjugal confidence thereby much shaken:  
 Explanations too often are thought mere pretences,  
 And Richard gets scolded for Robert's offences.

In a matter so nice,  
 If I'm ask'd my advice,  
 I say copy King Henry to obviate that,  
 And stick something remarkable up in your hat!  
 Next, observe, in this world where we've so many cheats,  
 How useful it is to preserve your receipts!  
 If you deal with a person whose truth you don't doubt,  
 Be particular, still, that your bill is cross'd out;  
 But, with any inducement to think him a scamp,  
 Have a formal receipt on a regular stamp!  
 Let every gay gallant my story who notes  
 Take warning, and not go on "sowing wild oats!"  
 Nor depend that some friend  
 Will always attend,  
 And by "making all right" bring him off in the end;

He may be mistaken, so let him beware,  
St. Thomas à Becket's are now rather rare.

Last of all, may'rs and magistrates, never be rude  
To juries! they are people who *won't* be pooh-pooh'd!  
Especially Sandwich ones — no one can say  
But himself may come under their clutches one day;  
They then may pay off  
In kind any scoff,  
And, turning their late verdict quite "*wisey wersey*,"  
"*Acquit* you," and *not* "*recommend you to mercy*."\*

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THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

A DOMESTIC LEGEND OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

Hail, wedded love! mysterious tie!"

Thomson — or Somebody.

THE LADY JANE was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair,
And Sir Thomas, her Lord, was stout of limb,
And his cough was short, and his eyes were dim,
And he wore green "specs," with a tortoise-shell rim,
And his hat was remarkably broad in the brim,
And she was uncommonly fond of him,—
And they were a loving pair! —
And the name and the fame
Of the Knight and his Dame,

* At a Quarter Sessions held at Sandwich, (some six miles from Birchington,) on Tuesday the 8th of April last, before W. F. Boteler, Esq., the recorder, Thomas Jones, mariner, aged seventeen, was tried for stealing a jacket, value ten shillings. The jury, after a patient hearing, found him "not guilty," and "recommended him to mercy."—See the whole case reported in the "*Kentish Observer*," April 10, 1845.

Were ev'rywhere hail'd with the loudest acclaim;
 And wherever they went, or wherever they came,
 Far and wide,
 The people cried,
 Huzza! for the Lord of this noble domain,—
 Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! — once again!—
 Encore! — Encore! —
 One cheer more!—
 —All sorts of pleasure, and no sort of pain
 To Sir Thomas the Good, and the Fair Lady Jane!!

Now Sir Thomas the Good,
 Be it well understood,
 Was a man of very contemplative mood,—
 He would pore by the hour,
 O'er a weed or a flower,
 Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower;
 Black-beetles, and Bumble-bees,— Blue-bottle flies,
 And Moths were of no small account in his eyes;
 An "Industrious Flea" he'd by no means despise,
 While an "Old Daddy-long-legs," whose "long legs" and thighs
 Pass'd the common in shape, or in colour, or size,
 He was wont to consider an absolute prize.
 Nay, a hornet or wasp he could scarce "keep his paws off"
 — he
 Gave up, in short,
 Both business and sport,
 And abandon'd himself, *tout entier*, to Philosophy.

Now, as Lady Jane was tall and slim,
 And Lady Jane was fair,
 And a good many years the junior of him,—
 And as he,
 All agree,
 Look'd less like her *Mari*,

As he walk'd by her side, than her *Père*,*
 There are some might be found entertaining a notion
 That such an entire and exclusive devotion
 To that part of science, folks style Entomology,

Was a positive shame,
 And, to such a fair Dame,

Really demanded some sort of apology;
 — No doubt, it *would* vex

One half of the sex

To see their own husband, in horrid green "*specs*,"
 Instead of enjoying a sociable chat,
 Still poking his nose into this and to that,
 At a gnat, or a bat, or a cat, or a rat,

Or great ugly things,
 All legs and wings,

With nasty long tails arm'd with nasty long stings;
 And they'd join such a log of a spouse to condemn,
 — One eternally thinking,

And blinking, and winking

At grubs, — when he ought to be winking at them. —
 But no! — oh no!

'Twas by no means so

With the Lady Jane Ingoldsby — she, far discreeter
 And, having a temper more even and sweeter,

Would never object to
Her spouse, in respect to
 His poking and peeping
 After "*things* creeping;"

Much less be still keeping lamenting, and weeping,
 Or scolding at what she perceived him so deep in.

Tout au contraire,
 No lady so fair

* My friend, Mr. Hood,
 In his comical mood,

Would have probably styled the good Knight and his Lady —
 Him — "*Stern-old and Hopkins*," and her "*Tête and Braidy*."

Was e'er known to wear more contented an air;
 And,—let who would call,—every day she was there,
 Propounding receipts for some delicate fare,
 Some toothsome conserve, of quince, apple, or pear,
 Or distilling strong waters,—or potting a hare,—
 Or counting her spoons and her crockery-ware;
 Or else, her tambour-frame before her, with care
 Embroidering a stool or a back for a chair,
 With needle-work roses, most cunning and rare,
 Enough to make less-gifted visitors stare,
 And declare, where'er
 They had been, that "they ne'er
 In their lives had seen aught that at all could compare
 With dear Lady Jane's housewifery—that they would swear."

Nay more; don't suppose
 With such doings as those
 This account of her merits must come to a close;
 No:—examine her conduct more closely, you'll find
 She by no means neglected improving her mind;
 For there, all the while, with air quite bewitching,
 She sat herring-boning, tambouring, or stitching,
 Or having an eye to affairs of the kitchen.

Close by her side,
 Sat her kinsman, MacBride,
 Her cousin, fourteen-times removed,—as you'll see
 If you look at the Ingoldsby family tree,
 In "Burke's Commoners," vol. xx. page 58.

All the papers I've read agree,
 Too, with the pedigree,
 Where, among the collateral branches, appears
 "Captain Dugald MacBride, Royal Scots Fusileers;"
 And I doubt if you'd find in the whole of his clan
 A more highly-intelligent, worthy young man;—
 And there he'd be sitting,
 While she was a-knitting,

Or hemming, or stitching, or darning and fitting,
 Or putting a "gore," or a "gusset," or "bit" in,
 Reading aloud, with a very grave look,
 Some very "wise saw" from some very good book,—
 Some such pious divine as
 St. Thomas Aquinas;
 Or, equally charming,
 The works of Bellarmine;
 Or else he unravels
 The "voyages and travels"

Of Hackluytz—(how sadly these Dutch names *do* sully verse!)—
 Purchas's, Hawksworth's, or Lemuel Gulliver's,—
 Not to name others, 'mongst whom there are few so
 Admired as John Bunyan, and Robinson Crusoe.—
 No matter who came,
 It was always the same,
 The Captain was reading aloud to the Dame,
 Till, from having gone through half the books on the shelf,
 They were almost as wise as Sir Thomas himself.

Well, it happen'd one day,
 — I really can't say

The particular month; — but *by* *think* 'twas in May,—
 'Twas, I *know*, in the Spring-time,—when "Nature looks gay,"
 As the Poet observes, — and on tree-top and spray
 The dear little dickey-birds carol away;
 When the grass is so green, and the sun is so bright,
 And all things are teeming with life and with light,—
 That the whole of the house was thrown into affright,
 For no soul could conceive what was gone with the Knight!

It seems he had taken
 A light breakfast—bacon,
 An egg—with a little broil'd haddock—at most
 A round and a half of some hot butter'd toast,
 With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast.

And then—let me see! —

He had two — perhaps three

Cups (with sugar and cream) of strong gunpowder tea,

With a spoonful in each of some choice *eau de vie*,

— Which with nine out of ten would perhaps disagree. —

— In fact, I and my son

Mix “black” with our “Hyson,”

Neither having the nerves of a bull, or a bison,

And both hating brandy like what some call “pison.”

No matter for that —

He had call'd for his hat,

With the brim that I've said was so broad and so flat,

And his “specs” with the tortoise-shell rim, and his cane

With the crutch-handled top, which he used to sustain

His steps in his walks, and to poke in the shrubs

And the grass, when unearthing his worms and his grubs —

Thus arm'd, he set out on a ramble — alack!

He *set out*, poor dear Soul! — but he never came back!

“First dinner-bell” rang

Out its euphonous clang

At five — folks kept early hours then — and the “Last”

Ding-dong'd, as it ever was wont, at half-past,

While Betsey and Sally,

And Thompson the *Valet*,

And every one else was beginning to bless himself,

Wondering the Knight had not come in to dress himself, —

— Quoth Betsey, “Dear me! why the fish will be cold!” —

Quoth Sally, “Good gracious! how ‘Missis’ *will* scold!” —

Thompson, the *Valet*,

Look'd gravely at Sally,

As who should say “Truth must not always be told!”

Then, expressing a fear lest the Knight might take cold,

Thus exposed to the dews,

Lambs'-wool stockings and shoes,

Of each a fresh pair,
He put down to air,
And hung a clean shirt to the fire on a chair. —
Still the Master was absent — the Cook came and said, "he
Much fear'd, as the dinner had been so long ready,
The roast and the boil'd
Would be all of it spoil'd,
And the puddings, her Ladyship thought such a treat,
He was morally sure, would be scarce fit to eat!"
This closed the debate —
" 'Twould be folly to wait,"
Said the Lady, "Dish up! — Let the meal be served straight;
And let two or three slices be put on a plate,
And kept hot for Sir Thomas. — He's lost, sure as fate!
And, a hundred to one, won't be home till it's late!"
— Captain Dugald MacBride then proceeded to face
The Lady at table, — stood up, and said grace, —
Then set himself down in Sir Thomas's place.

Wearily, wearily, all that night,
That live-long night did the hours go by;
And the Lady Jane,
In grief and in pain,
She sat herself down to cry! —
And Captain MacBride,
Who sat by her side,
Though I really can't say that he actually cried,
At least had a tear in his eye! —
As much as can well be expected, perhaps,
From "very young fellows" for very "old chaps;"
And if he had said
What he'd got in his head,
'Twould have been "Poor old Buffer! he's certainly dead!"
The morning dawn'd, — and the next, — and the next,
And all in the mansion were still perplex'd;

No watch-dog "bay'd a welcome home," as
A watch-dog should to the "Good Sir Thomas;"

No knocker fell

His approach to tell,

Not so much as a runaway ring at the bell—
The Hall was silent as Hermit's cell.

Yet the sun shone bright upon tower and tree,
And the meads smiled green as green may be,
And the dear little dickey-birds caroll'd with glee,
And the lambs in the park skipp'd merry and free—
— Without, all was joy and harmony!

"And thus 'twill be, — nor long the day, —
Ere we, like him, shall pass away!
Yon Sun, that now *our* bosoms warms,
Shall shine, — but shine on other forms; —
Yon Grove, whose choir so sweetly cheers
Us now, shall sound on other ears, —
The joyous Lamb, as now, shall play,
But other eyes its sports survey, —
The stream we loved shall roll as fair,
The flowery sweets, the trim Parterre
Shall scent, as now, the ambient air, —
The Tree, whose bending branches bear
The One loved name — shall yet be there; —
But where the hand that carved it? — Where?"

These were hinted to me as

The very ideas

Which pass'd through the mind of the fair Lady Jane,
Her thoughts having taken a sombre-ish train,
As she walk'd on the esplanade, to and again,

With Captain MacBride,

Of course, at her side,

Who could not look quite so forlorn, — though he tried,

— An “idea,” in fact, had got into *his* head,
 That if “poor dear Sir Thomas” should really be dead,
 It might be no bad “spec.” to be there in his stead,
 And, by simply contriving, in due time, to wed
 A Lady who was young and fair,
 A lady slim and tall,
 To set himself down in comfort there
 The Lord of Tapton * Hall. —

Thinks he, “We have sent
 Half over Kent,
 And nobody knows how much money’s been spent,
 Yet no one’s been found to say *which* way he went! —
 The groom, who’s been over
 To Folkstone and Dover,
 Can’t get any tidings at all of the rover!
 — Here’s a fortnight and more has gone by, and we’ve tried
 Every plan we could hit on — the whole country-side,
 Upon all its dead walls, with placards we’ve supplied, —
 And we’ve sent out the Crier, and had him well cried —
 ‘MISSING!!
 Stolen, or stray’d,
 Lost, or mislaid,
 A GENTLEMAN; — middle-aged, sober, and staid; —
 Stoops slightly; — and when he left home was array’d
 In a sad-colour’d suit, somewhat dingy and fray’d; —
 Had spectacles on with a tortoise-shell rim,
 And a hat rather low-crown’d, and broad in the brim.
 Whoe’er
 Shall bear,
 Or shall send him with care,
 (Right side uppermost) home; or shall give notice where
 The said middle-aged GENTLEMAN is;’ or shall state

* The familiar abbreviation for Tappington Everard still in use among the tenantry. — *Vide Prefatory Introduction to the Ingoldsby Legends.*

Any fact, that may tend to throw light on his fate,
 To the man at the turnpike, called TAPPINGTON GATE,
 Shall receive a REWARD of FIVE POUNDS for his trouble,—
 N.B.—If defunct the REWARD will be double!!

“Had he been above ground
 He *must* have been found.
 No; doubtless he’s shot,—or he’s hang’d,—or he’s drown’d!
 Then his Widow—ay! ay!—
 But, what will folks say!—
 To address her at once—at so early a day!
 Well—what then?—who cares!—let ’em say what they may—
 A fig for their nonsense and chatter!—suffice it, her
 Charms will excuse one for casting sheep’s eyes at her!”

When a Man has decided
 As Captain MacBride did,
 And once fully made up his mind on the matter, he
 Can’t be too prompt in unmasking his battery.
 He began on the instant, and vow’d that “her eyes
 Far exceeded in brilliance the stars in the skies,—
 That her lips were like roses—her cheeks were like lilies—
 Her breath had the odour of daffy-down-dillies!”—
 With a thousand more compliments equally true,
 And express’d in similitudes equally new!
 —Then his left arm he placed
 Round her jimp, taper waist—
 —Ere she fix’d to repulse, or return, his embrace,
 Up came running a man, at a deuce of a pace,
 With that very peculiar expression of face
 Which always betokens dismay or disaster,
 Crying out—’twas the Gardener,—“Oh, Ma’am! we’ve found
 Master!”
 —“Where! where?” scream’d the lady; and Echo scream’d—
 “Where?”
 The man couldn’t say “There!”
 He had no breath to spare,

But, gasping for air, he could only respond,
By pointing—he pointed, alas!—to THE POND.
—’Twas e’en so—poor dear Knight!—with his “specs” and
his hat
He’d gone poking his nose into this and to that;
When, close to the side
Of the bank, he espied
An “uncommon fine” Tadpole, remarkably fat!
He stoop’d;—and he thought her
His own;—he had caught her!
Got hold of her tail,—and to land almost brought her,
When—he plump’d head and heels into fifteen feet water!

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair,
Alas, for Sir Thomas!—she grieved for him,
As she saw two serving-men, sturdy of limb,
His body between them bear:
She sobb’d, and she sigh’d; she lamented, and cried,
For of sorrow brimful was her cup;
She swoon’d, and I think she’d have fall’n down and died,
If Captain MacBride
Had not been by her side,
With the Gardener; they both their assistance supplied,
And managed to hold her up.—
But, when she “comes to,”
Oh! ’tis shocking to view
The sight which the corpse reveals!
Sir Thomas’s body,
It look’d so odd—he
Was half eaten up by the eels!
His waistcoat and hose, and the rest of his clothes
Were all gnaw’d through and through;
And out of each shoe
An eel they drew;

And from each of his pockets they pull'd out two!
 And the Gardener himself had secreted a few,
 As well we may suppose;
 For, when he came running to give the alarm,
 He had six in the basket that hung on his arm.

Good Father John *
 Was summon'd anon;
 Holy water was sprinkled,
 And little bells tinkled,
 And tapers were lighted,
 And incense ignited,
 And masses were sung, and masses were said,
 All day, for the quiet repose of the dead,
 And all night no one thought about going to bed.

But Lady Jane was tall and slim,
 And Lady Jane was fair,—
 And, ere morning came, that winsome dame
 Had made up her mind — or, what's much the same,
 Had *thought about* — once more "changing her name,"
 And she said with a pensive air,
 To Thompson, the valet, while taking away,
 When supper was over, the cloth and the tray,—
 "Eels a many
 I've ate; but any
 So good no'er tasted before! —
 They're a fish, too, of which I'm remarkably fond.—
 Go — pop Sir Thomas again in the Pond —
 Poor dear! — HE'LL CATCH US SOME MORE!!"

* For some account of Father John Ingoldsby, to whose papers I am so much beholden, see *Ingoldsby Legends, First Series*, p. 208. This was the last ecclesiastical act of his long and valuable life.



MORAL.

All middle-aged Gentlemen let me advise,
 If you're married, and have not got very good eyes,
 Don't go poking about after blue-bottle flies! —
 If you've spectacles, don't have a tortoise-shell rim,
 And don't go near the water,—unless you can swim!

Married Ladies, especially such as are fair,
 Tall, and slim, I would next recommend to beware
 How, on losing *one* spouse, they give way to despair;
 But let them reflect, "There are fish, and no doubt on't—
 As good in the river as ever came out on't!"

Should they light on a spouse who is given to roaming
 In solitude—*raison de plus*, in the "gloaming,"
 Let them have a fix'd time for said spouse to come home in!
 And if, when "last dinner-bell" 's rung, he is late,
 To insure better manners in future—Don't wait!

If of husband or children they chance to be fond,
 Have a stout iron-wire fence put all-round the pond!

One more piece of advice, and I close my appeals—
 That is—if you chance to be partial to eels,
 Then—*Crede experto*—trust one who has tried—
 Have them spitch-cock'd,—or stew'd—they're too oily when
 fried!

THE HOUSE-WARMING!!

A LEGEND OF BLEEDING-HEART YARD.

Did you ever see the Devil dance?—OLD QUERRY.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON he danced with grace,
He'd a very fine form and a very fine face,
And his cloak and his doublet were guarded with lace,
And the rest of his clothes,
As you well may suppose,
In taste were by no means inferior to those;
He'd a yellow-starch'd ruff,
And his gloves were of buff,
On each of his shoes a red heel and a rose,
And nice little moustaches under his nose;
Then every one knows
How he turn'd out his toes,
And a very great way that accomplishment goes,
In a Court where it's thought, in a lord or a duke, a
Disgrace to fall short in "the Brawls"—(their Cachouca).

So what with his form, and what with his face,
And what with his velvet cloak guarded with lace,
And what with his elegant dancing and grace,
His dress and address

So tickled Queen Bess

That her Majesty gave him a very snug place;
And seeing, moreover, at one single peep, her
Advisers were, few of them, sharper or deeper
(Old Burleigh excepted), she made him Lord Keeper.

I've heard, I confess, with no little surprise
English history call'd a farrago of lies;

And a certain Divine,
A connexion of mine,
Who ought to know better, as some folks opine,
Is apt to declare,
Leaning back in his chair,
With a sort of smirking, self-satisfied air,
That "all that's recorded in Hume and elsewhere,
Of our early '*Annales*'
A trumpery tale is,
Like the 'Bold Captain Smith's,' and the 'Luckless Miss Bay-
ley's'—
That old Roger Hovedon, and Ralph de Diceto,
And others (whose names should I try to repeat o-
ver, well I'm assured you would put in your veto),
Though all holy friars,
Were very great liars,
And raised stories faster than Grissel and Peto—
That Harold escaped with the loss of a 'glim'—
That the shaft which kill'd Rufus ne'er glanced from a limb
Of a tree, as they say, but was aim'd slap at *him*,—
That Fair Rosamond never was poison'd or spitted,
But outlived Queen Nell, who was much to be pitied;—
That Nelly her namesake, Ned Longshanks's wife,
Ne'er went crusading at all in her life,
Nor suck'd the wound made by the poison-tipp'd knife!
For as she,
O'er the sea,
Towards far Galilee,
Never, even in fancy, march'd carcass or shook shanks,
Of course she could no more suck Longshanks than Cruikshanks,
But, leaving her spindle-legg'd liege-lord to roam,
Staid behind, and suck'd something much better at home,—
That it's quite as absurd
To say Edward the Third,
In reviving the Garter, afforded a handle
For any Court-gossip, detraction, or scandal,

As 'twould be to say,
 That at Court t'other day,
 At the fête which the newspapers say was so gay,
 His Great Representative then stole away
 Lady Salisbury's garters as part of the play.—
 —That as to Prince Hal's being faken to jail,
 By the London Police, without mainprize or bail,
 For cuffing a judge,
 It's a regular fudge;
 And that Chief-Justice Gascoigne, it's very well known,
 Was kick'd out the moment he came to the throne.—
 —Then that Richard the Third was a 'marvellous proper man'—
 Never kill'd, injured, or wrong'd of a copper, man.—
 Ne'er wish'd to smother
 The sons of his brother,—
 Nor ever stuck Harry the Sixth, who, instead
 Of being squabash'd, as in Shakspeare we've read,
 Caught a bad influenza, and died in his bed,
 In the Tower, not far from the room where the Guard is
 (The octagon one that adjoins Duffus Hardy's).
 —That, in short, all the 'facts' in the *Decem Scriptores*
 Are nothing at all but sheer humbugging stories."

Then if, as he vows, both this country and France in,
 Historians thus gave themselves up to romancing,
 Notwithstanding what most of them join in advancing
 Respecting Sir Christopher's capering and prancing,

'Twill cause no surprise
 If we find that his rise

Is *not* to be solely ascribed to his dancing!
 The fact is, Sir Christopher, early in life,
 As all bachelors should do, had taken a wife,
 A Fanshawe by family,—one of a house
 Well descended, but boasting less "nobles" than *nous*;
 Though e'en as to purse
 He might have done worse,

For I find, on perusing her Grandfather's will, it is
Clear she had "good gifts beside possibilities,"*

Owches and rings,

And such sort of things,

Orellana shares (then the American Stocks),

Jewell'd stomachers, coifs, ruffs, silk-stockings with clocks,

Point-lace, cambric handkerchiefs, nightcaps, and — socks —

(Recondite apparel contain'd in her box),

—Then the height of her breeding

And depth of her reading

Might captivate any gay youth, and, in leading

Him on to "propose," well excuse the proceeding;

Truth to tell, as to "reading," the Lady was thought to do

More than she should, and know more than she ought to do;

Her maid, it was said,

Declared that she read

(A custom all staid folks discourage) in bed;

And that often o' nights,

Odd noises and sights

In her mistress's chamber had giv'n her sad frights,

After all in the mansion had put out their lights,

And she verily thought that hobgoblins and sprites

Were there, kicking up all sorts of devil's delights;—

Miss Alice, in short, was supposed to "collogue"—I

Don't much like the word — with the subtle old rogue, I

've heard call'd by so many names — one of them's "Bogy"—

Indeed 'twas conceived,

And by most folks believed,

—A thing at which all of her well-wishers griev'd —

That should she incline to play such a vagary,

Like sage Lady Branzholm, her contempor'ary

(Excuse the false quantity, reader I pray),

She could turn a knight into a wagon of hay,

Or two nice little boys into puppies at play,

* "Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts."

SIR HUGH EVANS.

Raison de plus, not a doubt could exist of her
 Pow'r to turn "Kit Hatton" into "Sir Christopher;"
 But what "mighty magic," or strong "conjunction,"
 Whether love-powder, philtre, or other potation
 She used, I confess,
 I'm unable to guess,—
 Much less to express
 By what skill and address
 She "cut and contrived" with such signal success,
 As we Londoners say, to "inwiddle" Queen Bess,
 Inasmuch as I lack heart
 To study the Black Art;
 Be that as it may,—it's as clear as the sun,
 That, however she did it, 'twas certainly done!

Now, they're all very well, titles, honour, and rank,
 Still we can't but admit, if we choose to be frank,
 There's no harm in a snug little sum in the Bank!

An old proverb says,
 "Pudding still before praise!"

An adage well known I've no doubt in those days,
 And George Colman, the Younger, in one of his plays,
 Makes one of his characters loudly declare
 That "a Lord without money,"—I quote from his "Heir-
 At-Law"—" 's but a poor wishy-washy affair!"—
 In her subsequent conduct I think we can see a
 Strong proof the Dame entertain'd some such idea
 For, once in the palace,
 We find Lady Alice

Again playing tricks with her Majesty's chalice
 In the way that the jocose, in
 Our days, term "hoccussing;"
 The liquor she used, as I've said, she kept close,
 But whatever it was, she now doubled the dose!
 (So true is the saying,
 "We never can stay, in

Our progress, when once with the foul fiend we league us."
 — She "doctor'd" the punch, and she "doctor'd" the negus.
 Taking care not to put in sufficient to flavour it,

Till, at every fresh sip,
 That moisten'd her lip,

The Virgin Queen grew more attach'd to her Favourite.

"No end" now he commands
 Of money and lands,

And, as George Robins says, when he's writing about houses,
 "Messuages, tenements, crofts, tofts, and outhouses,"
 Parks, manors, chases, She "gives and she grants,
 To him and his heirs, and his uncles and aunts;"
 Whatever he wants, he has only to ask it,
 And all other suitors are "left in the basket,"

Till Dudley and Rawleigh
 Began to look squally,

While even grave Cecil, the famous Lord Burleigh,
 Himself, "shook his head," and grew snappish and surly.

All this was fine sport,
 As our authors report,

To dame Alice, become a great Lady at Court,
 Where none than her Ladyship's husband look'd bigger,
 Who "led the brawls" * still with the same grace and vigour,
 Though losing a little in slimness and figure;
 For eating and drinking all day of the best

Of viands well dressed,
 With "Burgess's Zest,"

Is apt, by degrees, to enlarge a man's vest;
 And, what in Sir Christopher went to increase it, he
 'd always been rather inclined to obesity;
 —Few men in those times were found to grow thinner
 With beefsteaks for breakfast and pork-pie for dinner.

* The grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
 The seals and maces danced before him. — GRAY.

Now it's really a difficult problem to say
 How long matters might have gone on in this way,
 If it had not unluckily happen'd one day
 That Nick,— who, because
 He'd the gout in his claws
 And his hoofs — (he's by no means so young as he was,
 And is subject of late to a sort of rheumatic a-
 -ttack that partakes both of gout and sciatica,) —
 All the night long had twisted and grinn'd,
 His pains much increased by an easterly wind,
 Which always compels him to hobble and limp,
 Was strongly advised by his medical Imp
 To lie by a little, and give over work,
 For he'd lately been slaving away like a Turk,
 On the Guinea-const, helping to open a brave trade
 In niggers, with Hawkins * who founded the slave-trade,
 So he call'd for his ledger, the constant resource
 Of your mercantile folk, when they're "not in full force;"
 —If a cold or catarrh makes them husky and hoarse,
 Or a touch of gout keeps them away from "the Bourse,"
 They look over their books as a matter of course.
 Now scarce had Nick turn'd over one page or two,
 Ere a prominent *item* attracted his view,
 A Bill! — that had now been some days overdue,
 From one Alice Hatton, *née* Fanshawe — a name
 Which you'll recognise, reader, at once as the same
 With that borne by Sir Christopher's erudite dame!
 The signature — much more *prononcé* than pink,
 Seem'd written in blood — but it might be red ink —
 While the rest of the deed
 He proceeded to read,

* Sir John Hawkins for "his *worthye* attempts and services," and because
 "in the same he had dyvers conflights with the Moryans, and slew and toke
 dyvers of the same Moryans," received from Elizabeth an *honourable* augmen-
 tation to his coat armour, including, for his crest, "*A Demi-Moor sable, with
 two manacles on each arm, or.*"

Like ev'ry "bill, bond, or acquittance" whose date is
Three hundred years old, ran in Latin,—"*Sciatis*
(*Diaboli?*) *omnes ad quos hæc pervenient*—"

—But courage, dear Reader, I mean to be lenient,
And scorn to inflict on you half the "Law-reading"
I pick'd up "umquihile" in three days' special pleading,
Which cost me—a theme I'll not pause to digress on—
Just thirty-three pounds six-and-eightpence a lesson—
"As I'm stout, I'll be merciful," therefore, and sparing
All these technicalities, end by declaring

The deed so correct

As to make one suspect,

(Were it possible any such person could go there)

Old Nick had a special attorney below there:

'Twas so fram'd and express'd no tribunal could shake it,

And firm as red wax and *black* ferret could make it.

By the roll of his eye

As Old Nick put it by,

It was clear he had made up his mind what to do

In respect of the course he should have to pursue,

When his hoof would allow him to put on a shoe!!

Now although the Lord Keeper held under the crown, house
And land in the country—he'd never a Town-house,

And, as we have seen,

His course always had been,

When he wanted a thing, to solicit the Queen,

So now, in the hope of a fresh acquisition,

He danced off to Court with his "Humble Petition,"

"Please your Majesty's Grace,

I have not a place,

I can well put my head in, to dine, sup, or sleep!

Your Grace's Lord Keeper has nowhere to *keep*,

So I beg and intreat,

At your Majesty's feet,

That your Grace will be graciously pleased for to say,
 With as little delay
 As your Majesty may,
 Where your Majesty's Grace's Lord Keeper's to stay—
 —And your Grace's Petitioner ever will pray!"

The Queen, when she heard
 This petition preferr'd,
 Gave ear to Sir Christopher's suit at a word;—
 "Odds Bobs, my good Lord!" was her gracious reply,
 I don't know, not I,
 Any good reason why
 A Lord Keeper, like you, should not always be nigh
 To advise — and devise — and revise — our supply—
 A House! we're surprised that the thing did not strike
 Us before — Yes! — of course! — Pray, whose house would you
 like!

When I *do* things of this kind, I do them genteelly:
 A House? — let me see! there's the Bishop of Ely!
 A capital mansion, I'm told, the proud knave is in,
 Up there in Holborn, just opposite Thavie's Inn —
 Where the strawberries grow so fine and so big,
 Which our Grandmother's Uncle tuck'd in like a pig,
 King Richard the Third, which you all must have read of —
 The day, — don't you know? — he cut Hastings' head off —
 And mark me, proud prelate! — I'm speaking to you,
 Bishop Heaton! — you need not, my lord, look so blue —
 Give it up on the instant! I don't mean to shock you,
 Or else by ———! — (The Bishop *was* shock'd!) — I'll unfrock
 you!"

The Queen turns abruptly her back on the group,
 The courtiers all bow as she passes, and stoop
 To kiss, as she goes, the hind flounce of her hoop,
 And Sir Christopher, having thus danced to some tune,
 Skips away with much glee in his best rigadon!

While poor Bishop Heaton,
 Who found himself beaten,
 In serious alarm at the Queen's contumelious
 And menacing tone, at once gave him up Ely House,
 With every appurtenance thereto belonging,
 Including the strawberry beds 'twas so strong in;
 Politely he bow'd to the gratified minion,
 And said, "There can be, my good lord, in opinion
 No difference betwixt yours
 And mine as to fixtures,
 And tables, and chairs —
 We need no survey'rs —
 Take them just as you find them, without reservation,
 Grates, coppers, and all, at your own valuation!"

Well! the object is gain'd!
 A good town-house obtain'd,
 The next thing to be thought of, is now
 The "house-warming" party—the *when* and the *how*—
 The Court ladies call,
 One and all, great and small,
 For an elegant "Spread," and more elegant Ball,
 So, Sir Christopher, vain as we know of his capering,
 No sooner had finish'd his painting and papering,
 Than he sat down and wrote
 A nice little pink note
 To every great Lord, whom he knew, and his spouse,
 "From our poor place on Holborn-hill (late Ely House).
 Lord Keeper, and Dame Alice Hatton, request
 Lord So-and-so's (name, style, or title exprest)
 Good company on
 The next eve of St. John,
 Viz.: Friday week, June 24th, as their guest,
 To partake of pot-luck,
 And taste a fat buck.

N.B. Venison on table exactly at 8,
Quadrilles in the afternoon.

R. S. V. P.

For my good Lord of So-and-so, these, and his wife;
Ride! ride! for thy life! for thy life! for thy life!"
Thus, courtiers were wont to indorse their expresses
In Harry the VIIIth's time, and also Queen Bess's.
The Dame, for her part, too, took order that cards
Should be sent to the mess-rooms of all the Hussards,
The Household troops, Train-bands, and horse and foot Guards.

Well, the day for the rout
At length came about,

And the bells of St. Andrew's rang merrily out,
As horse-litter, coach, and pad-nag, with its pillion,
(The mode of conveyance then used by "the Million,")

All gallant and grand,
Defiled from the Strand,

Some through Chancery (then an unpaved and much wetter)
Lane,

Others through Shoe (which was not a whit better) Lane;
Others through Fewtar's (corrupted to Fetter) Lane;
Some from Cheapside, and St. Mary-le-Bow,
From Bishopsgate Street, Dowgate Hill,* and Budge Row.

They come and they go,
Squire and Dame, Belle and Beau,

Down Snore Hill (which we have since whitewash'd to Snow),
All eager to see the magnificent show,
And sport what some call "a fantastical toe;"

In silk and in satin,
To batten and fatten

Upon the good cheer of Sir Christopher Hatton.

A flourish, trumpets!—sound again!—
He comes, Bold Drake, the chief who made a

* Sir Francis Drake's house, "the Arbour," stood here.

Fine hash of all the pow'rs of Spain,
 And so serv'd out their Grand Armada;
 With him come Frobisher and Hawkins,
 In yellow ruffs, rosettes, and stockings.

Room for my Lord! — proud Leicester's Earl
 Retires awhile from courtly cares,
 Who took his wife, poor hapless girl!
 And pitch'd her neck and heels down stairs,
 Proving, in hopes to wed a richer,
 If not her "friend," at least her "pitcher."

A flourish, trumpets! strike the drums!
 Will Shakspeare, never of his pen sick,
 Is here — next Doctor Masters comes,
 Renown'd afar for curing men sick, —
 Queen's Sergeant Barham * with his buns
 And tipstave coif, and wig forensic;
 (He lost, unless Sir Richard lies, his
 Life at the famous "Black Assizes.")

Room! Room! for great Cecil! — place, place, for his dame! —
 Room! Room! for Southampton — for Sidney, whose name
 As a *Preux Chevalier*, in the records of Fame,
 "Beats Banagher" — e'en now his praises, we all sing 'em,
 Knight, poet, Gentleman! — Room! for Sage Walsingham!

Room! for Lord Hunsdon! — Sussex! — for Rawleigh! —
 For INGOLDSBY!! Oh! it's enough to appal ye!
 Dear me! how they call!
 How they squall! how they bawl!
 This dame has lost her shoe — that one her shawl —
 My Lord's got a tumble — my lady a fall! —
 Now a Hall! a Hall!
 A Brawl! a Brawl!

* Called by Sir Richard Baker "The famous Lawyer." — See his *Chronicle*.

Here's my Lord Keeper Hatton, so stately and tall!
Has led out Lady Hunsdon to open the Ball!

Fiddlers! Fiddlers! fiddle away!
Resin your catgut! fiddle and play!

A roundelay!

Fiddle away!

Obeys! obeys!—hear what they all say!
Hip!—Music!—Nosey!!—play up there!—play!
Never was anything half so gay
As Sir Christopher Hatton's grand holiday!

The clock strikes twelve!—who cares for the clock?
Who cares for——Hark!—What a loud Single-knock!

Dear me! dear me!

Who can it be?—

Why, who can be coming at this time of night,
With a knock *like that* honest folk to affright!—

"Affright?"—yes, *affright!*—there are many who mock
At fear, and in danger stand firm as a rock,
Whom the roar of the battle-field never could shock,
Yet quail at the sound of a vile "Single knock!"
Hark!—what can the Porter be thinking of?—What!—
If the booby has not let him in, I'll be shot!—

Dear me! how hot

The room's all at once got!—

And what rings through the roof?—

It's the sound of a *hoof!*

It's some donkey a-coming upstairs at full trot!
Stay!—the folding-doors open! the leaves are thrown back,
And in dances a tall *Figurant*—ALL IN BLACK!!

Gracious me, what an *entrechat!* Oh, what a bound!
Then with what an *a-plomb* he comes down to the ground!

Look there! look there!
 Now he's up in the air!
 Now he's here!—now he's there—now he's no one knows
 where!—
 See! see!—he's kick'd over a table and chair!
 There they go!—all the strawberries, flowers, and sweet herbs,
 Turn'd o'er and o'er,
 Down on the floor,
 Ev'ry caper he cuts oversets or disturbs
 All the "Keen's Seedlings," and "Wilmot's Superbs!"
 There's a *pirouette*!—we're
 All a great deal too near!
 A ring!—give him room or he'll "shin" you—stand clear!
 There's a spring again!—oh! 'tis quite frightful!—oh dear!
 His toe's broke the top of the glass chandelier!!

Now he's down again—look at the *congees* and bows
 And *salaams* which he makes to the Dame of the House,
 Lady Alice, the noble Lord Treasurer's spouse!
 Come, now we shall view
 A *grand pas de deux*
 Perform'd in the very first style by these two
 — But no!—she recoils—she could scarce look more pale if
 Instead of a Beau's 'twas the bow of a Bailiff!—
 He holds out his hand—she declines it, and draws
 Back her own—see!—he grasps it with horrid black claws,
 Like the short, sharp, strong nails of a Polar Bear's paws!!

Then she "scream'd such a scream!"
 Such another, I deem,
 As, long after, Miss Mary Brown * scream'd in her dream.
 Well she might! for 'twas shrewdly remark'd by her Page,
 A sharp little boy about twelve years of age,

* *Vide* the celebrated ballad of "Giles Scroggins."—*Cutnach's ed., 7 Dials*,
Lond. 1841

Who was standing close by
 When she utter'd her cry,
 That the whole of her arm shrivell'd up, and grew dry,
 While the fingers and thumb of the hand he had got
 In his clutches became on the instant RED HOT!!

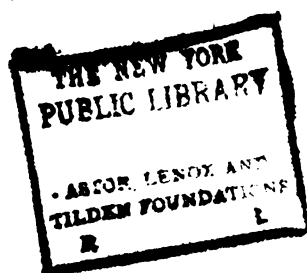
Now he whirls and he twirls
 Through the girls in their curls,
 And their rouge, and their feathers, and diamonds, and pearls;
 Now high,—now low,—
 Now fast, and now slow,
 In terrible circumgyration they go;
 The flame-colour'd Belle and her coffee-faced Beau.
 Up they go once! and up they go twice!—
 Round the hall!—round the hall!—and now up they go thrice!
 Now one grand *pirouette*, the performance to crown!
 Now again they go up!!—and they NEVER COME DOWN!!!

* * * * *

The thunder roars!
 And the rain it pours!
 And the lightning comes in through the windows and doors!
 Then more calling, and bawling,
 And squalling, and falling,
 Oh! what a fearful "stramash" they are all in!
 Out they all sally,
 The whole *corps de ballet*—
 Some dash down Holborn-hill into the valley,
 Where stagnates Fleet Ditch at the end of Harp Alley,
 Some t'other way, with a speed quite amazing,
 Nor pause to take breath till they get beyond Gray's Inn.
 In every sense of the word, such a *roul* of it,
 Never was made in London or out of it!

When they came the next day to examine the scene,
 There was scarcely a vestige of all that had been;
 The beautiful tapestry, blue, red, and green,





Was all blacken'd and scorch'd, and look'd dirty and mean.
 All the crockery broken, dish, plate, and tureen!
 While those who look'd up could perceive in the roof,
 One very large hole in the shape of a *hoof*!

Of poor Lady Hatton, it's needless to say,
 No traces have ever been found to this day,
 Or the terrible dancer who whisk'd her away;
 But out in the court-yard — and just in that part
 Where the pump stands — lay bleeding a **LARGE HUMAN HEART**!
 And sundry large stains
 Of blood and of brains,

Which had not been wash'd off notwithstanding the rains,
 Appear'd on the wood, and the handle and chains,
 As if somebody's head with a very hard thump,
 Had been recently knock'd on the top of the pump.
 That pump is no more! — that of which you've just read, —
 But they've put a new iron one up in its stead,
 And still, it is said,
 At that "small hour" so dread,

When all sober people are cozy in bed,
 There may sometimes be seen on a moonshiny night,
 Standing close by the new pump, a Lady in White,
 Who keeps pumping away with, 'twould seem, all her might,
 Though never a drop comes her pains to requite!
 And hence many passengers now are debarr'd
 From proceeding at nightfall through Bleeding-Heart Yard!

MORAL.

Fair Ladies attend!
 And if you've a "friend
 At Court," don't attempt to bamboozle or trick her!
 — Don't meddle with negus, or any mix'd liquor! —
 Don't dabble in "Magic!" my story has shown,
 How wrong 'tis to use any charms but your own!

Young Gentlemen, too, may, I think, take a hint,
 Of the same kind, from what I've here ventured to print,
 All Conjuring's bad! they may get in a scrape,
 Before they're aware, and whatever its shape,
 They may find it no easy affair to escape.
 It's not everybody that comes off so well
 From *leger-de-main* tricks as Mr. Brunel.

Don't dance with a Stranger who looks like a Guy,
 And *when* dancing don't cut your capers too high!
 Depend on't the fault's in
 Your method of waltzing,
 If ever you kick out the candles — don't try!

At a ball or a play,
 Or any *soirée*,
 When a *petit souper* constitutes the "*Après*,"
 If strawb'ries and cream with CHAMPAGNE form a part,
 Take care of your HEAD — and take care of your HEART!

If you want a new house
 For yourself and your spouse,
 Buy, or build one, — and honestly pay, every brick, for it!
 Don't be so green as to go to old Nick for it —
 — Go to George Robins — he'll find you "a perch,"
 (*Dulce Domum's* his word,) without robbing the Church!

The last piece of advice which I'd have you regard
 Is, "don't go of a night into Bleeding-Heart Yard,"
 It's a dark, little, dirty, black, ill-looking square,
 With queer people about, and unless you take care,
 You may find when your pocket's clean'd out and left bare,
 That the *iron* one is not the *only* "PUMP" there!

THE FORLORN, ONE.

AN why those piteous sounds of woe,
Lone wanderer of the dreary night?
Thy gushing tears in torrents flow,
Thy bosom pants in wild affright!

And thou, within whose iron breast
Those frowns austere too truly tell,
Mild pity, heaven-descended guest,
Hath never, never deign'd to dwell.

"That rude, uncivil touch forego,"
Stern despot of a fleeting hour!
Nor "make the angels weep" to know
The fond "fantastic tricks" of power!

Know'st thou not "mercy is not strain'd,
But droppeth as the gentle dew,"
And while it blesseth him who gain'd,
It blesseth him who gave it, too!

Say, what art thou? and what is he,
Pale victim of despair and pain,
Whose streaming eyes and bended knee
Sue to thee thus — and sue in vain?

Cold, callous man! — he scorns to yield,
Or aught relax his felon gripe,
But answers, "I'm Inspector Field!
And this here warment's prigg'd your wipe."

JERRY JARVIS'S WIG.

A LEGEND OF THE WEALD OF KENT.

"The wig's the thing! the wig! the wig!"—*Old Song.*

"JOE," said old Jarvis, looking out of his window—it was his ground-floor back,—“Joe, you seem to be very hot, Joe,—and you have got no wig!”

“Yes, sir,” quoth Joseph, pausing and resting upon his spade, “it’s as hot a day as ever I see; but the celery must be got in, or there’ll be no autumn crop, and—”

“Well, but Joe, the sun’s so hot, and it shines so on your bald head, it makes one wink to look at it. You’ll have a *coup-de-soleil*, Joe.”

“A *what*, sir?”

“No matter; it’s very hot working; and if you’ll step in doors, I’ll give you—”

“Thank ye, your honour, a drop of beer will be very acceptable.”

Joe’s countenance brightened amazingly.

“Joe, I’ll give you—my old wig!”

The countenance of Joseph fell, his grey eye had glistened, as a blest vision of double X flitted athwart his fancy; its glance faded again into the old, filmy, gooseberry-coloured hue, as he growled, in a minor key, “A wig, sir!”

“Yes, Joe, a wig! The man who does not study the comfort of his dependants is an unfeeling scoundrel. You shall have my old, worn-out wig.”

"I hope, sir, you'll give me a drop o' beer to drink your honour's health in,—it is very hot, and—"

"Come in, Joe, and Mrs. Witherspoon shall give it you."

"Heaven bless your honour!" said honest Joe, striking his spade perpendicularly into the earth, and walking with more than usual alacrity towards the close-cut, quickset hedge which separated Mr. Jarvis's garden from the high road.

From the quickset hedge aforesaid he now raised, with all due delicacy, a well-worn and somewhat dilapidated jacket, of a stuff by drapers most pseudonymously termed "everlasting." Alack! alack! what is there to which *tempus edax rerum* will accord that epithet?—In its high and palmy days it had been all of a piece; but as its master's eye now fell upon it, the expression of his countenance seemed to say with Octavian,

"Those days are gone, Floranthe!"

It was now, from frequent patching, a coat not unlike that of the patriarch, one of many colours.

Joseph Washford inserted his wrists into the corresponding orifices of the tattered garment, and with a steadiness of circumgyration, to be acquired only by long and sufficient practice, swung it horizontally over his ears, and settled himself into it.

"Confound your old jacket!" cried a voice from the other side the hedge, "keep it down, you rascal! don't you see my horse is frightened at it?"

"Sensible beast!" apostrophised Joseph, "I've been frightened at it myself every day for the last two years!"

The gardener cast a rueful glance at its sleeve, and pursued his way to the door of the back kitchen.

"Joe," said Mrs. Witherspoon, a fat, comely dame, of about five-and-forty, "Joe, your master is but too good to you; he is always kind and considerate. Joe, he has desired me to give you his old wig."

"And the beer, Ma'am Witherspoon?" said Washford, taking the proffered caxon, and looking at it with an expression somewhat short of rapture;—"and the beer, ma'am?"

"The beer, you guzzling wretch!—what beer? Master said nothing about no beer. You ungrateful fellow, has not he given you a wig?"

"Why, yes, Madam Witherspoon; but then, you see, his honour said it was very hot, and I'm very dry, and —"

"Go to the pump, sot!" said Mrs. Witherspoon, as she slammed the back-door in the face of the petitioner.

Mrs. Witherspoon was "of the Lady Huntingdon persuasion," and Honorary Assistant Secretary to the Appledore branch of the "Ladies' Grand Junction Water-working Temperance Society."

Joe remained for a few moments lost in mental abstraction; he looked at the door, he looked at the wig; his first thought was to throw it into the pig-stye,—his corruption rose, but he resisted the impulse; he got the better of Satan; the half-formed imprecation died before it reached his lips. He looked disdainfully at the wig; it had once been a comely jasey, enough, of the colour of over-baked ginger-bread, one of the description commonly known during the latter half of the last century

by the name of a "brown George." The species, it is to be feared, is now extinct, but a few, a very few of the same description might, till very lately, be occasionally seen,—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*,—the glorious relics of a by-gone day, crowning the *cerebellum* of some venerated and venerable provost, or judge of assize; but Mr. Jarvis's wig had one peculiarity; unlike most of its fellows, it had a tail!—"cribbed and confined," indeed, by a shabby piece of faded shalloon.

Washford looked at it again; he shook his bald head; the wig had certainly seen its best days; still it had about it somewhat of an air of faded gentility,—it was "like ancient Rome, majestic in decay,"—and as the small ale was not to be forthcoming, why—after all, an old wig was better than nothing!

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis, of Appledore, in the Weald of Kent, was a gentleman by act of parliament; one of that class of gentlemen, who, disdaining the *bourgeois*-sounding name of "attorney-at-law," are, by a legal fiction, denominated solicitors. I say by a legal fiction, for surely the general tenor of the intimation received by such as enjoy the advantage of their correspondence, has little in common with the idea usually attached to the term "solicitation." "If you don't pay my bill and costs, I'll send you to jail," is a very energetic *entreaty*. There are, it is true, etymologists who derive their style and title from the Latin infinitive "*solicitaire*," to "make anxious,"—in all probability they are right.

If this be the true etymology of his title, as it was the main end of his calling, then was Jeremiah Jarvis a worthy exemplar of the *genus* to which he belonged.

Few persons in his time had created greater solicitude among his Majesty's lieges within the "Weald." He was rich, of course. The best house in the country-town is always the lawyer's, and it generally boasts a green door, stone steps, and a brass knocker. In neither of these appendages to opulence was Jeremiah deficient; but then he was so *very* rich; his reputed wealth, indeed, passed all the common modes of accounting for its increase. True, he was so universal a favourite that every man whose will he made was sure to leave him a legacy; that he was a sort of general assignee to all the bankruptcies within twenty miles of Appledore; was clerk to half the "trusts;" and treasurer to most of the "rates," "funds," and "subscriptions," in that part of the country; that he was land-agent to Lord Mountrhino, and steward to the rich Miss Tabbytale of Smerrididdle Hall; that he had been guardian (?) to three young profligates who all ran through their property, which, somehow or another, came at last into his hands, "at an equitable valuation." Still his possessions were so considerable, as not to be altogether accounted for, in vulgar esteem, even by these and other honourable modes of accumulation; nor were there wanting those who conscientiously entertained a belief that a certain dark-coloured gentleman, of indifferent character, known principally by his predilection for appearing in perpetual mourning, had been through life his great friend and counsellor, and had mainly assisted in the acquirement of his revenues. That "old Jerry Jarvis had sold himself to the devil" was, indeed, a dogma which it were heresy to doubt in

Appledore;—on this head, at least, there were few schismatics in the parish.

When the worthy "Solicitor" next looked out of his ground-floor back, he smiled with much complacency at beholding Joe Washford again hard at work—in his wig—the little tail aforesaid oscillating like a pendulum in the breeze. If it be asked what could induce a gentleman, whose leading principle seems to have been self-appropriation, to make so magnificent a present, the answer is, that Mr. Jarvis might, perhaps, have thought an occasional act of benevolence necessary or politic; he is not the only person, who, having stolen a quantity of leather, has given away a pair of shoes, *pour l'amour de Dieu*,—perhaps he had other motives.

Joe, meanwhile, worked away at the celery-bed; but truth obliges us to say, neither with the same degree of vigour or perseverance as had marked the earlier efforts of the morning. His pauses were more frequent; he rested longer on the handle of his spade; while ever and anon his eye would wander from the trench beneath him to an object not unworthy the contemplation of a natural philosopher. This was an apple-tree.

Fairer fruit never tempted Eve, or any of her daughters; the bending branches groaned beneath their luxuriant freight, and dropping to earth, seemed to ask the protecting aid of man, either to support or to relieve them. The fine, rich glow of their sunstreaked clusters derived additional loveliness from the level beams of the descending day-star. An anchorite's mouth had watered at the pippins.

On the precise graft of the espalier of Eden, "San-

choniathon, Manetho, and Berossus" are undecided; the best-informed Talmudists, however, have, if we are to believe Dr. Pinner's German Version, pronounced it a Ribstone pippin, and a Ribstone pippin-tree it was that now attracted the optics, and *discomposed* the inner man of the thirsty, patient, but perspiring gardener. The heat was still oppressive; no beer had moistened his lip, though its very name, uttered as it was in the ungracious tones of a Witherspoon, had left behind a longing as intense as fruitless. His thirst seemed supernatural, when at this moment his left ear experienced "a slight and tickling sensation," such as we are assured is occasionally produced by an infinitesimal dose in homœopathy; a still, small *voice*—it was as though a daddy-long-legs were whispering in his *tympanum*—a small *voice* seemed to say, "Joe!—take an apple, Joe!!"

Honest Joseph started at the suggestion; the rich crimson of his jolly nose deepened to a purple tint in the beams of the setting sun; his very forehead was incarnadine. He raised his hand to scratch his ear,—the little tortuous tail had worked its way into it,—he pulled it out by the bit of shalloon, and allayed the itching, then cast his eye wistfully towards the mansion where his master was sitting by the open window. Joe pursed up his parched lips into an arid whistle, and with a desperate energy struck his spade once more into the celery-bed.

Alack! alack! what a piece of work is man!—how short his triumphs!—how frail his resolutions!

From this fine and very original moral reflection we turn reluctantly to record the sequel. The celery-bed, alluded to as the main scene of Mr. Washford's opera-

rations, was drawn in a rectilinear direction, nearly across the whole breadth of the parallelogram that comprised the "Kitchen garden." Its northern extremity abutted to the hedge before mentioned, its southern one—woe is me that it should have been so!—was in fearful vicinity to the Ribstone pippin-tree. One branch, low bowed to earth, seemed ready to discharge its precious burden into the very trench. As Joseph stooped to insert the last plant with his dibble, an apple of more than ordinary beauty bobbed against his knuckles.—"He's taking snuff, Joe," whispered the same small *voice*;—the tail had twisted itself into its old position. "He is sneezing!—now, Joe!—now!" And, ere the agitated horticulturist could recover from his surprise and alarm, the fruit was severed, and—in his hand!

"He! he! he!" shrilly laughed, or seemed to laugh, that accursed little pigtail.—Washford started at once to the perpendicular;—with an enfrenzied grasp he tore the jasey from his head, and, with that in one hand, and his ill-acquired spoil in the other, he rushed distractedly from the garden!

* * * * *

All that night was the humble couch of the once happy gardener haunted with the most fearful visions. He was stealing apples,—he was robbing hen-roosts,—he was altering the chalks upon the milk-score,—he had purloined three *chemises* from a hedge, and he awoke in the very act of cutting the throat of one of Squire Hodge's sheep! A clammy dew stood upon his temples,—the cold perspiration burst from every pore,—he sprang in terror from the bed.

"Why, Joe, what ails thee, man?" cried the usually incurious Mrs. Washford; "what be the matter with thee? Thee hast done nothing but grunt and growl all t' night long, and now thee dost stare as if thee saw summut. What becs it, Joe?"

A long-drawn sigh was her husband's only answer: his eye fell upon the bed. "How the devil came *that* here?" quoth Joseph, with a sudden recoil: "who put that thing on my pillow?"

"Why, I did, Joseph. Th' ould nightcap is in the wash, and thee didst toss and tumble so, and kick the clothes off, I thought thee mightest catch cowl'd, so I clapt t' wig atop o' thee head."

And there it lay,—the little sinister-looking tail impudently perked up, like an infernal gnomon on a Satanic dial-plate—Larceny and Ovicide shone in every hair of it!

"The dawn was overcast, the morning lower'd
And heavily in clouds brought on the day,"

when Joseph Washford once more repaired to the scene of his daily labours; a sort of unpleasant consciousness flushed his countenance, and gave him an uneasy feeling as he opened the garden-gate: for Joe, generally speaking, was honest as the skin between his brows; his hand faltered as it pressed the latch. "Pooh, pooh! 'twas but an apple, after all!" said Joseph. He pushed open the wicket, and found himself beneath the tempting tree.

But vain now were all its fascinations; like fairy gold seen by the morning light, its charms had faded into very nothingness. Worlds, to say nothing of apples, which,

in shape, resemble them, would not have bought him to stretch forth an unhallowed hand again. He went steadily to his work.

The day continued cloudy; huge drops of rain fell at intervals, stamping his bald pate with spots as big as halfpence; but Joseph worked on. As the day advanced, showers fell thick and frequent; the fresh-turned earth was itself fragrant as a *bouquet*.—Joseph worked on; and when at last *Jupiter Pluvius* descended in all his majesty, soaking the ground into the consistency of a dingy pudding, he put on his party-coloured jacket, and strode towards his humble home, rejoicing in his renewed integrity. “’Twas but an apple, after all! Had it been an apple-pie, indeed!”—

“An apple-pie!” the thought was a dangerous one—too dangerous to dwell on. But Joseph’s better Genius was at this time lord of the ascendant;—he dismissed it, and passed on.

On arriving at his cottage, an air of bustle and confusion prevailed within, much at variance with the peaceful serenity usually observable in its economy. Mrs. Washford was in high dudgeon; her heels clattered on the red-tiled floor, and she whisked about the house like a parched pea upon a drum-head; her voice, generally small and low,—“an excellent thing in woman,”—was pitched at least an octave above its ordinary level; she was talking fast and furious. Something had evidently gone wrong. The mystery was soon explained. The “*cussed ould twoad* of a cat” had got into the dairy, and licked off the cream from the only pan their single cow had filled that morning! And there she now lay,

purring as in scorn. Tib, heretofore 'the meekest of mousers, the honestest, the least "*scaddle*" of the feline race,—a cat that one would have sworn might have been trusted with untold fish,—yes,—there was no denying it, —proofs were too strong against her,—yet there she lay, hardened in her iniquity, coolly licking her whiskers, and reposing quietly upon—what?—Jerry Jarvis's old wig!!

The patience of a Stoic must have yielded;—it had been too much for the temperament of the Man of Uz. Joseph Washford lifted his hand—that hand which had never yet been raised on Tibby, save to fondle and caress—it now descended on her devoted head in one tremendous "*dowse*." Never was cat so astonished,—so enraged—all the tiger portion of her nature rose in her soul. Instead of galloping off, hissing and sputtering, with arched back, and tail erected, as any ordinary Grimalkin would unquestionably have done under similar circumstances, she paused a moment,—drew back on her haunches,—all her energies seemed concentrated for one prodigious spring; a demoniac fire gleamed in her green and yellow eyeballs, as, bounding upwards, she fixed her talons firmly in each of her assailant's cheeks!—many and many a day after were sadly visible the marks of those envenomed claws—then, dashing over his shoulder with an unearthly mew, she leaped through the open casement, and—was seen no more.

"The Devil's in the cat!" was the apostrophe of Mrs. Margaret Washford. Her husband said nothing, but thrust the old wig into his pocket, and went to bathe his scratches at the pump.

Day after day, night after night, 'twas all the same—

Joe Washford's life became a burden to him; his natural upright and honest mind struggled hard against the frailty of human nature. He was ever restless and uneasy; his frank, open, manly look, that blenched not from the gaze of the spectator, was no more: a sly and sinister expression had usurped the place of it.

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis had little of what the world calls "Taste," still less of Science. Ackerman would have called him a "Snob," and Buckland a "Nincompoop." Of the Horticultural Society, its *fêtes*, its fruits, and its fiddlings, he knew nothing. Little recked he of flowers—save cauliflowers—in these, indeed, he was a *connoisseur*: to their cultivation and cookery the respective talents of Joe and Madame Witherspoon had long been dedicated; but as for a *bouquet*!—Hardham's 37 was "the only one fit for a gentleman's nose." And yet, after all, Jerry Jarvis had a good-looking tulip-bed. A female friend of his had married a Dutch merchant; Jerry drew the settlements; the lady paid him by a cheque on "Child's," the gentleman by a present of a "box of roots." Jerry put the latter in his garden—he had rather they had been schalots.

Not so his neighbour, Jenkinson; he *was* a man of "Taste" and of "Science;" he was an F.R.C.E.B.S., which, as he told the Vicar, implied, "Fellow of the Royal Cathartico-Emetico-Botanical Society," and his autograph in Sir John Frostyface's album stood next to that of the Emperor of all the Russias. Neighbour Jenkinson fell in love with the pips and petals of "neighbour Jarvis's" tulips. There were one or two among them of such brilliant, such surpassing beauty,—the

"cups" so well formed,—the colours so defined. To be sure, Mr. Jenkinson had enough in his own garden; but then "Enough," says the philosopher, "always means a little more than a man has got."—Alas! alas! Jerry Jarvis was never known to *bestow*,—his neighbour dared not offer to *purchase* from so wealthy a man; and, worse than all, Joe, the gardener, was incorruptible—ay, but the Wig?

Joseph Washford was working away again in the blaze of the mid-day sun: his head looked like a copper saucepan fresh from the brazier's.

"Why, where's your wig, Joseph?" said the voice of his master from the well-known window; "what have you done with your wig?" The question was embarrassing,—its tail had tickled his ear till it had made it sore; Joseph had put the wig in his pocket.

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis was indignant; he liked not that his benefits should be ill appreciated by the recipient.—"Hark ye, Joseph Washford," said he, "either wear my wig, or let me have it again!"

There was no mistaking the meaning of his tones; they were resonant of indignation and disgust, of mingled grief and anger, the amalgamation of sentiment naturally produced by

"Friendship unreturn'd,
And unrequited love."

Washford's heart smote him: he felt all that was implied in his master's appeal. "It's here, your Honour," said he; "I had only taken it off because we have had a smartish shower; but the sky is brightening now."

The wig was replaced, and the little tortuous pigtail wriggled itself into its accustomed position.

At this moment neighbour Jenkinson peeped over the hedge.

"Joe Washford!" said neighbour Jenkinson.

"Sir, to you," was the reply.

"How beautiful your tulips look after the rain!"

"Ah! sir, master sets no great store by them flowers;" returned the gardener.

"Indeed! Then perhaps he would have no objection to part with a few?"

"Why, no!—I don't think master would like to *give* them,—or anything else,—away, sir;"—and Washford scratched his ear.

"Joe!!"—said Mr. Jenkinson—"Joe!!"

The Sublime, observes Longinus, is often embodied in a monosyllable—"Joe!!!"—Mr. Jenkinson said no more; but a half-crown shone from between his upraised fingers, and its "poor, poor dumb mouth" spoke for him.

How Joseph Washford's left ear *did* itch!—He looked to the ground-floor back—Mr. Jarvis had left the window.

Mr. Jenkinson's ground-plot boasted, at daybreak next morning, a splendid *Semper Augustus*, "which was not so before," and Joseph Washford was led home, much about the same time, in a most extraordinary state of "civilation," from "The Three Jolly Potboys."

From that hour he was the Fiend's!!

* * * *

"*Facilis descensus Avern!*" says Virgil. "It is only the first step that is attended with any difficulty," says—

somebody else,—when speaking of the decollated martyr, St. Dennis's walk with his head under his arm. "The First Step!"—Joseph Washford had taken that step!—he had taken two—three—four steps;—and now, from a hesitating, creeping, cat-like mode of progression, he had got into a firmer tread—an amble—a positive trot!—He took the family linen "to the wash:"—one of Madame Witherspoon's best Holland *chemises* was never seen after.

Lost?—impossible! How *could* it be lost?—where *could* it be gone to?—who *could* have got it? It was her best—her *very* best!—she should know it among a hundred—among a thousand!—it was marked with a great W in the corner!—Lost?—impossible—She would *see*!"—Alas! she never *did* see—the *chemise*—*abijt, erupit, evasit*!—it was

"Like the lost Pleiad, seen on earth no more!"

—but Joseph Washford's Sunday shirt *was* seen, finer, and fairer than ever, the pride and *dulce decus* of the Meeting.

The Meeting?—ay, the Meeting. Joe Washford never missed the Appledore Independent Meeting House, whether the service were in the morning or afternoon,—whether the Rev. Mr. Slyandry exhorted or made way for the Rev. Mr. Tearbrain. Let who would officiate, there was Joe. As I have said before, he never missed;—but other people missed—one missed an umbrella,—one a pair of clogs. Farmer Johnson missed his tobacco-box,—Farmer Jackson his greatcoat;—Miss Jackson missed her hymn-book,—a diamond edition, bound in

maroon-coloured velvet, with gilt corners and clasps. Everything, in short, was missed — but Joe Washford; there *he* sat, grave, sedate, and motionless — all save that restless, troublesome, fidgety little Pigtail attached to his wig, which nothing *could* keep quiet, or prevent from tickling and interfering with Miss Thompson's curls, as she sat, back to back with Joe, in the adjoining pew. After the third Sunday, Nancy Thompson eloped with the tall recruiting sergeant of the Connaught Rangers.

The summer passed away, — autumn came and went, — and Christmas, jolly Christmas, that period of which we are accustomed to utter the mournful truism, it “comes but *once* a-year,” was at hand. It was a fine bracing morning; the sun was just beginning to throw a brighter tint upon the Quaker-coloured ravine of Orlestone-hill, when a medical gentleman, returning to the quiet little village of Ham Street, that lies at its foot, from a farm-house at Kingsnorth, rode briskly down the declivity.

After several hours of patient attention, Mr. Money-penny had succeeded in introducing to the notice of seven little expectant brothers and sisters a “remarkably fine child,” and was now hurrying home in the sweet hope of a comfortable “snooze” for a couple of hours before the announcement of tea and muffins should arouse him to fresh exertion. The road at this particular spot had, even then, been cut deep below the surface of the soil, for the purpose of diminishing the abruptness of the descent, and, as either side of the superincumbent banks was clothed with a thick mantle of tangled copsewood, the passage, even by day, was sufficiently obscure, the

level beams of the rising or setting sun, as they happened to enfilade the gorge, alone illuminating its recesses. A long stream of rosy light was just beginning to make its way through the vista, and Mr. Moneypenny's nose had scarcely caught and reflected its kindred ray, when the sturdiest and most active cob that ever rejoiced in the appellation of a "Suffolk Punch," brought herself up in mid career upon her haunches, and that with a suddenness which had almost induced her rider to describe that beautiful mathematical figure, the *parabola*, between her ears. Peggy—her name was Peggy—stood stock-still, snorting like a stranded grampus, and alike insensible to the gentle hints afforded her by hand and heel.

"Tch!—tch!—get along, Peggy!" half exclaimed, half whistled the equestrian. If ever steed said in its heart, "I'll be shot if I do!" it was Peggy at that moment. She planted her forelegs deep in the sandy soil, raised her stump of a tail to an elevation approaching the horizontal, protruded her nose like a pointer at a covey, and with expanded nostril continued to snuffle most egregiously.

Mr. Geoffrey Gambado, the illustrious "Master of the Horse to the Doge of Venice," tells us, in his far-famed treatise on the Art Equestrian, that the most embarrassing position in which a rider can be placed is, when *he* wishes to go one way, and his horse is determined to go another. There is, to be sure, a *tertium quid*, which, though it "splits the difference," scarcely obviates the inconvenience; this is when the parties compromise the matter by not going any way at all—to this compromise Peggy, and her (*soi-disant*) master were now reduced;

they had fairly joined issue. "Budge!" quoth the doctor.—"Budge not!" quoth the fiend,—for nothing short of a fiend could, of a surety, inspire Peggy at such a time with such unwonted obstinacy.—Money penny whipped and spurred—Peggy plunged, and reared, and kicked, and for several minutes to a superficial observer the termination of the contest might have appeared uncertain; but your profound thinker sees at a glance that, however the scales may appear to vibrate, when the question between the sexes is one of perseverance, it is quite a lost case for the masculine gender. Peggy beat the doctor "all to sticks," and when he was fairly tired of goading and thumping, maintained her position as firmly as ever.

It is of no great use, and not particularly agreeable, to sit still, on a cold frosty morning in January, upon the outside of a brute that will neither go forwards nor backwards—so Mr. Money penny got off, and muttering curses *both* "loud" and "deep" between his chattering teeth, "progressed," as near as the utmost extremity of the extended bridle would allow him, to peep among the weeds and brushwood that flanked the road, in order to discover, if possible, what it was that so exclusively attracted the instinctive attention of his Bucephalus.

His curiosity was not long at fault; the sunbeam glanced partially upon some object ruddier even than itself—it was a scarlet waistcoat, the wearer of which, overcome perchance by Christmas computation, seemed to have selected for his "thrice driven bed of down," the thickest clump of the tallest and most imposing nettles,

thereon to doze away the narcotic effects of superabundant juniper.

This, at least, was Mr. Moneypenny's belief, or he would scarcely have uttered, at the highest pitch of his *contralto*, "What are you doing there, you drunken rascal? frightening my horse!"—We have already hinted, if not absolutely asserted, that Peggy was a mare; but this was no time for verbal criticism.—"Get up, I say,—get up, and go home, you scoundrel!"—But the "scoundrel" and "drunken rascal" answered not; he moved not, nor could the prolonged shouting of the appellant, aided by significant explosions from a double-thonged whip, succeed in eliciting a reply. No motion indicated that the recumbent figure, whose outline alone was visible, was a living and a breathing man!

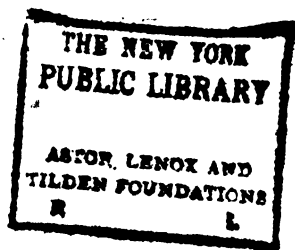
The clear, shrill tones of a ploughboy's whistle sounded at this moment from the bottom of the hill, where the broad and green expanse of Romney Marsh stretches away from its foot for many a mile, and now gleamed through the mists of morning, dotted and enamelled with its thousand flocks. In a few minutes his tiny figure was seen "slouching" up the ascent, casting a most disproportionate and ogre-like shadow before him.

"Come here, Jack," quoth the doctor,—"come here, boy, lay hold of this bridle, and mind that my horse does not run away."

Peggy threw up her head, and snorted disdain of the insinuation,—she had not the slightest intention of doing any such thing.

Mr. Moneypenny meanwhile, disencumbered of his restive nag, proceeded by manual application to arouse





the sleeper. Alas! the Seven of Ephesus might sooner have been awakened from their century of somnolency. His was that "dreamless sleep that knows no waking;" his cares in this world were over. Vainly did Money-penny practise his own constant precept, "To be well shaken!"—there lay before him the lifeless body of a **MURDERED MAN!**

The corpse lay stretched upon its back, partially concealed, as we have before said, by the nettles which had sprung up among the stumps of the half-grubbed under-wood; the throat was fearfully lacerated, and the dark, deep, arterial dye of the coagulated blood showed that the carotid had been severed. There was little to denote the existence of any struggle; but as the day brightened, the sandy soil of the road exhibited an impression as of a body that had fallen on its plastic surface, and had been dragged to its present position, while fresh horse-shoe prints seemed to intimate that either the assassin or his victim had been mounted. The pockets of the deceased were turned out, and empty; a hat and heavy-loaded whip lay at no great distance from the body.

"But what have we here?" quoth Dr. Money-penny; "what is it that the poor fellow holds so tightly in his hand?"

That hand had manifestly clutched some article with all the spasmodic energy of a dying grasp—**IT WAS AN OLD WIG!!**"

* * * *

Those who are fortunate enough to have seen a Cinque Port court-house may possibly divine what that

useful and most necessary edifice was some eighty years ago. Many of them seem to have undergone little alteration, and are, in general, of a composite order of architecture, a fanciful arrangement of brick and timber, with what Johnson would have styled "interstices, reticulated, and decussated between intersections" of lath and plaster. Its less euphonious designation in the "Weald" is a "noggin." One half the basement story is usually of the more solid material, the other, open to the street, —from which it is separated only by a row of dingy columns, supporting a portion of the superstructure,—is paved with tiles, and sometimes does duty as a marketplace, while, in its centre, flanking the board staircase that leads to the sessions-house above, stands an ominous-looking machine, of heavy perforated wood, clasped within whose stern embrace "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" off occasionally the drowsiness produced by convivial excess, in a most undignified position, an inconvenience much increased at times by some mischievous urchin, who, after abstracting the shoes of the helpless *detenu*, amuses himself by tickling the soles of his feet.

It was in such a place, or rather in the Court-room above, that in the year 1761, a hale, robust man, somewhat past the middle age, with a very bald pate, save where a continued tuft of coarse, wiry hair, stretching from above each ear, swelled out into a greyish-looking bush upon the occiput, held up his hand before a grave and enlightened assemblage of Dymchurch jurymen. He stood arraigned for that offence most heinous in the sight of God and man, the deliberate and cold-blooded butchery of an unoffending, unprepared fellow-creature,

—*homicidium quod nullo vidente, nullo auscultante, clam perpetratur.*

The victim was one Humphry Bourne, a reputable grazier of Ivychurch, worthy and well to do, though, perchance, a thought too apt to indulge on a market-day, when "a score of ewes" had brought in a reasonable profit. Some such cause had detained him longer than usual at an Ashford cattle-show; he had left the town late, and alone; early in the following morning his horse was found standing at its own stable-door, the saddle turned round beneath its belly, and much about the time that the corpse of its unfortunate master was discovered some four miles off, by our friend the pharmacopolist.

That poor Bourne had been robbed and murdered, there could be no question.

Who, then, was the perpetrator of the atrocious deed? — The unwilling hand almost refuses to trace the name of — Joseph Washford.

Yet so it was. Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis was himself the coroner for that division of the county of Kent known by the name of "The Lath of Scraye." He had not sat two minutes on the body before he recognised his *quondam* property, and started at beholding in the grasp of the victim, as torn in the death-struggle from the murderer's head, his own OLD WIG, — his own perky little pigtail, tied up with a piece of shabby shalloon, now wriggling and quivering, as in salutation of its ancient master. The silver buckles of the murdered man were found in Joe Washford's shoes, — broad pieces were found in Joe Washford's pockets, — Joe Washford had

himself been found, when the hue-and-cry was up, hid in a corn-rig at no great distance from the scene of slaughter, his pruning-knife red with the evidence of his crime—"the gray hairs yet stuck to the heft!"

For their humane administration of the laws, the lieges of this portion of the realm have long been celebrated. Here it was that merciful verdict was recorded in the case of the old lady accused of larceny, "We find her Not Guilty, and hope she will never do so any more!" Here it was that the more experienced culprit, when called upon to plead with the customary, though somewhat superfluous, inquiry, as to "how he would be tried?" substituted for the usual reply "By God and my country," that of "By your worship and a Dymchurch Jury." Here it was—but enough!—not even a Dymchurch jury could resist such evidence, even though the gallows (*i. e.* the expense of erecting one) stared them, as well as the criminal, in the face. The very pig-tail alone!—ever at his ear!—a clearer case of *suadente Diabolo* never was made out. Had there been a doubt, its very conduct in the Court-house would have settled the question. The Rev. Joel Ingoldsby, umquihile chaplain to the Romney Bench, has left upon record that when exhibited in evidence, together with the blood-stained knife, its twistings, its caperings, its gleeful evolutions, quite "flabbergasted" the jury, and threw all beholders into a consternation. It was remarked, too, by many in the Court, that the Forensic Wig of the Recorder himself was, on that trying occasion, palpably agitated, and that its three depending, learned-looking tails lost curl at once, and slunk beneath the obscurity of the powdered collar,

just as the boldest dog recoils from a rabid animal of its own species, however small and insignificant.

Why prolong the painful scene?—Joe Washford was tried—Joe Washford was convicted—Joe Washford was hanged!!

The fearful black gibbet, on which his body clanked in its chains to the midnight winds, frowns no more upon Orlestone Hill; it has sunk beneath the encroaching hand of civilization; but there it might be seen late in the last century, an awful warning to all bald-pated gentlemen how they wear, or accept, the old wig of a Special Attorney,

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes!

Such gifts, as we have seen, may lead to a "Morbid Delusion, the climax of which is Murder!"

The fate of the Wig itself is somewhat doubtful; nobody seems to have recollected, with any degree of precision, what became of it. Mr. Ingoldsby "had heard" that, when thrown into the fire by the Court-keeper, after whizzing, and fizzling, and performing all sorts of supernatural antics and contortions, it at length whirled up the chimney with a bang that was taken for the explosion of one of the Feversham powder-mills, twenty miles off; while others insinuate that in the "Great Storm" which took place on the night when Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis went to his "long home,"—wherever that may happen to be, —and the whole of "The Marsh" appeared as one broad sheet of flame, something that looked very like a Fiery Wig—perhaps a miniature Comet—it had unquestionably a tail—was seen careering in the blaze,—and seeming to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm."

UNSOPHISTICATED WISHES.

BY MISS JEMIMA INGOLDSBY. AGED FIFTEEN.

(Communicated by her Cousin Tom.)

Oh! how I should like in a Coach to ride,
Like the Sheriffs I saw upon Lord Mayor's day,
With a Coachman and little Postilion astride
On the back of the leader, a prancing bay!

And then behind it, oh! I should glory
To see the tall serving-men standing upright,
Like the two who attend Mister Montefiore,
(Sir Moses I should say) for now he's a Knight.

And then the liveries, I know it is rude to
Find fault—but I'll hint as he can't see me blush,
That I'd not have the things I can only allude to
Either orange in hue or constructed of plush;

But their coats and their waistcoats and hats are delightful,
Their charming silk stockings—I vow and declare
Our John's ginger gaiters so wrinkled and frightful,
I never again shall be able to bear.

Oh! how I should like to have diamonds and rubies,
And large plume of feathers and flowers in my hair!
My gracious! to think how our Tom and those boobies,
Jack Smith and his friend Mister Thompson, would stare.

Then how I should like to drive to Guildhall,
And to see the nobility flocking in shoals,
With their two-guinea tickets to dance at the ball
Which the Lord Mayor gives for the relief of the Poles.

And to look at the gas so uncommonly pretty,
And the stars and the armour all just as they were,
The day that the Queen came in state to the city
To dine with the whole Corporation and Mayor.

Oh! how I should like to see Jane and Letitia,
Miss Jones and the two Misses Frump sitting still,
While dear Ensign Brown, of the West Kent Militia,
Solicits my hand for the "Supper" Quadrille.

With his fine white teeth and his cheek like a rose,
And his black cravat and his diamond pin,
And the nice little mustache under his nose,
And the dear *little* tuft on the tip of his chin.

And how I should like some fine morning to ride
In my coach, and my white satin shoes and gown,
To St. James's Church, with a Beau by my side,
And I shouldn't much care if his name was Brown.

THE foregoing pages complete the Series of Poems, &c., published under the name of Thomas Ingoldsby; of these, "*The Legend of Languedoc*," "*The Buccaneer's Curse*," "*The House-warming*," "*The Lay of St. Romwold*," and "*The Brothers of Birchington*," appeared in the New Monthly Magazine, the remainder in Bentley's Miscellany.

The following articles, which are added for reasons stated elsewhere, though prior in point of date, are by the same author, and with few exceptions, of a similar character with his better known effusions. The first three are versions of dramas produced: "*Hermann*," at the English Opera House; "*William Rufus*," we believe, at Drury Lane; and "*Marie Mignot*," at the Haymarket Theatre. The concluding lines are those alluded to in the Memoir, as having been the last that fell from Mr. Barham's pen, and which were written during one of those weary nights of watchfulness occasioned by his disease.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HERMANN; OR, THE BROKEN SPEAR.

An Emperor famous in council and camp,
Has a son who turns out a remarkable scamp;
 Takes to dicing and drinking,
 And d—mning and sinking,
And carries off maids, wives, and widows, like winking!
Since the days of Arminius, his namesake, than Hermann
There never was seen a more profligate German.
 He escapes from the City;
 And joins some banditti,
Insensible quite to remorse, fear, and pity;
Joins in all their carousals, and revels, and robberies,
And in kicking up all sorts of shindies and bobberies.
 Well, hearing one day,
 His associates say
That a bridal procession was coming their way,
 Inflamed with desire, he
 Breaks into a priory,
And kicking out every man Jack of a friar, he
Upsets in a twinkling the mass-books and hassocks,
And dresses his rogues in the clergyman's cassocks.
 The new-married folks
 Taken in by this hoax,
Mister Hermann grows frisky and full of his jokes:
To the serious chagrin of her late happy suitor,
Catching hold of the Bride, he attempts to salute her.

Now Heaven knows what
 Had become of the lot,
 It's Turtle to Tripe they'd have all gone to pot—
 If a dumb Lady, one
 Of her friends, had not run
 To her aid, and, quite scandalised, stopp'd all his fun!
 Just conceive what a caper
 He cut, when her taper
 Long fingers scrawl'd this upon whitey-brown paper,
 (At the instant he seized, and before he had kiss'd her)—
 "Ha' done, Mister Hermann! for shame! it's your sister!"
 His hair stands on end,—he desists from his tricks,
 And remains in "a pretty particular fix."
 As he knows Sir John Nicholl
 Still keeps rods in pickle,
 Offences of this kind severely to tickle,
 At so near an escape from his court and its sentence,
 His eyes fill with tears, and his breast with repentance:
 So, picking and stealing,
 And unrighteous dealing,
 Of all sorts, he cuts, from this laudable feeling:
 Of wickedness weary,
 With many a tear, he
 Now takes a French leave of the vile *Condottieri*:
 And the next thing we hear of this penitent villain,
 He is begging in rags in the suburbs of Milan.
 Half-starved, meagre, and pale,
 His energies fail,
 When his sister comes in with a pot of mild ale;
 But, though tatter'd his jerkins,
 His heart is whole,—workings
 Of conscience debar him from "Barclay and Perkins."
 "I'll drink," exclaims he,
 "Nothing stronger than tea,
 And that but the worst and the weakest Bohea,

Till I've done—from my past scenes of folly a far actor—
Some feat shall redeem both my wardrobe and character."

At signs of remorse so decided and visible,
Nought can equal the joy of his fair sister Isabel,

And the Dumb Lady too,

Who runs off to a Jew,

And buys him a coat of mail spick and span new,
In the hope that his prowess and deeds as a Knight
Will keep his late larcenies quite out of sight.
By the greatest good luck, his old friends the banditti
Choose this moment to make an attack on the city!

Now you all know the way

Heroes hack, hew, and slay,

When once they get fairly mix'd up in a fray:

Hermann joins in the *mêlée*,

Pounds this to a jelly,

Runs that through the back, and a third through the belly,
Till many a broken bone, bruised rib, and flat head,
Make his *ci-devant* friends curse the hour that he ratted.

Amid so many blows,

Of course, you'll suppose

He must get a black eye, or, at least, bloody nose;

"Take that!" cried a bandit, and struck, while he spoke it,

His spear in his breast, and, in pulling it out, broke it.

Hermann fainted away,

When, as breathless he lay,

A rascal claim'd all the renown of the day;

A recreant, cowardly, white-liver'd knight,

Who had skulk'd in a furze-bush the whole of the fight.

But the Dumb Lady soon

Put some gin in a spoon,

And half strangles poor Hermann, who wakes from his swoon,

And exhibits his wound, when the head of the spear

Fits its handle, and makes his identity clear.

The murder thus out, Hermann's *fitted* and thanked,

While his rascally rival gets toss'd in a blanket;

And to finish the play—
 As reform'd rakes, they say,
 Make the best of all husbands—the very same day
 Hermann sends for a priest, as he must wed with some—lady,
 Buys a ring and a licence, and marries the Dumb Lady.

MORAL.

Take warning, young people of every degree,
 From Hermann's example, and don't live too free!
 If you get in bad company, fly from it soon!
 If you chance to get thrash'd, take some gin in a spoon;
 And remember, since wedlock's not *all* sugar-candy,
 If you wish to 'scape "wiggling," a dumb wife's the dandy!

HINTS FOR AN HISTORICAL PLAY;

TO BE CALLED

WILLIAM RUFUS; OR, THE RED ROVER.

ACT 1.

WALTER TYREEL, the son of a Norman Papa,
 Has, somehow or other, a Saxon Mamma:
 Though humble, yet far above mere vulgar loons,
 He's a sort of a sub in the Rufus dragoons;
 Has travell'd, but comes home abruptly, the rather
 That some unknown rascal has murder'd his father;
 And scarce has he pick'd out, and stuck in his quiver,
 The arrow that pierced the old gentleman's liver,
 When he finds, as misfortunes come rarely alone,
 That his sweetheart has bolted,—with whom is not known.
 But, as murder will out, he at last finds the lady
 At court with her character grown rather shady;

This gives him the "blues," and impairs the delight
He'd have otherwise felt when they dub him a Knight,
For giving a runaway stallion a check,
And preventing his breaking King Rufus's neck.

ACT 2.

Sir Walter has dress'd himself up like a Ghost,
And frightens a soldier away from his post ;
Then, discarding his helmet, he pulls his cloak higher,
Draws it over his ears and pretends he's a Friar.
This gains him access to his sweetheart, Miss Faucit ;
But, the King coming in, he hides up in her closet ;
Where oddly enough, among some of her things,
He discovers some arrows he's sure are the King's,
Of the very same pattern with that which he found
Sticking into his father when dead on the ground !
Forgetting his funk, he bursts open the door,
Bounces into the Drawing-room, stamps on the floor,
With an oath on his tongue, and revenge in his eye,
And blows up King William the Second, sky-high ;
Swears, storms, shakes his fist, and exhibits such airs,
That his Majesty bids his men kick him down stairs.

ACT 3.

King Rufus is cross when he comes to reflect,
That as King, he's been treated with gross disrespect ;
So he pens a short note to a holy physician,
And gives him a rather unholy commission,
Viz., to mix up some arsenic and ale in a cup,
Which the chances are Tyrrel may find and drink up.
Sure enough, on the very next morning, Sir Walter
Perceives in his walks, this same cup on the altar.
As he feels rather thirsty, he's just about drinking,
When Miss Faucit, in tears, comes in running like winking ;
He pauses of course, and as she's thirsty, too,
Says, very politely, " Miss, I after you !"

The young lady curtsies, and being so dry,
 Raises somehow her fair little finger so high,
 That there's not a drop left him to "wet t'other eye;"
 While the dose is so strong, to his grief and surprise,
 She merely says, "Thankee, Sir Walter," and dies.
 At that moment the King, who is riding to cover,
 Pops in *en passant* on the desperate lover,
 Who has vow'd not five minutes before, to transfix him
 —So he does,—he just pulls out his arrow and sticks him.
 From the strength of his arm, and the force of his blows,
 The Red-bearded Rover falls flat on his nose;
 And Sir Walter, thus having concluded his quarrel,
 Walks down to the foot-lights, and draws this fine moral:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

Lead sober lives:—

Don't meddle with other folks' Sweethearts or Wives!—
 When you go out a sporting, take care of your gun,
 And —never shoot elderly people in fun!"

MARIE MIGNOT.

Miss MARIE MIGNOT was a nice little Maid,
 Her Uncle a Cook, and a Laundress her trade,
 And she loved as dearly as any one can
 Mister Lagardie, a nice little man.
 But oh! But oh!
 Story of woe!

A sad interloper, one Monsieur Modeau,
 Ugly and old,
 With plenty of gold,
 Made his approach
 In an elegant coach,
 Her fancy was charm'd with the splendour and show,
 And he bore off the false-hearted Molly Mignot.

Monsieur Modeau was crazy and old,
 And Monsieur Modeau caught a terrible cold,
 His nose was stuff'd and his throat was sore,
 He had physic by the quart and Doctors by the score.

They sent quills

And pills,

And very long bills,

And all they could do did not make him get well,
 He sounded his M's and N's like an L.

A shocking bad cough

At last took him off,

And Mister Lagardie, her former young beau,
 Came a-courting again to the Widow Modeau.

Mister Lagardie, to gain him *éclat*,
 Had cut the Cook's shop and follow'd the law;
 And when Monsieur Modeau set out on his journey,
 Was an Articled Clerk to a Special Attorney.

He gave her a call,

On the day of a ball,

To which she'd invited the court, camp and all;

But "poor dear Lagardie,"

Again was too tardy,

For a Marshal of France

Had just ask'd her to dance;

In a twinkling, the *ci-devant* Madame Modeau
 Was wife of the Marshal Lord Marquis Dinot.
 Mister Lagardie was shock'd at the news,
 And went and enlisted at once in the Blues.

The Marquis Dinot

Felt a little so so —

Took physic, grew worse, and had *notice to go* —
 He died, and was shelved, and his Lady so gay
 Smiled again on Lagardie now placed on full pay,
 A Swedish Field-Marshal with a guinea a day;

When an old Ex-King

Just show'd her the ring;

To be Queen, she conceived was a very fine thing;
 But the King turn'd a Monk,
 And Lagardie got drunk,
 And said to the Lady with a deal of ill-breeding,
 "You may go to the d—l and I'll go to Sweden."
 Thus between the two stools,
 Like some other fools,
 Her Ladyship found
 Herself plump on the ground;
 So she cried, and she stamp'd, and she sent for a hack,
 And she drove to a convent and never came back.

M O R A L.

Wives, Maidens, and Widows, attend to my lay—
 If a fine moral lesson you'd draw from a play,
 To the Haymarket go
 And see *Marie Mignot*,
 Miss Kelly plays Marie, and Williams Modeau;
 Mrs. Glover and Vining
 Are really quite shining,
 And though Thompson for a Marquis
 Has almost too much carcass,
 Yet it's not fair to pass him or
 John Cooper's Cassimir,
 And the piece would be barren
 Without Mr. Farren;
 No matter, go there, and they'll teach you the guff
 Of coquetting and ogling, and playing the jilt.
 Such folks gallop awhile, but at last they get spilt;
 Had Molly Mignot
 Behaved *comme il faut*,
 Nor married the Lawyer nor Marquis Dinot,
 She had ne'er been a nun, whose fare very hard is,
 But the mother of half-a-score little Lagardies.

THE TRUANTS.

THREE little Demons have broken loose
From the National School below!
They are resolved to play truant to-day,
Their primer and slate they have cast away,
And away, away, they go!
"Hey boys! hey boys! up go we!
Who so merry as we three?"

The reek of that most infernal pit,
Where sinful souls are stewing,
Rises so black, that in viewing it,
A thousand to one but you'd ask with surprise,
As its murky columns meet your eyes,
"Pray is Old Nick a-brewing?"
Thither these three little Devils repair,
And mount by steam to the uppermost air.

They have got hold of a wandering star,
That happen'd to come within hail.

O swiftly they glide!

As they merrily ride

All a cock-stride

Of that Comet's tail.

Oh the pranks! Oh the pranks!

The merry pranks, the mad pranks,

These wicked urchins play!

They kiss'd the *Virgin* and fill'd her with dread,
They popp'd the *Scorpion* into her bed;
They broke the pitcher of poor *Aquarius*,
They stole the arrows of *Sagittarius*,
And they skimm'd the *Milky Way*.

They fill'd the *Scales* with sulphur full,
 They halloed the *Dog-Star* on at the *Bull*,
 And pleased themselves with the noise.

They set the *Lion*
 On poor *Orion*;
 They shaved all the hair
 Off the *Lesser Bear*!
 They kick'd the shins
 Of the *Gemini Twins*—

Those heavenly Siamese Boys!—
 Never was such confusion and wrack,
 As they produced in the Zodiac!—

“Huzza! Huzza!

Away! Away!

Let us go down to the earth and play!
 Now we go up, up, up,
 Now we go down, down, down,
 Now we go backwards, and forwards,
 Now we go round, round, round!”

Thus they gambol, and scramble, and tear,
 Till at last they arrive at the nethermost air.

And pray now what were these Devils call'd?
 These three little Fiends so gay!

One was *Cob*!

Another was *Mob*!

The last and the least was young *Chittabob*!

Queer little devils were they!

Cob was the strongest,

Mob was the wrongest,

Chittabob's tail was the finest and longest!

Three more frolicsome Imps, I ween,

Beelzebub's self hath seldom seen.

Over Mountain, over Fell,

Glassy Fountain, mossy Dell,

Rocky Island, barren Strand,
 Over Ocean, over Land;
 With frisk and bound, and squeaks and squalls,
 Heels over head, and head over heels;
 With curlings and twistings, and twirls and wheeleries,
 Down they drop at the gate of the *Tuilleries*.

Courtiers were bowing and making legs,
 While Charley *le Roi* was bolting eggs:

“*Mob*,” says *Cob*,

“*Chittabob*,” says *Mob*,

“Come here, you young Devil, *we’re in for a job!*”

Up jumps *Cob* to the Monarch’s ear,

“Charley, my jolly boy, never fear;

If you mind all their jaw

About Charter and Law,

You might just as well still be the *Count d’Artois!*

No such thing,

Show ‘em you’re King,

Tip ‘em an Ordinance, that’s the thing!”

Charley dined,

Took his pen and sign’d;

Then *Mob* kick’d over his throne from behind!

“Huzza! Huzza! we may scamper now!

For here we have kick’d up a jolly good row!”

“Over the water and over the Sea,

And over the water with Charlie;”

Now they came skipping and grinning with glee,

Not pausing to *chaff* or to parley,

Over, over,

On to Dover;

On fun intent,

All through Kent

These mischievous devils so merrily went.

Over hill and over dale,
 Sunken hollow, lofty ridge,
 Frowning cliff, and smiling vale,
 Down to the foot of Westminster-bridge.

"Hollo," says *Cob*,

"There's the Duke and Sir Bob!

After 'em Chittabob, after 'em Mob."

Mob flung gravel, and Chittabob pebbles,

His Grace c——'d them both for a couple of rebels:

His feelings were hurt,

By the stones and the dirt—

In went he,

In an ecstasy

• And *blew up* the nobles of high degree.

"Mr. Brougham, Mr. Hume,

May fret and may fume—

And so may all you whom I see in this room;

Come weal, come woe, come calm, come storm—

I'll see you all—*bless'd*—ere I give you reform!"

"Bravo!" says Chittabob, "That's your sort,

Come along, schoolfellows, here's more sport.

Look there! look there!

There's the great Lord May'r!

With the gravest of Deputies close to his chair;

With Hobler, his Clerk!

Just the thing for a *lark*;

Huzzah! huzzah! boys, follow me now;

Here we may *kick up* another good row."

• Here they are,

Swift as a star,

They shoot in mid air, over Temple Bar!

Tom Macaulay beheld the flight,

Of these three little dusky sons of night,

And his heart swell'd with joy and elation —
 "Oh, see!" quoth he,
 "Those *Niggerlings* three,
 Who have just got *emancipation*!"

Lord Key took fright:
 At the very first sight,
 The whole Court of Aldermen wheel'd to the right;
 Some ran from *Chittabob* — more from *Mob*,
 The great *locum tenens* jump'd up upon *Cob*,
 Who roar'd and ran
 With the Alderman
 To the Home Office, pick-a-back — catch 'em who can!
 "Stay at home — here's a plot,
 And I can't tell you what,
 If you don't I'll be shot,
 But you'll all go to pot."
 Ah, little he ween'd, while the ground he thus ran over,
 'Twas a *Cob* he bestrode — not his white horse from Hanover.

Back they came galloping through the Strand,
 When Joseph Lancaster, stick in hand,
 Popp'd up his head before 'em.
 Well we know,
 That honest old Joe,
 Is a sort of High Master down below,
 And teaches the Imps decorum.
 Satan had started him off in a crack,
 To flog these three little runaways back.

Fear each assails;
 Every one quails;
 "Oh dear! how he'll tickle our little black tails!
 Have done, have done,
 Here's that son of a gun,
 Old Joe, come after us,—run, boys, run."

Off ran *Cob*,
 Off ran *Mob*,
 And off in a fright ran young *Chittabob*,
 Joe caught *Chittabob* just by the tail,
 And *Cob* by his crumpled horn;
 Bitterly then did these Imps bewail,
 That ever they were born!
Mob got away,
 But none to this day,
 Know exactly whither he went;
 Some say he's been seen about Blackfriars-bridge
 And some say he's down in Kent.
 But where'er he may roam,
 He has not ventured home,
 Since the day the three took wing,
 And many suppose,
 He has changed his clothes;
 And now goes by the name of "*Swing*."

THE POPLAR.

Ay, here stands the Poplar, so tall and so stately,
 On whose tender rind — 'twas a little one then —
 We carved *her* initials; though not very lately
 We think in the year eighteen hundred and ten.
 Yes, here is the G which proclaim'd Georgiana:
 Our heart's empress then; see, 'tis grown all askew;
 And it's not without grief we perforce entertain a
 Conviction, it now looks much more like a Q.

This should be the great D too, that once stood for Dobbin,
 Her lov'd patronymic — ah! can it be so?
 Its once fair proportions, time, too has been robbing;
 A D? — we'll be *Deed* if it isn't an O!

Alas! how the soul sentimental it vexes,
 That thus on our labours stern *Chronos* should frown;
 Should change our soft liquids to izzards and Xes,
 And turn true-love's alphabet all upside down!

MY LETTERS.

"*Litera scripta manet.*"—OLD SAW.

ANOTHER mizzling, drizzling day!
 Of clearing up there's no appearance;
 So I'll sit down without delay,
 And here, at least, I'll make a clearance!

Oh ne'er "on such a day as this,"
 Would Dido with her woes oppressèd
 Have woo'd Æneas back to bliss,
 Or Troilus gone to hunt for Cressid!

No, they'd have stay'd at home, like me,
 And popp'd their toes upon the fender,
 And drunk a quiet cup of tea:—
 On days like this one can't be tender.

So, Molly, draw that basket nigher,
 And put my desk upon the table—
 Bring that Portfolio—stir the fire—
 Now off as fast as you are able!

First here's a card from Mrs. Grimes,
 "A ball!"—she knows that I'm no dancer—
 That woman's ask'd me fifty times,
 And yet I never send an answer.

"DEAR JACK,—

Just lend me twenty pounds,
Till Monday next, when I'll return it.
Yours truly,

HENRY GIBBS."

Why Z—ds!

I've seen the man but twice—here, burn it.

One from my Cousin Sophy Daw—

Full of Aunt Margery's distresses;
"The Cat has kitten'd in 'the draw,'
And ruin'd two bran-new silk dresses."

From Sam, "The Chancellor's motto,"—nay

Confound his puns, he knows I hate 'em;
"Pro Rege, Lege, Grege,"—Ay,
"For King read Mob!" Brougham's old *erratum*.

From Seraphina Price—"At two"—

"Till then I can't, my dearest John, stir;"
Two more because I did not go,
Beginning "Wretch" and "Faithless Monster!"

"DEAR SIR,—

"This morning Mrs. P——

Who's doing quite as well as may be,
Presented me at half-past three
Precisely, with another baby.

"We'll name it John, and know with pleasure
You'll stand"—Five guineas more, confound it!—
I wish they'd call it Nebuchadnezzar,
Or thrown it in the Thames and drown'd it.

What have we next? A civil Dun:

"John Brown would take it as a favour"—
Another, and a surlier one,
"I can't put up with *sich* behaviour."

"Bill so long standing,"—"quite tired out,"—
 "Must sit down to insist on payment,"
 "Called ten times,"—Here's a fuss about
 A few coats, waistcoats, and small raiment!

For once I'll send an answer, and in-
 form Mr. Snip he needn't "call" so;
 But when his bill's as "tired of standing"
 As he is, beg 'twill "sit down also."

This from my rich old Uncle Ned,
 Thanking me for my annual present;
 And saying he last Tuesday wed
 His cook-maid, Molly—vastly pleasant!

An ill-spelt note from Tom at school,
 Begging I'll let him learn the fiddle;
 Another from that precious fool,
 Miss Pyefinch, with a stupid riddle.

"D'ye give it up?" Indeed I do!
 Confound these antiquated minxes;
 I won't play "*Billy Black*" to a "*Blue*,"
 Or *Œdipus* to such old sphinxes.

A note sent up from Kent to show me,
 Left with my bailiff, Peter King;
 "I'll burn them precious stacks down, blow me!
 "Yours most sincerely,

"CAPTAIN SWING."

Four begging letters with petitions,
 One from my sister Jane, to pray,
 I'll "execute a few commissions
 In Bond Street, "when I go that way,"

"And buy at Pearsal's in the City
 Twelve skeins of silk for netting purses:
 Colour no matter, so it's pretty;—
 Two hundred pens"—two hundred curses!

From Mistress Jones: "My little Billy
Goes up his schooling to begin,
Will you just step to Piccadilly,
And meet him when the coach comes in?

"And then, perhaps, you will as well, see
The poor dear fellow safe to school
At Dr. Smith's in Little Chelsea!"
Heaven send he flog the little fool!

From Lady Snooks: "Dear Sir, you know
You promised me last week a Rebus;
A something smart and *apropos*,
For my new Album?"—Aid me, Phoebus!

"My first is followed by my second;
Yet should my first my second see,
A dire mishap it would be reckon'd,
And sadly shock'd my first would be.

"Were I but what my whole implies,
And pass'd by chance across your portal:
You'd cry 'Can I believe my eyes?
I never saw so queer a mortal!'

"For then my head would not be on,
My arms their shoulders must abandon;
My very body would be gone,
I should not have a leg to stand on."

Come, that's dispatch'd—what follows?—Stay
"Reform demanded by the nation;
Vote for Tagrag and Bobtail!" Ay,
By Jove a blessed *Reformation*!

Jack, clap the saddle upon Rosa—
Or no!—the filly—she's the fleetest;
The devil take the rain—here goes,
I'm off—a plumper for Sir Peter!

NEW-MADE HONOUR.

(IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.)

A FRIEND I met some half hour since —
 “ *Good-morrow, Jack!* ” quoth I;
The new-made Knight, like any Prince
 Frown’d, nodded, and pass’d by;
When up came Jem — “ *Sir John, your Slave!* ”
 “ Ah, James; we dine at eight —
Fail not — (low bows the supple knave)
 Don’t make my lady wait.”
The King can do no wrong? As I’m a sinner,
He’s spoilt an honest tradesman and my dinner.

THE CONFESSION.

THERE’S somewhat on my breast, father,
 There’s somewhat on my breast!
The livelong day I sigh, father,
 And at night I cannot rest.
I cannot take my rest, father,
 Though I would fain do so;
A weary weight oppresseth me —
 This weary weight of woe!

’Tis not the lack of gold, father,
 Nor want of worldly gear;
My lands are broad, and fair to see,
 My friends are kind and dear.

My kin are leal and true, father,
 They mourn to see my grief;
 But oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand
 Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
 'Tis not that she's unkind;
 Tho' busy flatterers swarm around,
 I know her constant mind.
 'Tis not *her* coldness, father,
 That chills my labouring breast,
 It's that confounded cucumber
 I've eat, and can't digest.

SONG.

I.

THERE sits a bird on yonder tree,
 More fond than Cushat Dove;
 There sits a bird on yonder tree,
 And sings to me of love.
 Oh! stoop thee from thine eyrie down!
 And nestle thee near my heart,
 For the moments fly,
 And the hour is nigh,
 When thou and I must part,
 My love!
 When thou and I must part.

II.

In yonder covert lurks a Fawn,
 The pride of the sylvan scene;
 In yonder covert lurks a Fawn,
 And I am his only queen;

Oh! bound from thy secret lair,
 For the sun is below the west;
 No mortal eye
 May our meeting spy,
 For all are closed in rest,
 My love!
 Each eye is closed in rest.

III.

Oh, sweet is the breath of morn!
 When the sun's first beams appear;
 Oh! sweet is the shepherd's strain,
 When it dies on the listening ear;
 And sweet the soft voice which speaks
 The Wanderer's welcome home;
 But sweeter far
 By yon pale, mild star,
 With our true Love thus to roam,
 My dear!
 With our own true Love to roam!

EPIGRAM.

BRAVE L——, so says a knight of the pen,
 "Has exposed himself much at the head of his men,"
 As his men ran away without waiting to fight,
 To expose himself there's to be first in the flight.
 Had it not been as well, when he saw his men quail,
 To have stay'd and exposed himself more at their tail?
 Or say, is it fair, in this noblest of quarrels,
 To suffer the chief to engross all the laurels?
 No! his men, so the muse to all Europe shall sing,
 Have exposed themselves fully as much as their king.

EPIGRAM.

EHEU FUGACES.

WHAT Horace says is,

Eheu fugaces

Anni labuntur, Postume, Postume!

Years glide away, and are lost to me, lost to me!

Now, when the folks in the dance sport their merrytoes,
Taglionis and Ellsers, Duvernays and Ceritos,
Sighing, I murmur, "*O mihi præteritos!*"

SONG.

'Tis sweet to think the pure ethereal being,
Whose mortal form reposes with the dead,
Still hovers round unseen, yet not unseeing,
Benignly smiling o'er the mourner's bed!

She comes in dreams, a thing of light and lightness;
I hear her voice, in still, small accents, tell
Of realms of bliss, and never-fading brightness;
Where those who lov'd on earth, together dwell.

Ah! yet a while, blest shade, thy flight delaying,
The kindred soul, with mystic converse cheer;
To her rapt gaze, in visions bland displaying,
The unearthly glories of thy happier sphere!

Yet, yet remain! till freed like thee, delighted,
She spurns the thralldom of encumb'ring clay;
Then as on earth, in tenderest love united,
Together seek the realms of endless day!

AS I LAY A-THYNKYNGE.

THE LAST LINES OF THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye;
There came a noble Knyghte,
With his hauberke shynynge brighte,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye;

As I lay a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.
As I lay a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!
There seem'd a crimson plain,
Where a gallant Knyghte lay slayne,
And a steed with broken rein
Ran free,

As I laye a-thynkyng, most pitiful to see!
As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe;
A lovely mayde came bye,
And a gentil youth was nyghe,
And he breathed many a syghe,
And a vowe;

As I laye a-thynkyng, her hearte was gladsome now
As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne;
No more a youth was there,
But a Maiden rent her haire,
And cried in sad despaire,
"That I was borne!"

As I laye a-thynkyng, she perished forlorne.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar ;

There came a lovely childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled

On his sire ;

As I laye a-thynkyng, a Cherub mote admire.
But I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
And sadly sang the Birde as it perched upon a bier ;

That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the downe upon the Swan

Doth appear,

As I laye a-thynkyng—oh ! bitter flow'd the tear !
As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was sinking,
O merrie sang that Birde, as it glitter'd on her breast

With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
While soaring to the skies,
'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,

As to her nest ;

As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest :—

“Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay,”—

'Twas so she seem'd to saye,

“HERE IS REST !”

THE END.



